TRUE STORIES

OF RENOWNED MEN AND WOMEN

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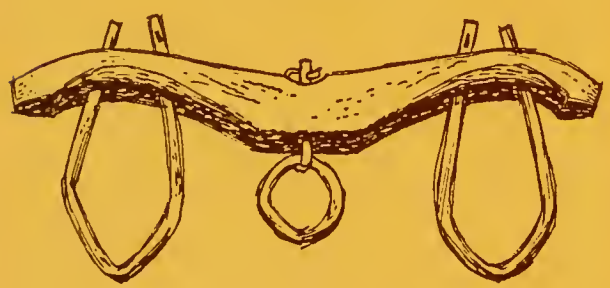

MEMORIAL

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HARLAN HOYT HORNER
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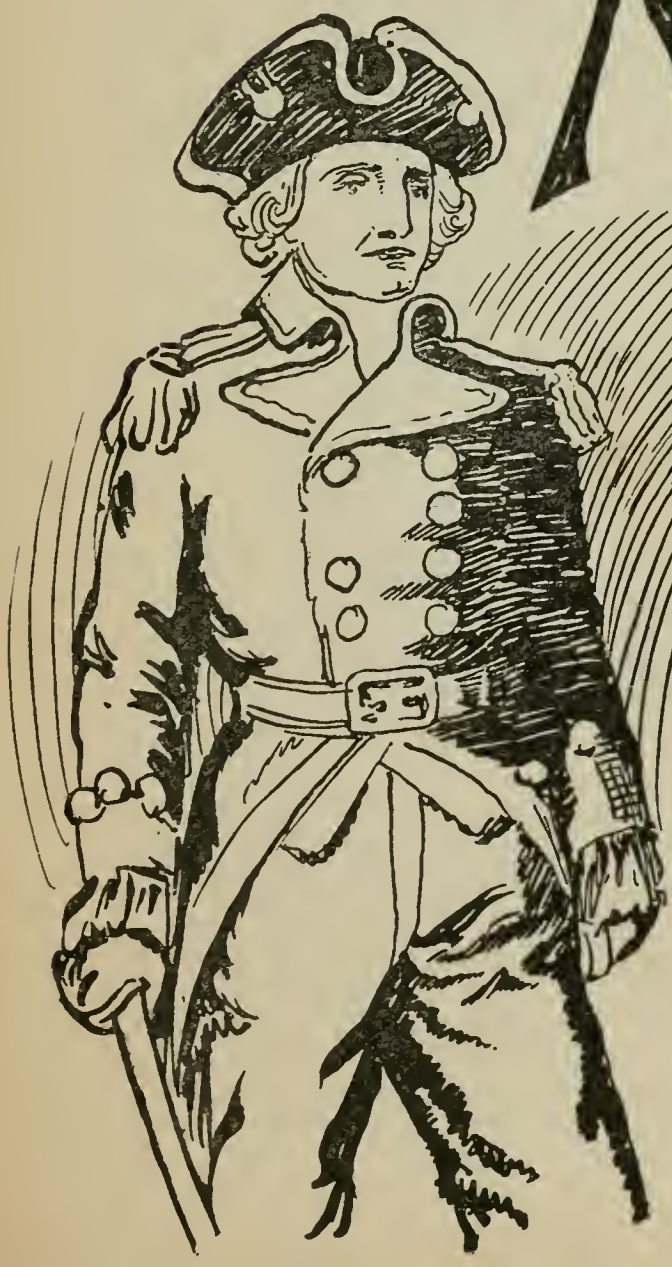
S.S. First Moravian Church, N.Y.

Christmas, 1906

WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS.

True Stories of Renowned Men & Women



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PART I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—WASHINGTON.

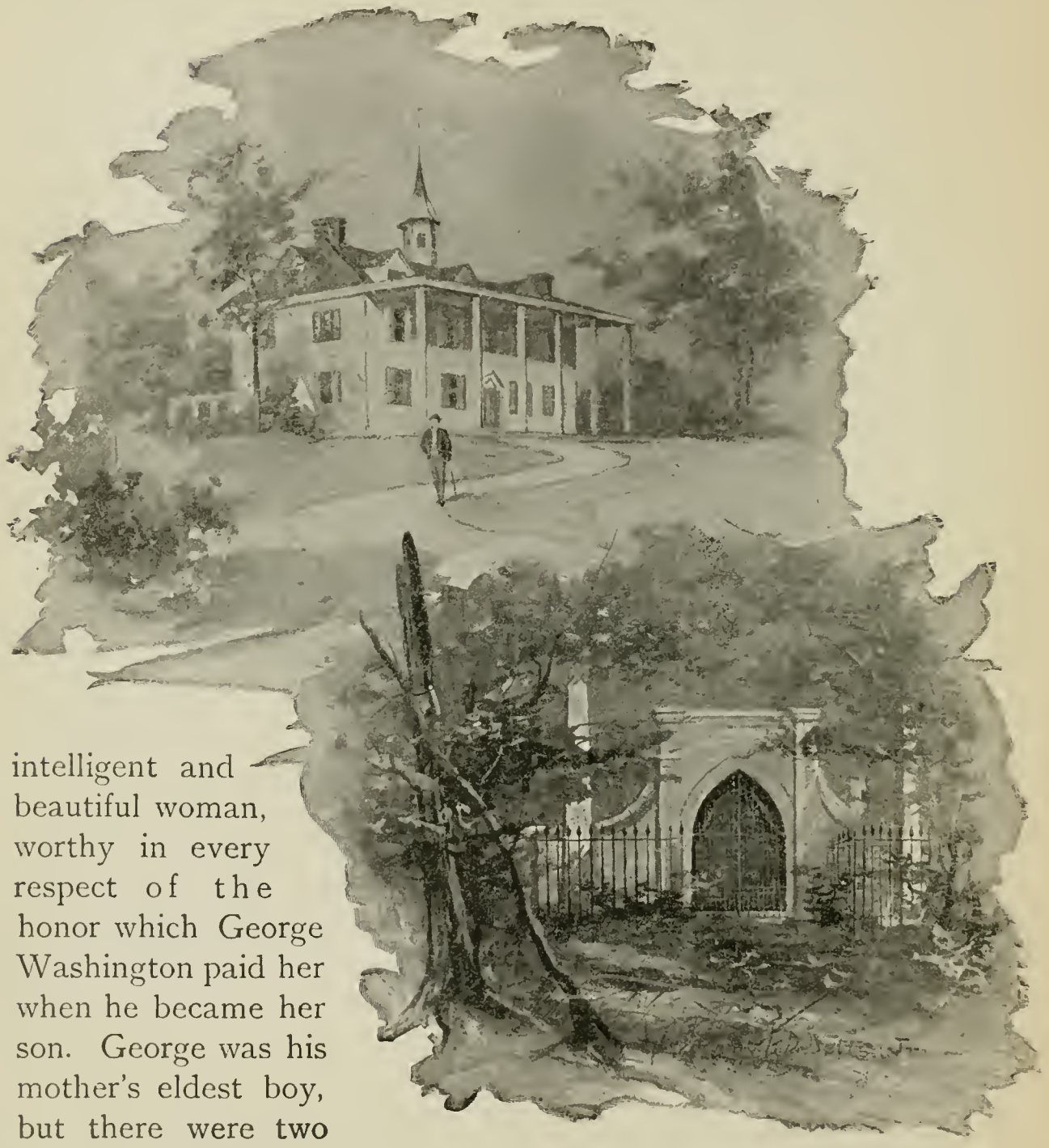
—*Lowell.*

GOING down the Potomac river by steamer from Washington to Norfolk, the most interesting sight by the way, if you have a gleam of historical imagination, is Mount Vernon, associated as it is with so much that is tender and beautiful in the domestic life of Washington, and hallowed as the place of his burial. Though he spent many sorrowful years away from it in the service of his country, this was the home to which his heart fondly turned through all the years of his manhood.

A few miles below Mount Vernon you will begin to strain your eyes for another spot, dear to every American, the place where Washington was born. It is now more than a century and a half since it ceased to be his home, and the house has entirely disappeared, but a few old-fashioned garden shrubs and one or two leafless fig-trees suggest the spot where Washington was once a child and enable us to rebuild in fancy the home in which the greatest of Americans found birth. The house was a low, one-story frame building with four rooms below and an old-fashioned attic under the steep roof. The site is marked by a small stone tablet.

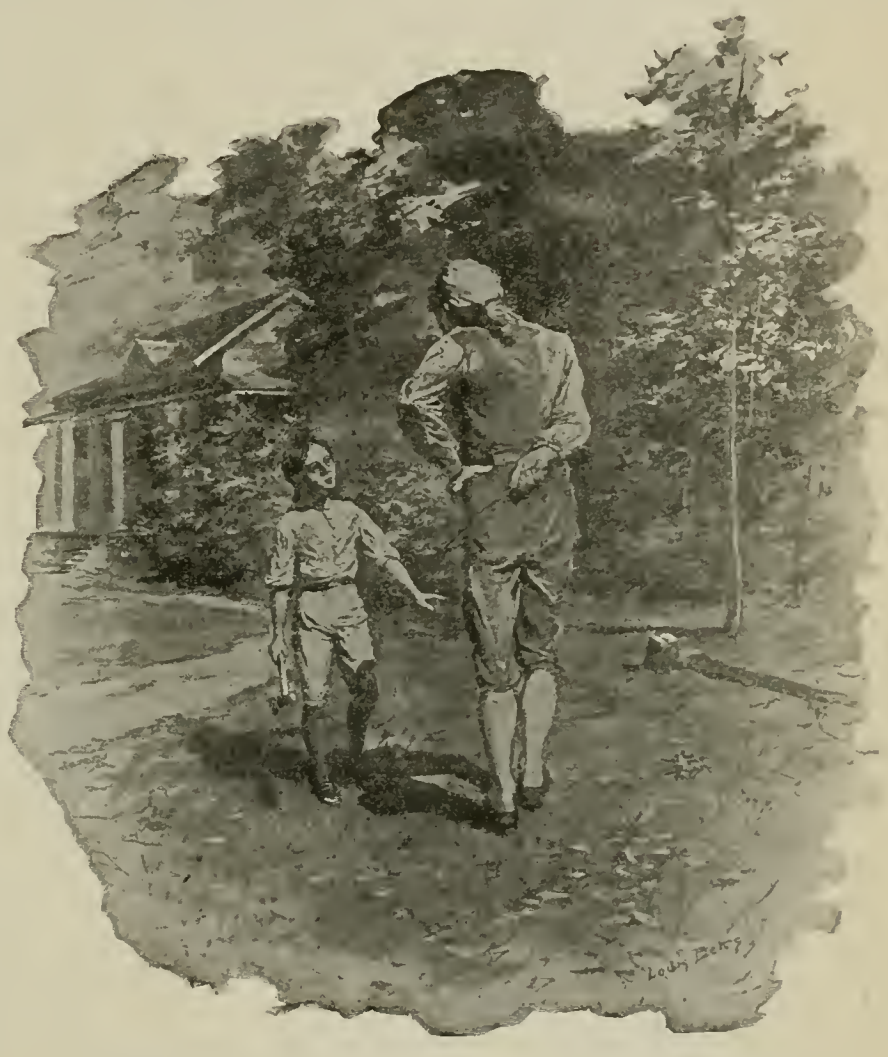
Here George Washington was born, February 22, 1732, one year before Georgia, the youngest of the thirteen colonies which he was to unite into a nation, was settled.

He showed his characteristic good judgment in his choice of parents. His father, Augustine Washington, was a man of high character. His mother, whose maiden name was Mary Ball, was an intelligent and beautiful woman, worthy in every respect of the honor which George Washington paid her when he became her son. George was his mother's eldest boy, but there were two older half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, Mary Ball having been a second wife. Three younger brothers and two sisters came in the course of a few years to complete the family.



MOUNT VERNON AND THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

When George was still a very young child, the Washington family removed to an estate near Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock river. The house, like the one on the Potomac, has long since tumbled to ruins. Here his father died when George was about eleven years old. It is probable that the training which he had given his son had done much to start him in the right direction and make him the great man he came to be. The story of the cherry tree and others of its kind are not now generally believed by scholars. It would be a great pity to give them up, but it would be a still greater pity to make sport of them, as some people are fond of doing; for if they are not literally true, still they are true in a very high and noble sense, much as the parables of the Bible are true, although the actual events which they record may never have taken place. The story of the cherry tree proves the belief of Augustine Washington's neighbors that he was a man who placed a high regard upon truth and truth-telling. It shows that, in the opinion of those who knew him best, he trained his son to that high ideal, and that the son, even at that tender age, had begun to show the results of his training.



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE HATCHET.

Mary Ball had been a beauty and a belle in her girlhood. She

became a woman fit to be trusted with the education of a boy whom the country would need for high uses by and by.

Augustine Washington was a rich man, according to the ideas of his time. He willed the farm on the Rappahannock to his son George. Mount Vernon he left to his eldest son, Lawrence, who died young, and, after the early death of his daughter, Mount Vernon passed to George. The farm on the Rappahannock remained the family home during all of George's boyhood.

It often seems as if it were an advantage to a boy to be born poor. Many of our Presidents and other famous men and women have begun life under very hard circumstances and have had to fight poverty through many weary years. This sometimes makes it seem as if it required poverty and hardship to make a great man. This advantage George Washington did not have, and it was given him to prove that a rich boy as well as a poor one may rise to high places and fill them nobly. "A man *may* live nobly though in a palace," said the old Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Washington's opportunities were of a very different kind from those of Lincoln, but no one can find much fault with the result in either case. Perhaps any kind of circumstances may be an advantage to a boy if he is only the right kind of boy to begin with.

There were few schools in those early days in Virginia, and the Washington children were taught mainly at home. We read of a number of different tutors who had charge of George's education at different times. He seems to have been careful and painstaking in all his work, as is shown by his copybooks and other exercises, many of which have been preserved. When he was about thirteen he wrote out a hundred and ten sayings, which he called "Rules of Courtesy and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Where he obtained these rules is not known. Many of them are written in boyish language, and some have therefore thought them his own composition ; but, on the other hand, others seem over wise and old for a boy of his age. This, however, might have been due to the character of his reading and companions. His mother often read to him from a serious and thoughtful book called "Contemplations, Moral and Divine, by Sir Matthew Hale." He spent a great deal of his time with Lord Fairfax, a distant relative, a man of fine

education, who wrote well and had been the friend of Addison, a great master of the English language. He was very fond of George, and took a deep interest in his education. Perhaps it was from this

GOOD BYE MY SON, GOD BLESS YOU.

friend that Washington learned that exact use of English which enabled him in later life to express whatever he had in mind in the clearest way. It seems a little strange that he was not given the

advantages of a college training. He never became a man of great learning. But he was thoroughly at home in the branches of a common English education, and read many of the best books.

It was early settled in the Washington family that George was to make his own way in life just as if he had no property. Indeed, neither he nor any one else seems ever to have thought of anything different.

When he was about fourteen years of age he began to have a longing for a sailor's life, and for a time his mother thought seriously of permitting him to go to sea. There is a pretty story to the effect that he was about to start, and that his trunk had been sent on board ship, when, finding his mother in tears, he resolved to abandon his plan and ordered his trunk recalled. The truth is that Mrs. Washington was advised by her brother against this course, and withdrew her consent. This again does not destroy the tradition, but simply gives it point. The story would never have been thought of in connection with a boy who was not kind and obedient to his mother, and it would not have been believed and repeated if it had not fitted the character of the boy. Whenever in the interest of truth we have to throw a story away, it will be worth while to look behind it and see if it does not mean something that is really worth saving.

It was not more than a year after this that he became acquainted with a young lady whom he called "The Lowland Beauty," to whom he addressed some rather poor poetry. Here are some sample lines chosen at random, and copied exactly, capitals and all :

> "Oh, ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart
> Stand to oppose thy might and Power
> At Last surrender to cupid's feather'd Dart,
> And now lays Bleeding every Hour."

If you would like to see the rest of it, you will find it in Edward Everett Hale's Life of George Washington. He was very wretched about this time, and thought he should never be happy again. It is surprising to find that he afterwards met several other young ladies whom he greatly admired, and that he at a still later period became very much attached to another beautiful woman and married her. But, of course, George Washington was different from other young

men. A young person of our day would never recover from such a blow. Besides, the poetry helped to make him less miserable. The writing of poetry is a kind of lightning-rod, a harmless conductor of emotions which might otherwise rend and torture the young soul. It is not certainly known who "The Lowland Beauty" was, but it is believed that she was the lady who afterwards married Richard Henry Lee, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. If this is true, she had the good fortune to become the mother of the gallant and dashing "Light-Horse Harry," of Revolutionary fame, and now still further famous as the father of General Robert E. Lee.

Washington had still other resources in his trouble, hard work and hard fare, for he began soon after this to study and practice surveying. He learned his business so well that he was made surveyor of Culpepper County, Virginia, when he was only seventeen years old. He did his work of surveying the county so well that later surveyors have not had to do it over again.

And now we begin to come upon stirring times.

The French and English both claimed the land west of the Alleghany mountains, and the French were beginning to build forts in the valley of the Ohio. The English regarded this as trespassing on their property, and Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, decided to send a messenger to find out what the French intended to do. He wanted the bravest and wisest man he could find for this expedition. He chose George Washington, then a youth of twenty-one years, who was afterwards spoken of by Thomas Carlyle in his "Life of Frederick the Great," as "a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed young gentleman, who came to great distinction in the end." It was a dangerous journey of eight or nine hundred miles, through a wilderness full of hostile Indians, in the depth of winter. He started out with seven companions, accomplished his mission and returned home in safety after three months of terrible hardship. "From that moment," says Washington Irving, who has written a charming life of Washington, "he was the rising boy of Virginia."

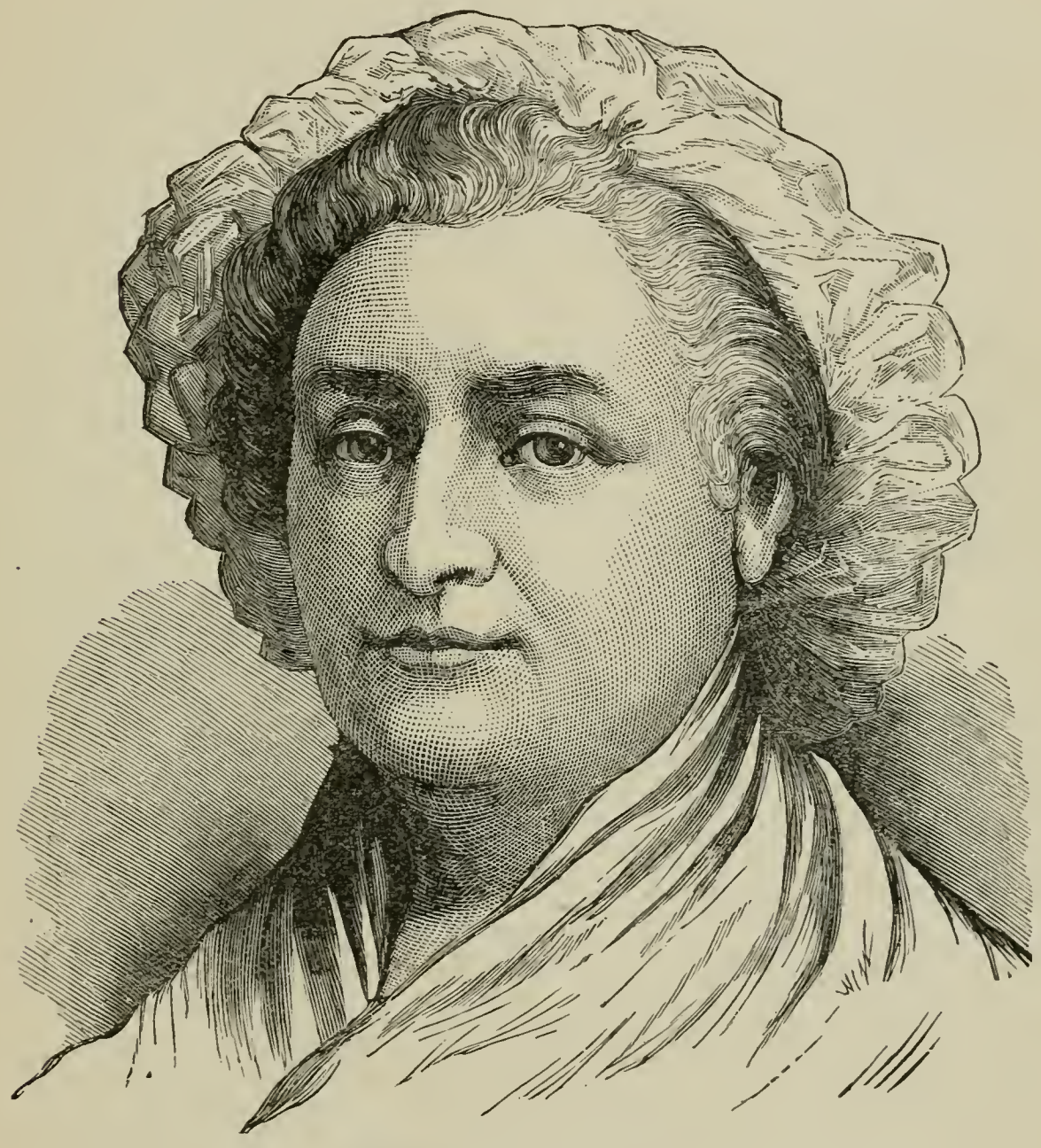
The time had now come when the question whether the French or the English were to rule this continent must be settled. It took the "Seven Years' War" to decide it. In this war George Washing-

ton gave the first command and fired the first bullet. In writing an account of a skirmish in which he had been engaged, he said, "The whistle of bullets was like music." This account reached England, and the king was inclined to make sport of it, saying, "If he had heard more he would not have thought so." Years after, when someone asked him if he had ever made such a remark, Washington replied, "If I did so, it must have been when I was very young."

WASHINGTON AND HIS MEN HUNTING INDIAN TRACKS.

He bore an active and honorable part throughout the entire war. Before it ended he had met Mrs. Martha Custis, a young Virginian widow of much beauty and many accomplishments, and had engaged himself to marry her. The marriage took place as soon as peace was restored and the French had gone over the sea, and Washington settled down at Mt. Vernon, which had now become

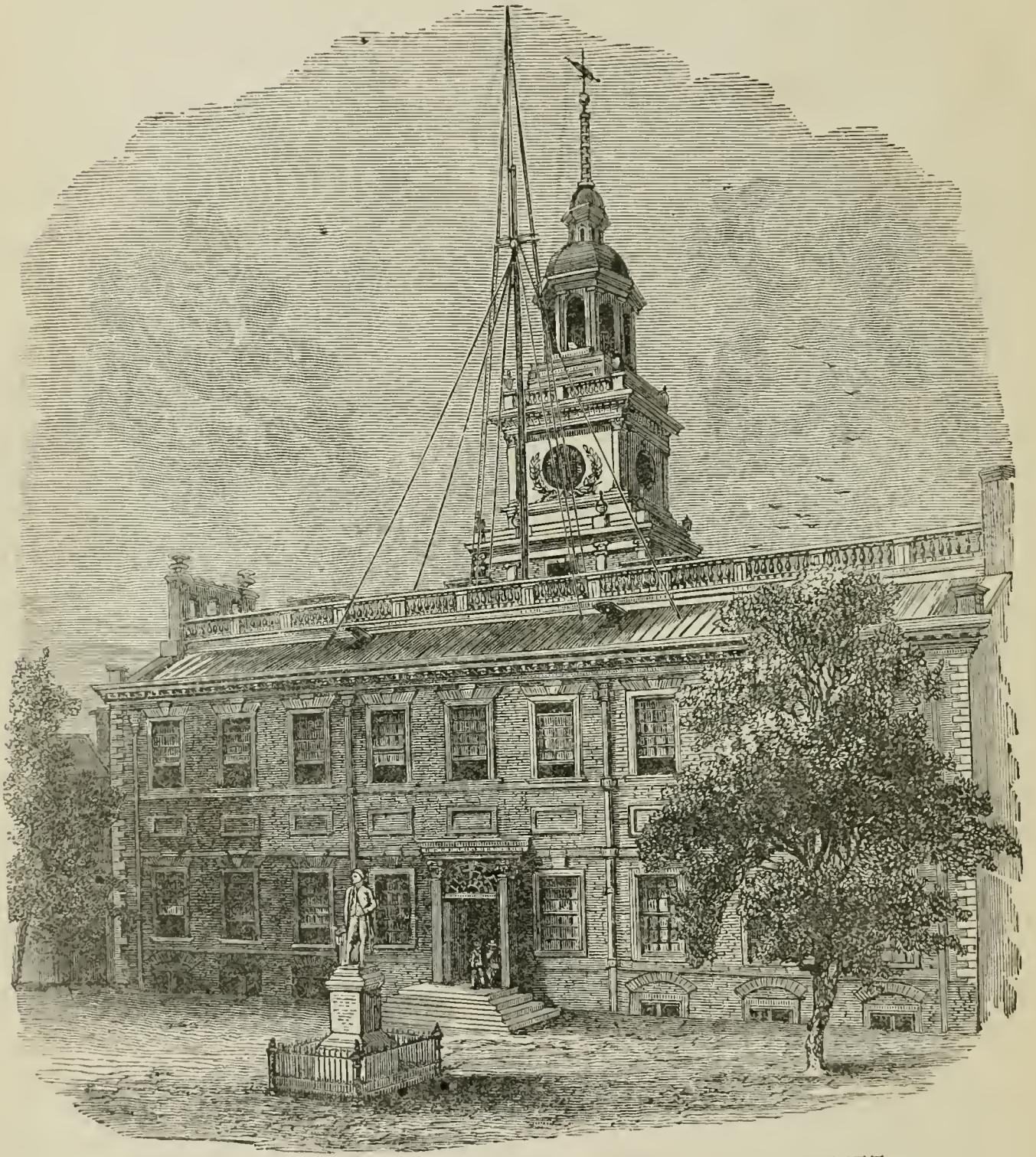
his property, to the quiet life of a southern planter. This was to last until the next great war. But his state could not give up his services entirely during those years of peace. Every year for fifteen years he was sent to the Virginia assembly to help make the laws. At the



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

first meeting of the assembly after peace had been made, Mr. Robinson, the Speaker of the House, made a speech in which he thanked Washington for his services during the war. It was unexpected, and the young soldier was embarrassed. He stammered and blushed, but

said nothing. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the speaker. "Your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power



HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA WHERE FIRST CONGRESS MET.

of any language that I possess." He was by nature a man of action rather than a man of words. Yet he persevered in public speaking,

and long before the fifteen years of peace were over, he had become a powerful speaker.

TREE UNDER WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

Meantime, trouble was brewing between England and her colonies. The second Continental Congress came together at Philadelphia in May, 1775, to provide ways and means of resisting tyranny.

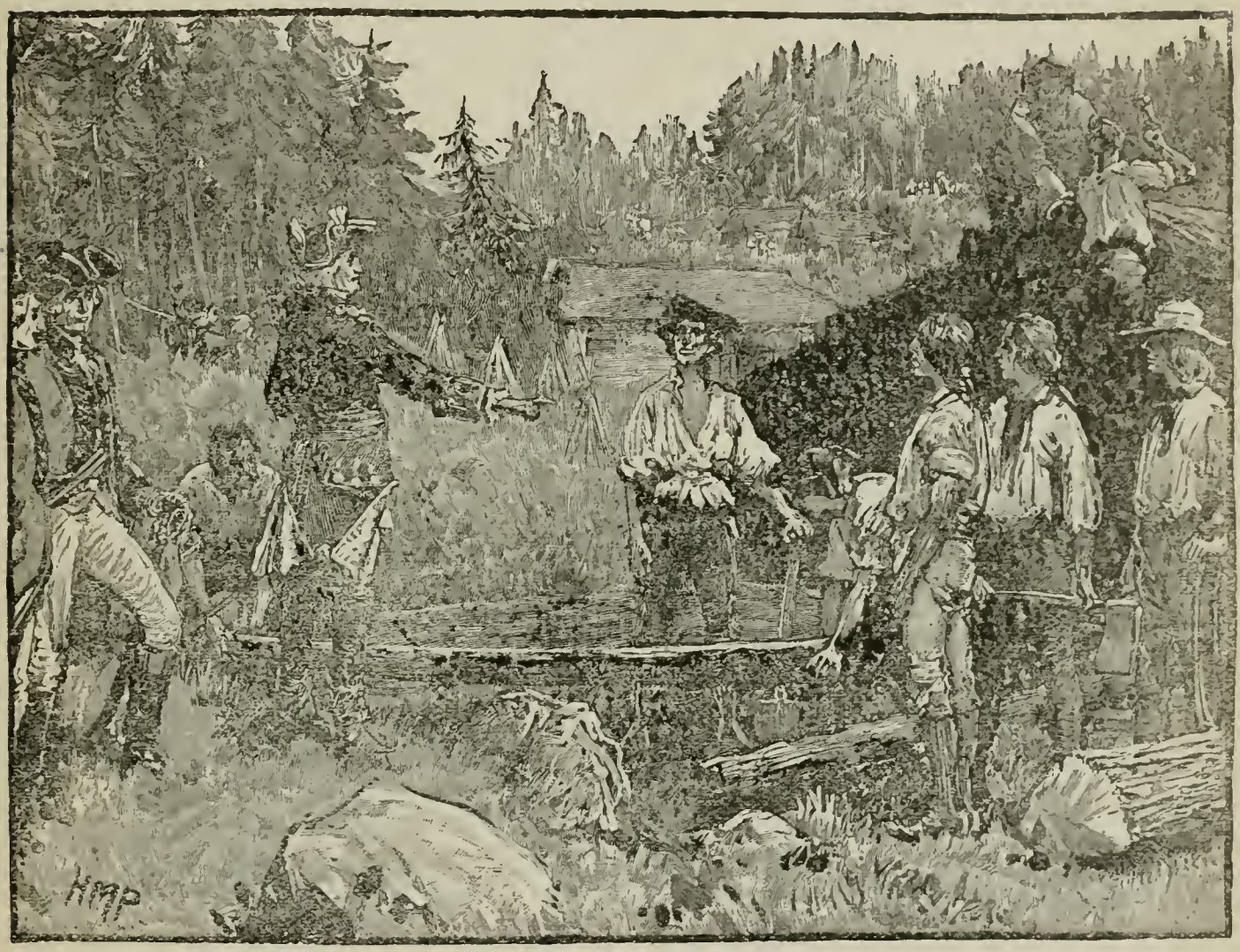
The battle of Lexington had already taken place. Many great speeches were made. Washington said little, but he came every day and wore the uniform which he had cast aside sixteen years ago. Perhaps that was the greatest war speech that was made. And when they wanted a commander-in-chief, the choice of nearly everybody, except two men who wanted the position themselves, was Washington. He received the trust with much modesty and a painful sense of responsibility, saying in his speech of acceptance, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." He took command of the army under the famous elm at Cambridge. This tree is greatly treasured by the people of Cambridge. It is believed that it is three hundred years old. A stone tablet has been placed beneath it, bearing the inscription: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." A year and a day from this event Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence.

At Cambridge, Washington had his headquarters in the now celebrated Craigie house, since then the home of the poet Longfellow for many years, and now owned and occupied by his daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow. Mrs. Washington came and spent the winter here, doing much by her cheerful presence and the social entertainments which she provided to keep up the courage of General Washington and his officers.

It is hard for us to imagine the difficulties against which Washington had to struggle. The army which was given him at Cambridge was small and untrained, and he had very little ammunition. It is said that at one time he had but nine rounds for each of his men. He had to send as far as to the Bahamas and Bermudas for powder, and he was forced to do this secretly because he did not wish either the Americans or the British to know how little he had. The next spring he drove the British out of Boston, but after that he tried to keep out of battle until he should be strong enough to meet the enemy. For several years he did more planning than fighting. He was so cautious that he was called the American Fabius, after that Roman Fabius who led the Carthaginians hither and yon for fifteen years in Italy while he "hung on the heights like a thundercloud,"

avoiding battle but harassing the enemy and giving Rome an opportunity to get her forces together for the great struggle.

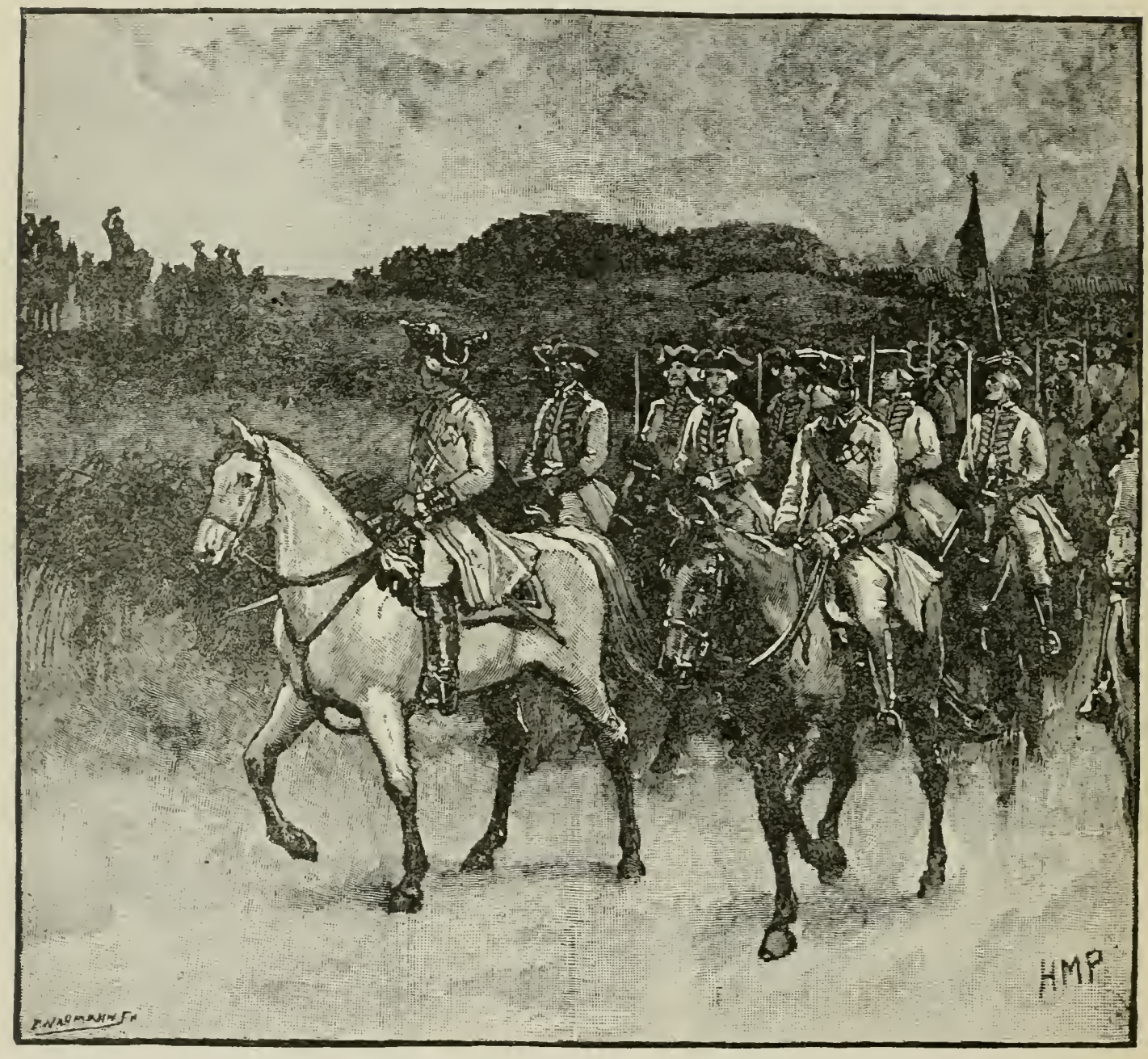
But some of the people began to find fault with Washington for this cautious policy. That was during the terrible winter which he spent with his army at Valley Forge. His men were hungry and without sufficient clothing. Some were bareheaded and barefooted



WASHINGTON AND HIS MEN AT VALLEY FORGE.

and made a path in the snow with their bleeding feet as they walked. The paper money with which Congress was obliged to pay the soldiers was so nearly worthless that six months' pay would scarcely buy a soldier a pair of boots. There was a cabal, or ring, in Congress to remove Washington from command, and put General Gates, an unprincipled man without the slightest military ability, in his place.

It was hard for Washington to see his men starving and dying of cold and hardship. He saw a great many dark hours during that winter, but he never doubted the right would win.



SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

The next year, things began to look brighter. Already Burgoyne's large army had been conquered at the battle of Saratoga, the great battle of the war, and one of the greatest conflicts of history. And although Washington was not present at the battle, yet by

keeping another great British army from going to the aid of Burgoyne, he did more than anyone else to bring about a British defeat.

The next year, in consequence of the efforts of Benjamin Franklin, France came to our aid. This brought great encouragement, if not a great amount of actual military assistance. After that there was no question which way events would turn, and if King

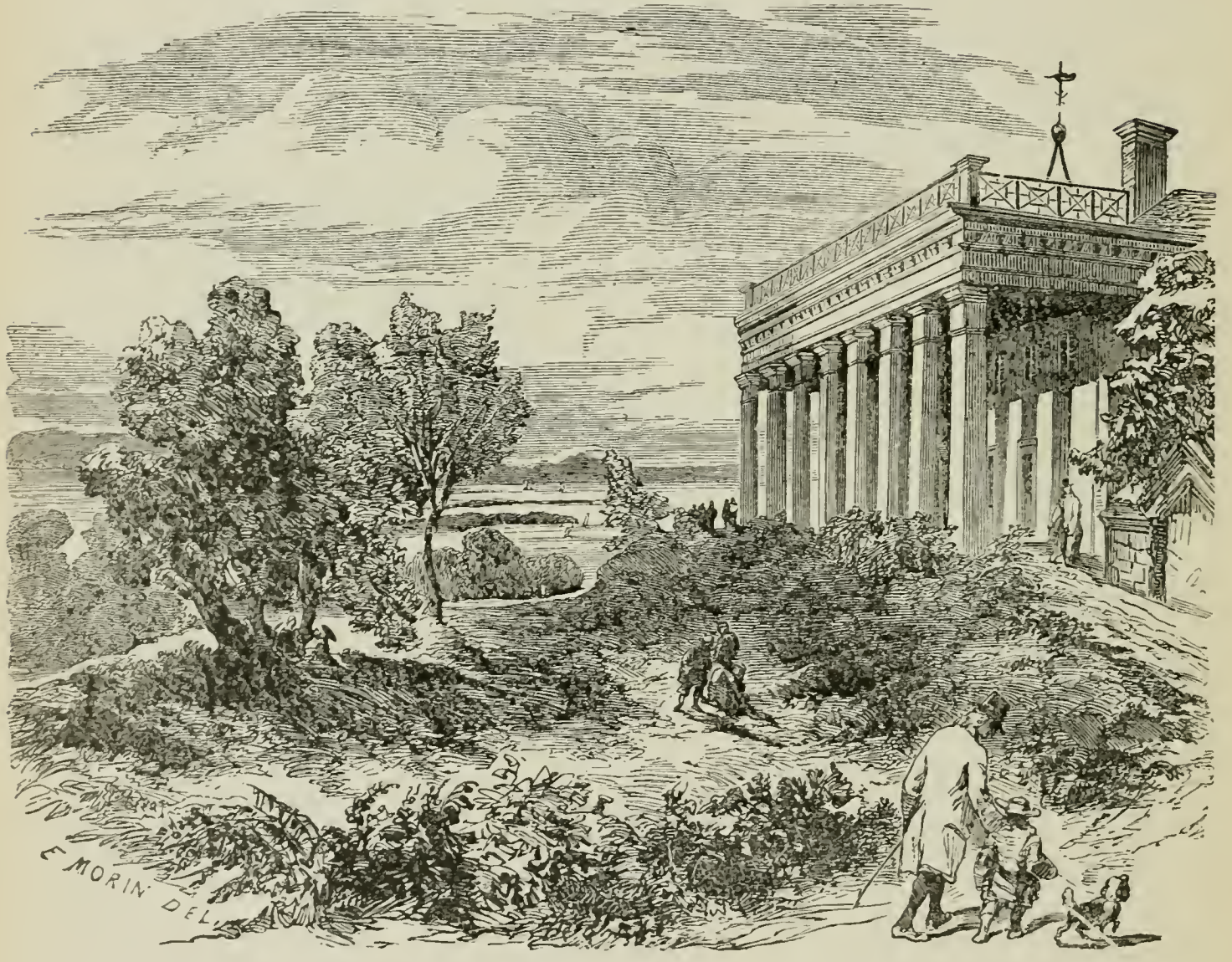
WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE READING A LETTER.

George III. had been a little wiser or his advisers a little stronger, the war would have ended then and many lives would have been saved. As it was, the war lagged on until the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, and peace was not formally declared until 1783.

During the later years of the war, the public confidence in Washington was completely restored. He was now everywhere regarded as the savior of his country. The wish was expressed by

some that he should become king of the country he had freed from foreign control, but Washington indignantly rejected the idea.

As soon as possible he bade a kind farewell to his officers and soldiers, and retired once more to Mount Vernon, which he had visited but once in more than eight years.



MOUNT VERNON.

He spent the next five years in managing his neglected estates and enjoying the free life of the country, entertaining a great number of guests with generous Southern hospitality. He hoped that he might never have to leave his home again for public duties, but the people could not spare him yet.

In 1787 he was made President of the Convention which met in Philadelphia, and drew up the Constitution under which we now

live. It was a trying place and he filled it with great wisdom. He was twice elected President by the unanimous voice of the people, and would have been chosen the third time if he had consented. At the close of his second term of office the love of the entire people again followed him to Mount Vernon.

Even this time he was not allowed a long quiet. Troubles arose with France and war was feared. This was in 1798. Washington was again made commander-in-chief of the army. But this time the war-cloud passed over, and he was saved the strain of another campaign.

In the last month of the last year of the century, Washington was stricken with his last illness. He had been riding all day on his estate. The day was snowy and cold. He reached home about three o'clock in the afternoon. He would not allow a servant to be sent out on an errand, saying the day was too bad, but appeared to take no notice of his own exposure. The next day he found that he had taken cold, but was able to walk out in the grounds in the afternoon. He failed rapidly and died the next day, December 14, 1799.

The story has been told that Mrs. Washington, or Lady Washington, as the people of her day loved to call her, shut herself up with her grief and never left her room after her husband's death. I am glad to say that her diaries and account-books prove the story untrue. She was a woman of too much good sense and conscience to neglect her duties to the living in her devotion to the dead. She lived until 1802.

The highest honors were paid to Washington, both in this country and in Europe. Some of the greatest men in the nation were called upon to deliver funeral orations. One of the most remarkable of these was the one given by General Henry Lee. It was in this address that the expression was first used, now so familiar to everyone, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

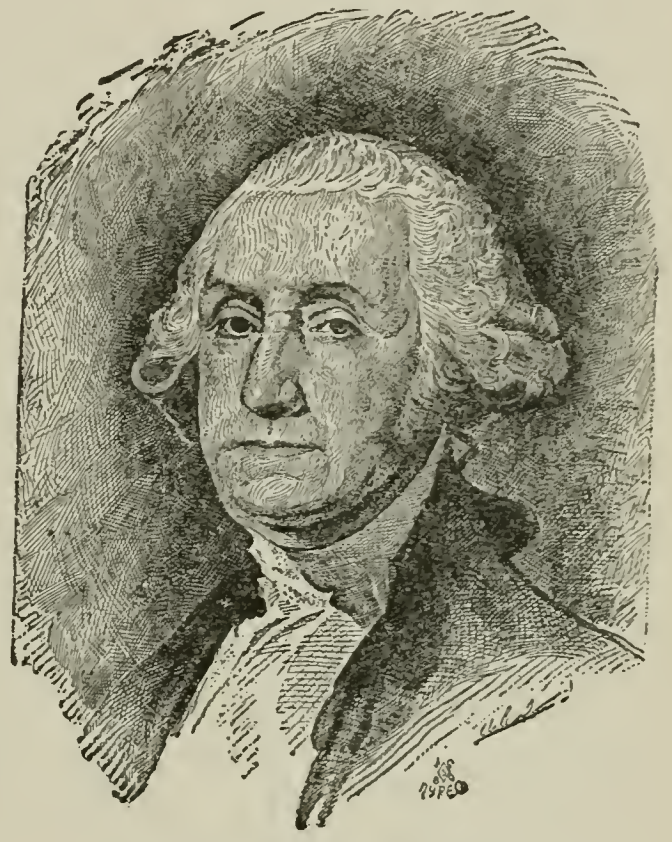
Washington was a man of fine appearance and commanding presence. He was six feet high and had clear blue eyes and brown hair. He was careful of his personal appearance, usually having his clothes imported from England. He has been accused of being cold

and reserved to strangers. The truth is that he never quite overcame his natural shyness. No one could have been more genial and gracious in manner than he when among his friends. He was fond of young people, particularly of his wife's children and his nephews and nieces. He had no children of his own.

He had a hot temper, but he kept it under strong control except when it came unexpectedly and took him unawares. And in such cases his sense of justice soon returned. An instance of this occurred at Cambridge. He had just learned that most of the barrels which he had supposed to contain powder, were really filled with sand. They had been stored in the magazine before his arrival for the sake of preventing the discouragement which would have followed had the soldiers known how small was the actual supply of ammunition. He sent Colonel Glover to Marblehead for a new supply. When he returned, General Washington met him with the question, "Have you got the powder?" "No sir," was the reply. Washington burst into a terrible rage, and, after a torrent of wrath, inquired, "Why did you come back, sir, without it?" "Sir, there is not a kernel of powder in Marblehead." The General was silent for a moment, then reached out his hand, saying, "Colonel Glover, here is my hand, if you will take it and forgive me. The greatness of our danger made me forget what is due to you and to myself."

Washington was a great man, but not a perfect one. He had faults, but they never had the upper hand of him for long at a time, for he made it his first business to master them. We read in one of his letters that he had bought some lottery tickets and wanted to know whether they had drawn a prize. We have found that when very much provoked he sometimes used violent language. But he set a guard over himself and almost always kept his hot temper under control. Before we blame him too much for the few times when it escaped him, we ought to remember that most of the time he mastered it. Temper is like lightning, which tears and destroys when it is loose, but, when it is harnessed, runs our errands like an obedient servant. So that fiery spirit which would have made a wreck of Washington's life if he had not held it in check, was a part of that very strength of character which helped to make him the great man he was.

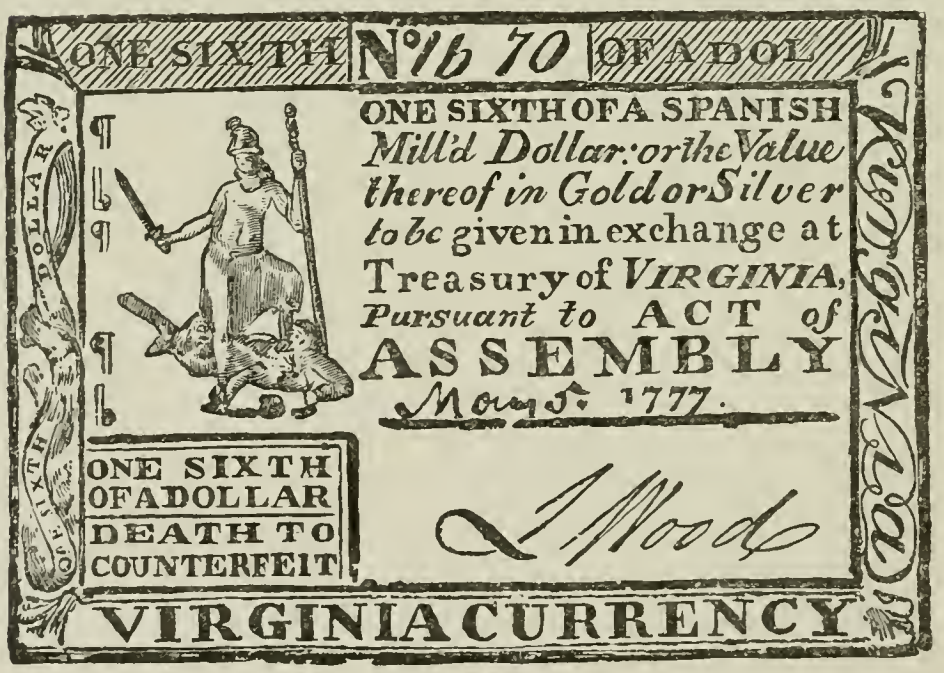
There was one reason for his success which we are in danger of overlooking. He was always sure that his work, whatever it chanced to be, was worth doing just as well as he could possibly do it. He was never afraid of putting too much work into a task or too many hours into a day. And that was just as true of him when he was surveying in the backwoods of Virginia roasting his own potatoes in the ashes and eating them off of chips as it was when he had risen to the highest place in the nation. I am aware that a great many nice young ladies and gentlemen who are just starting out in life to make their fortunes, do not agree with him on this point. At least they think it would be entirely out of place to ask them to do their work as faithfully as he did his. And so no doubt it would be. And that is one of the greatest differences between them and Washington. But they will never believe me until it is too late.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

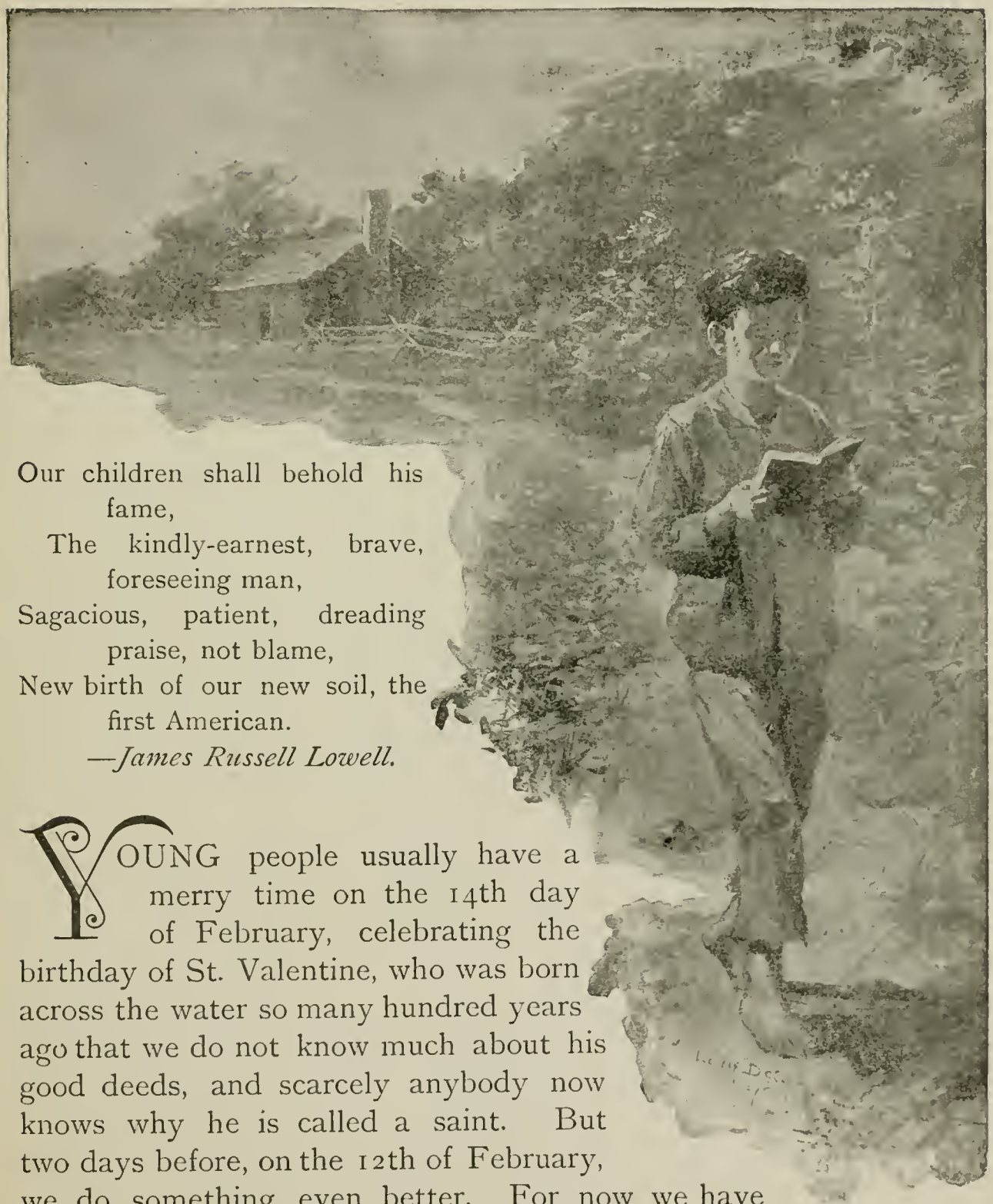
Edward Everett Hale has summed up so well the life and character of Washington that I will do you the favor of quoting it here: "Few boys, even of fifteen, would dare to say: 'I will very early in life compel the government of this colony to make me commander of its troops; I will win everybody's regard and admiration as I command them; I will inherit a large fortune, for which I shall not have to work hard; I will marry the woman I love; she shall be beautiful and elegant, and she, also, shall have a large fortune. I will live in the most beautiful place in America, and I will so carry on my estate that it shall be the admiration of all men. I will be active in the government of Virginia, and will lead it step by step to higher prosperity; when the time comes I will be unanimously named as the

commander of the armies of my country. In a war, serious enough to test every quality, I, of all men, shall be the only man to hold any office of authority, and I will achieve the reputation of the first soldier of my time, and I will be made the ruler of the nation which I have created, and I will fill this place as long as I choose, to die honored of all men.' Such a dream on the part of a boy of fifteen would have seemed absurd enough, and yet this is precisely what happened to this young Virginian."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE ILLINOIS RAIL-SPLITTER.



Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

YOUNG people usually have a merry time on the 14th day of February, celebrating the birthday of St. Valentine, who was born across the water so many hundred years ago that we do not know much about his good deeds, and scarcely anybody now knows why he is called a saint. But two days before, on the 12th of February, we do something even better. For now we have

a newer saint than St. Valentine, whom some of us have learned to call St. Lincoln, though his first name was Abraham and he never thought of being a saint at all. But you know how every year, when his birthday comes, we all, large and little, love to wave flags and make speeches, speak pieces and sing songs because Lincoln was born. And the most ignorant one amongst us ought to be able to tell why. "St. Lincoln" began by being just a common baby, not a bit more cunning than your own little brothers and sisters, and when he lay in his wooden cradle, sucking his pink fist, he did not look any more like a President, with a carriage and four horses and a procession behind him than you or I this minute. The first time he woke up and cried, he was in a little old log cabin in La Rue County, Kentucky. This century was just nine years old then, and I suppose that fact always helped him to remember how old he was. There were wide cracks between the logs in the cabin, and the snow sometimes came sailing softly down through the rickety roof, so that he did not have to read the morning paper or even look out of the window to find out what the weather was. His father, Thomas Lincoln, I am sorry to say, was rather a lazy, shiftless man, so much so that his neighbors called him Tom, even when he was quite an

LINCOLN'S BABYHOOD.

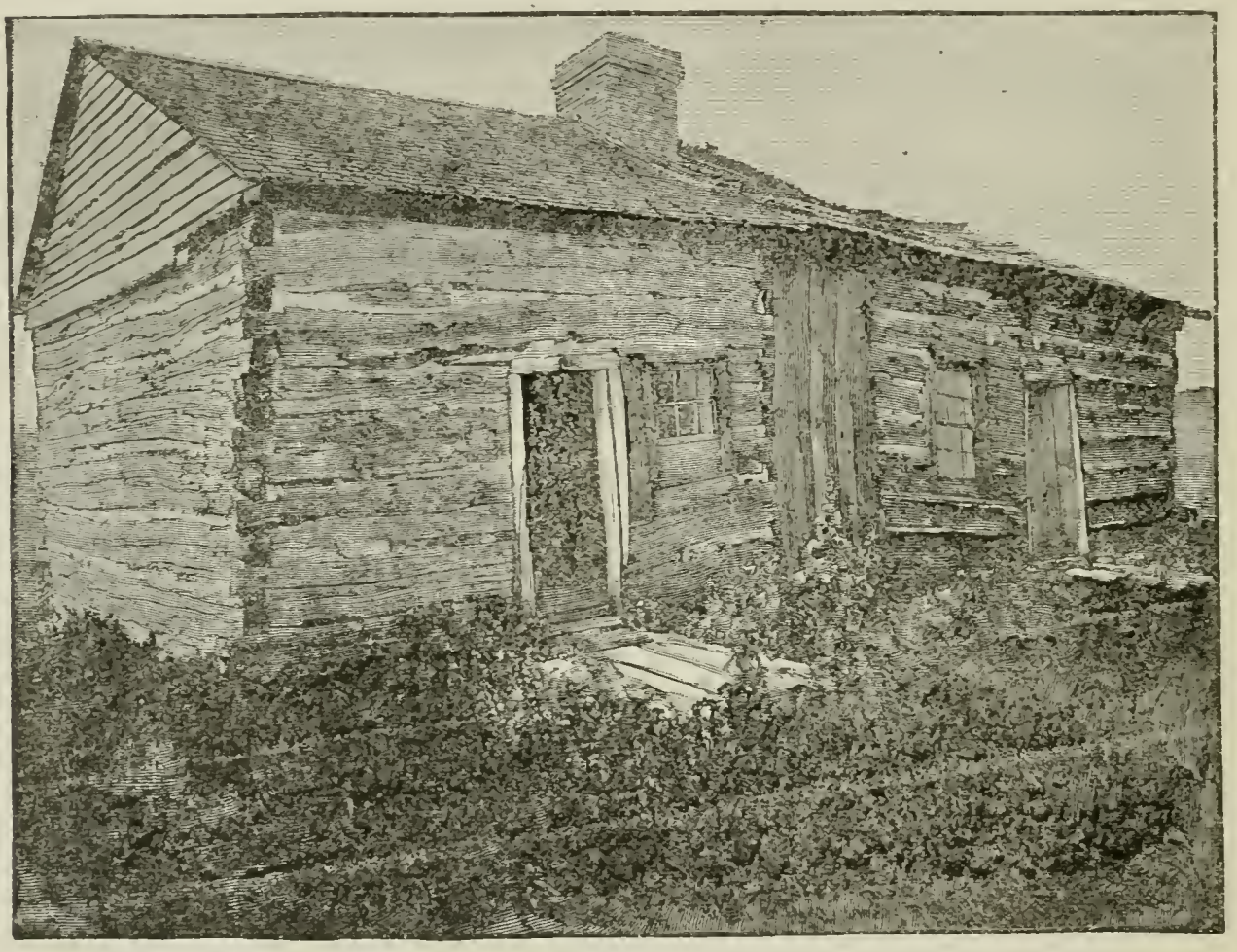
old gentleman. But I hope he hustled around that cold day and cut wood enough to keep the big fire-place blazing to keep the President warm. His mother's name was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and he had one little sister, who was older than he was. She died when she was nineteen years old and never knew what a proud sister she might have been.

When Abraham was about seven years of age, he began to go to school. He did not have a nice new school suit with knee pants and a sailor collar. He wore a buckskin jacket and a pair of buckskin trousers. He was barefooted, but he had a nice warm raccoon skin cap which his mother had made for him. His father found him an old arithmetic and he started out. He had to walk a mile and a half to his log school-house, where he found a teacher who did not know much more about books than he did himself. After this he went to two other schools, and it was not long before he knew more than his teachers. He never went to school more than a year in all his life. But he did not stop studying because there was no one to teach him. On the contrary, he studied harder than ever.

MOVING TO INDIANA.

When Abraham was about eight years old, his father made up

his mind to move away and try to find a better country for poor people. He sold his farm and started for Indiana to find a new home. When he had found a place in the woods where he thought his family would like to live, he went back to get them. They did not travel by steam cars, because the first train in this country was not going to start until about eleven years afterwards and they did not want to wait for it, and it was not going to Indiana anyway.



THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A LOG CABIN.

They went on horseback, the mother and little Nancy riding on one horse. They had to pack all their furniture, and after that was done there was not much room for human freight. Mr. Lincoln walked a great deal of the way. They had to cross the Ohio river, because it was nearer than it would have been to go around. Then this odd-looking procession moved on through the woods, stopping by night to sleep on a blanket under the stars.

When they reached their new grounds, there was no house there,

and they had to live out of doors, gypsy-fashion, until Mr. Lincoln could build a shanty. He cut down some young trees and built a house of poles. They lived in this about a year, after which the ambitious father was able to put up a regular log cabin. It had no floor. What was the use of taking so much trouble to have boards when the ground was there to walk on? There was no glass in the windows, but oiled paper did pretty well in its place. Mr. Lincoln drove some poles into the wall, laid them on crotched sticks at the other end, placed some boards across them, and the bedstead was ready. Some dried leaves and blankets over the boards made a glorious bed when one was tired enough to enjoy it. Then he carved a table out of a big log and made some three-legged stools, and the house-furnishing was complete. What more could anyone wish?

If Abraham Lincoln's father was not exactly the kind of man we should have selected for the bringing up of such a boy, his mother more than made it up to him. She was a faithful, hard-working woman and, although she had not much education, she took great pains to teach her son all that she knew herself. There were three books in their library, the spelling book, the catechism and the Bible, and these Abraham, with his mother's help, learned pretty well in one winter. But Mrs. Lincoln lived only about two years in the new home.

They could not have a funeral at the time she was buried, because there was no minister in the country. But Abraham and his father were not satisfied. They thought of Mr. Elkin, a minister whom they had known in Kentucky, and a few months later Abraham wrote a letter to this preacher friend of the family and asked him to come and preach a sermon at his mother's grave. It was nearly a hundred miles, but the good preacher came through the woods on horseback.

Notice had been given through all the country and people came from twenty miles around, some on horseback, some in ox-carts with wheels sawed out of the trunks of trees, and others still on foot. Two hundred persons gathered under the forest trees to listen to the last words of love and respect to the memory of Nancy Lincoln. It was a beautiful Sunday morning. Now and then a bird flew over, twittering its carol of hope, and the springing flowers looked up and smiled in childlike faith, trusting that the power

that made them bloom would still hold them in love and care, though petals fade and winter come with its mantle of ice. It was

TOO POOR TO AFFORD A TALLOW CANDLE.

not the preacher's words alone that said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The service and the day sank deep into the young soul of Abraham Lincoln and touched his life with a new tenderness and an added reverence.

Years after her death he said to a friend, while the tears

HOW LINCOLN FOUND NECESSITY TO BE THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

started to his eyes, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!"

When Mrs. Lincoln had been dead a little more than a year, Mr. Lincoln went back to Kentucky and brought home a second wife, who became a wise and kind mother to the two lonely children.

She taught them a great many things. In the winter evenings Abraham would lie on the floor with his head on a log pillow and read by the light of the great fire-place. And when his father sent him to bed and he climbed up the row of wooden pins that stood in the wall for a ladder, he would keep his step-brother awake by the hour to tell him what he had read. He did not have a nice shelf-full of pretty picture books such as many children of his age now have, about "Little Moonshine" and "Lotty Simple" and their mates, but he read all the good, sound, sensible books he could lay his hands on, such as the Pilgrim's Progress and Æsop's Fables, both of which he nearly learned by heart. A little before this he learned to write, and he wrote a letter for his father, who could just scribble his own name so badly that he always had to read it himself because nobody else could.

When he wanted to write or cipher he did not ask his mother for ten cents and run out to the corner to buy a tablet, then scribble a little on it and tear the rest of it into the waste-basket before Saturday, as you might have done when you were as young as he was then. That would have proved that your father had a great deal of money and that you could afford to waste as much as you pleased. He used to write with charcoal on a wooden shovel or the top of the table and then shave the writing off and begin all over again. Fortunate, isn't it, that you didn't have to learn seven-times-nine in that way? I have heard that he had one precious copy-book, which he used to keep for the very finest things he came across. In this book he sometimes wrote poetry. Here are two lines which he must have composed himself:

"Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen,
He will be good, but God knows when."

Not very good poetry, was it, for a President to write? Besides this he kept a scrap-book, in which he wrote down everything, his step-mother said. This must have been convenient, for most of his books were borrowed ones, and if he forgot any of the good things he had read, there they were in his scrap-book. But he took just as much pains to keep things in his mind, always selecting the very best things, remember. And although books were so scarce, his head grew to be

a great scrap-book full of the richest things in the world. And that scrap-book was of great use to him when he became the greatest man

LINCOLN WAS A GREAT ORATOR BECAUSE HE SPOKE FROM THE HEART.

in the nation and needed all the world's best wisdom to decide what was best for the whole country.

One way that he had of fixing things tight in his head when he wished to remember them was to repeat them to his step-brothers when they were out in the field at work. Sometimes he would get upon a stump on Monday and preach the sermon he had heard on Sunday. And sometimes he would preach and make his own sermon as he went along. One day some boys were cruel to a turtle, just for fun. That made Abraham feel so bad that he preached a sermon about it. He said that animals had feelings just as we have, and that it was mean and cowardly to cause pain to dumb creatures that could not help themselves.

I told you in the beginning that Abraham was just a common baby. I want to apologize for that. Of course I meant as common as they ever are. There never was a very common baby, you know.

And when he grew up to be a boy, he was so homely and had such long, awkward legs, always getting in his way, that I suppose any one who judged him by his looks would have thought he was just a common boy. But people can not be cheated in that way a great while, and they began to find out before many years that he was not exactly common after all. I have heard that when he was a boy he thought he would sometime be President, and that some of his neighbors were quite sure of it. I do not know whether that was true or not, but I think if he had known it, he would have gone on doing just the same way to get ready, splitting rails and telling the truth and learning all he could. We can not all be Presidents, but some of us will have to be, and we might as well begin to get ready now and save hurrying by and by. I wish we could all go to college, but if we can not do that, we can stay at home and go barefooted and not growl about it, and behave ourselves and study, as Abraham Lincoln did. And if the country does not need us for Presidents, why, then it will want us for something else.

When he was about nineteen years old, a man offered him eight dollars a month to go down the Mississippi river to New Orleans on a flat-boat and take a cargo of goods. He was pleased to think of getting so much money. His father said he might go, and that gave him his first glimpse of the wide world.

Soon after that, Mr. Lincoln began to hear about the fine prairie lands in Illinois. He thought he would like to try again and see if he

could find a better home. So he loaded up all his goods on an ox-wagon, and the Lincolns started with two other families for Illinois. They were on the road fifteen days. They had to cross a river on the way. They were nearly lost in the water, but Abraham could not be drowned because he had to be President. When they were all safe across the river, they looked back and saw on the other bank the poor homely dog that had followed them all the way from home. He was afraid he could not swim across. Abraham Lincoln would not go on and leave the poor dog behind. He rolled up his pantaloons and waded back through the icy water and carried the poor little fellow across. If dogs could talk, I would tell you what he said. As it was, he only wagged his tail and barked.

LINCOLN'S HEART WAS TOO BIG TO SEE EVEN A DOG SUFFER.

All this time our boy was growing up. When he was twenty-one, he thought it was time to go to work for himself. He went to New Orleans again on another flat-boat. This time he saw white people whipping negroes and selling them in the market in New Orleans. He felt then just as he did when the boys were cruel to the turtle. It made him hate slavery. He said then, "If I ever get a chance, I'll hit it hard!"

After this he did a great many kinds of work. He was clerk in a store in a little village called New Salem. Then he bought a store and lost money in trading. But he paid every dollar of his debt.

Lincoln's honesty did not wait until he was President before it began to show itself. There are a number of stories of the time when he was a clerk in an Illinois store, which go to show how thoughtful he was to do, not "about the right thing," but exactly the right thing. One day a woman came in and bought some goods for which she paid him two dollars, six and a fourth cents. After she had gone he added the items again to make sure he had been right, and found he was wrong. He had charged her just six and a fourth cents too much. It was evening. He closed the store and walked to her house, a distance of two or three miles, and returned the extra change before he slept. At another time he sold a woman a half pound of tea, as he supposed. The next morning he noticed a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw at once that he had made a mistake and had innocently cheated his customer out of four ounces of tea. He closed the store and took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the tea. These are small things, but they tell a great deal about the character of the man.

As soon as Abraham was old enough, he began to hire out by the day to the farmers about the country. He was a good worker and stronger than any other boys of his age. He was always willing to run errands, write letters, rock the cradle and help in every way he could. He was so full of good will that everybody was glad to have him about. They enjoyed his company, too. He always had something new and interesting to talk about. He was fond of telling a good story, and always made more amusement for others than he seemed to enjoy himself. His own face would be perfectly serious while his listeners were convulsed with merriment.

This trait never left him, even during the darkest hours of the war. People sometimes blamed him for joking in the midst of such solemn times. It was not because he bore his burdens lightly, but because they pressed on him so heavily that he had to find some way to make them lighter.

About this time he enlisted in a war to fight the Indians. It was called the Black Hawk War, because the Indian leader was named Black Hawk. The men chose Lincoln for their Captain. He never killed any Indians, but he saved the life of one of them, and that was better. He next made up his mind to be a lawyer. He had to walk

twenty-two miles and back to borrow his first law books. He took the walk in one day and learned a lesson in law on his way home. He learned surveying so that he could earn some money to live on while he was studying law. In those days he wore linen pantaloons that just reached to the tops of his blue woolen stockings. Sometimes he had only one suspender. He wore a calico shirt and a straw hat without a band around it. You would not have thought

LINCOLN AS A BOOK AGENT.

him an elegant young man. Sometimes he lived on crackers and cheese, and other times he had to sleep on the counter in a store. But it was not long before he was ready to practice law.

About this time he was married to Miss Mary Todd. He was soon after this elected to go to the capital of Illinois and help make the laws. The capital was not Springfield then, but Vandalia. After a few years he was sent to Washington to help make laws for the whole country. And now people began to think he was not a

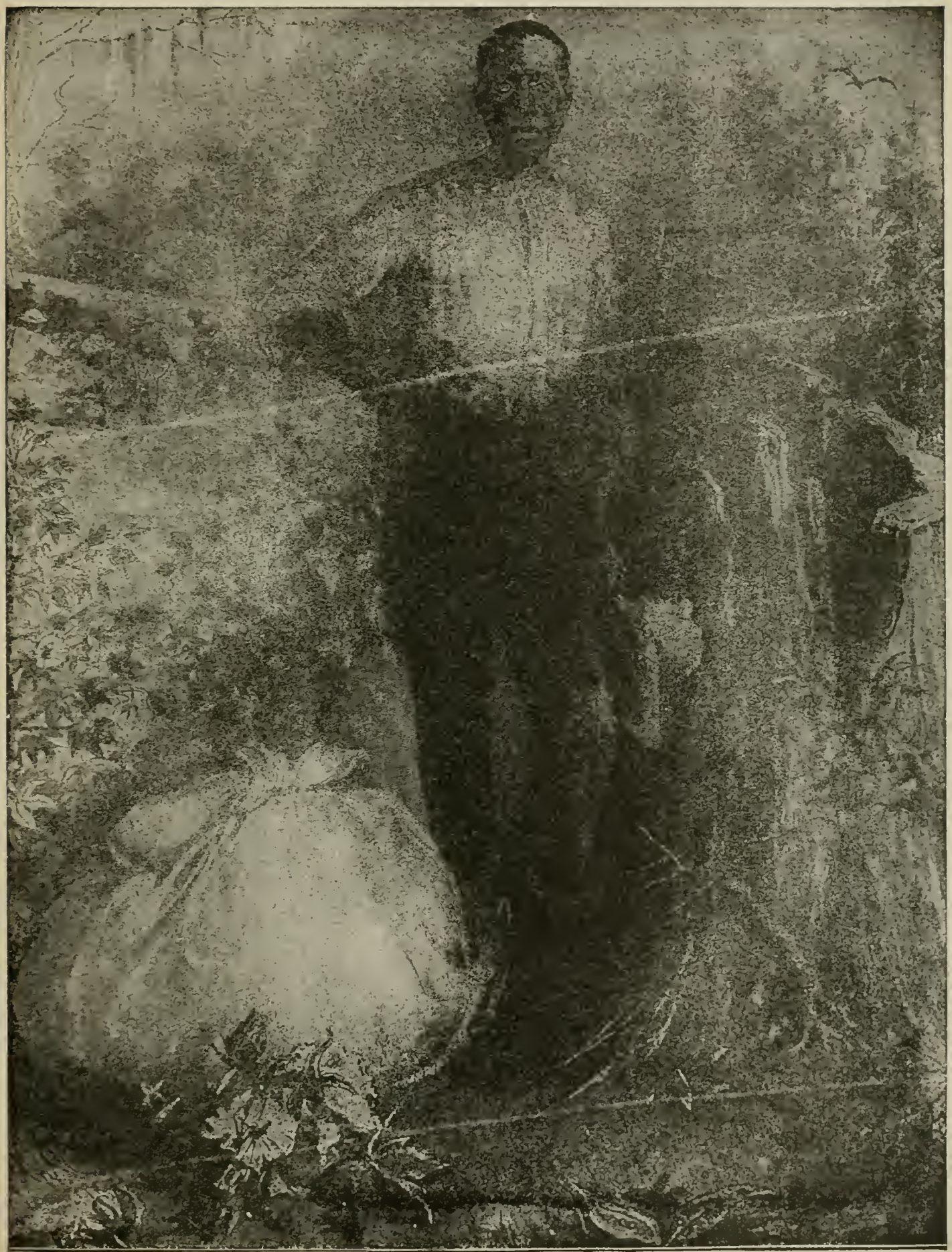
common man. He was not afraid to say what he thought, and he made some great speeches.

A few years later, some of the people wished to give Mr. Lincoln a still higher office, that of United States Senator. Another party wanted to elect Stephen A. Douglas to the same office. The two men went about Illinois together making speeches. One would make a speech and the other would answer it. Mr. Douglas was sometimes called the "Little Giant." This was because his body was so small and his mind was so great. He was elected to go to Washington and Mr. Lincoln had to stay at home. But people remembered the speeches he had made. And more than that, they remembered that he was an honest man. They began to call him "Honest Abe."

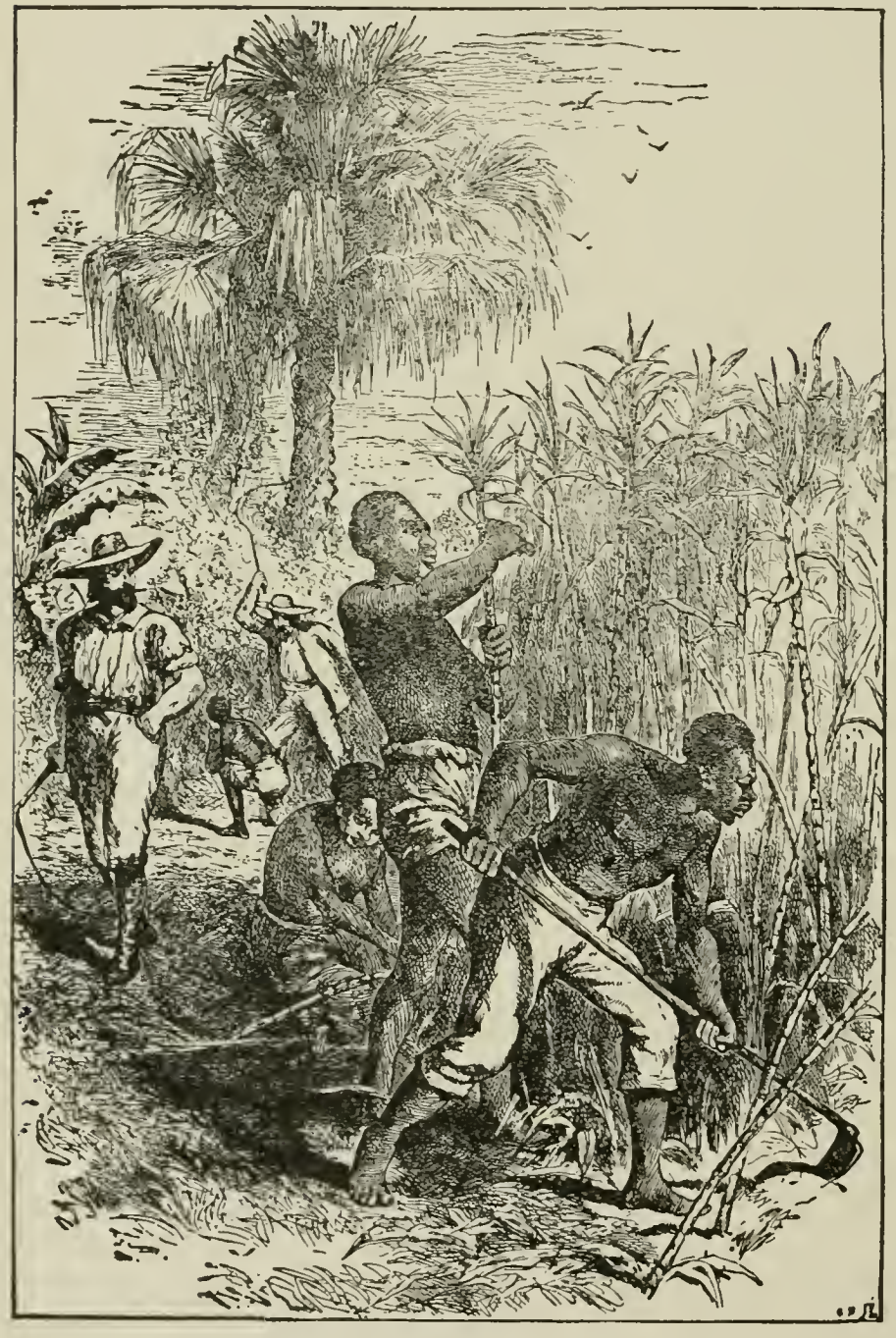
The next time our country needed a new President, a great many people began to think about the "Little Giant" and a great many others thought of "Honest Old Abe." Mr. Lincoln's friends got some of the rails that he had split on his father's farm thirty years before. They trimmed them up with flags and bunting and took them all over the country to let the people see them. They called Mr. Lincoln the "Rail-splitter." They were not ashamed that their candidate had once worked hard with his hands. Perhaps he could now work all the better with his brains. Most of the Republicans in the country voted for Mr. Lincoln, and most of the northern Democrats for Mr. Douglas. But this time it was the "Little Giant" who had to stay at home, for Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

Perhaps you think Mr. Lincoln's hard work was over now, and that he was glad he had no more rails to split. The truth is that his hardest and saddest work had only begun, for just after he was elected a long and terrible war broke out in our country. This was in 1861. Mr. Lincoln wanted the nation to be at peace and worked hard all the rest of his life to end the war.

One great reason for this war was the fact that the Northern and Southern people were not acquainted with one another. It takes a long time even now with our fast trains to go from one end of our great country to the other. And in 1861 we had not nearly so many railroads as we have now. Consequently travel was not so common and the people of the North and South had fewer opportunities of



meeting. The natural result of this was that they misunderstood and hated each other. The story is told of Charles Lamb, an English writer, with a ready pen but a stammering tongue, that in speaking to a friend one day he said, "I h-h-hate that man." "How can you hate him?" asked the friend. "I didn't know that you knew him." "Th-th-that-that's it," was Lamb's reply. "How c-c-could I h-h-hate him if I n-n-knew him?" The Southern people believed that the North wanted to take their slaves away from them without pay, and the people of the North thought the South wanted to destroy the nation, and have everything their own way. There was some truth in these complaints, but they were not entirely true. Yet, strange as it may seem, the more the people believed them, the truer they came to be.



SLAVES ON A PLANTATION.

I have told you that Mr. Lincoln thought slavery was a great wrong. Yet at first he thought he had no right to interfere with it.

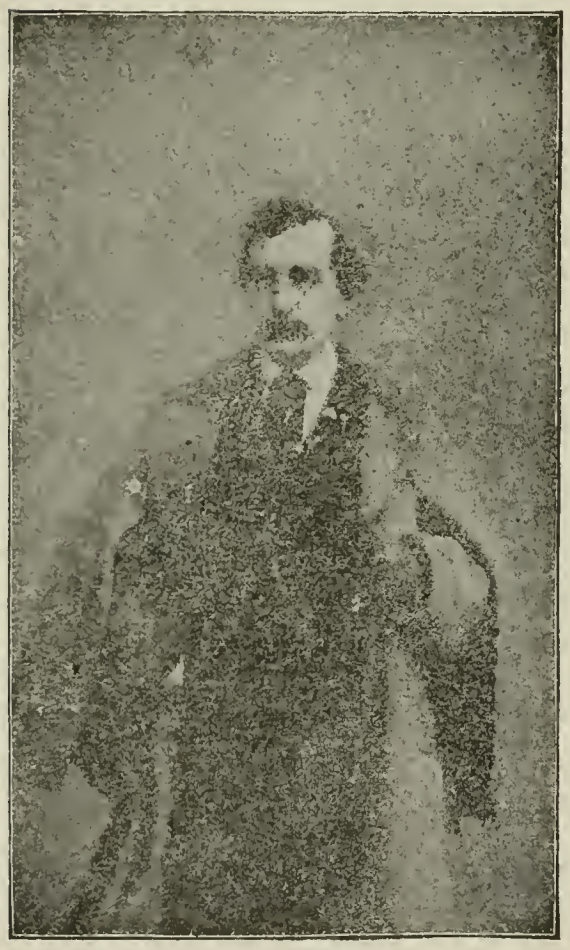
But the Southern people heard so many false things about him that they believed he was their worst enemy. And when he was elected

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

President, a number of the states seceded and declared they would have a nation of their own and rule it to suit themselves. They fired on Ft. Sumter and the war began. Mr. Lincoln believed it was

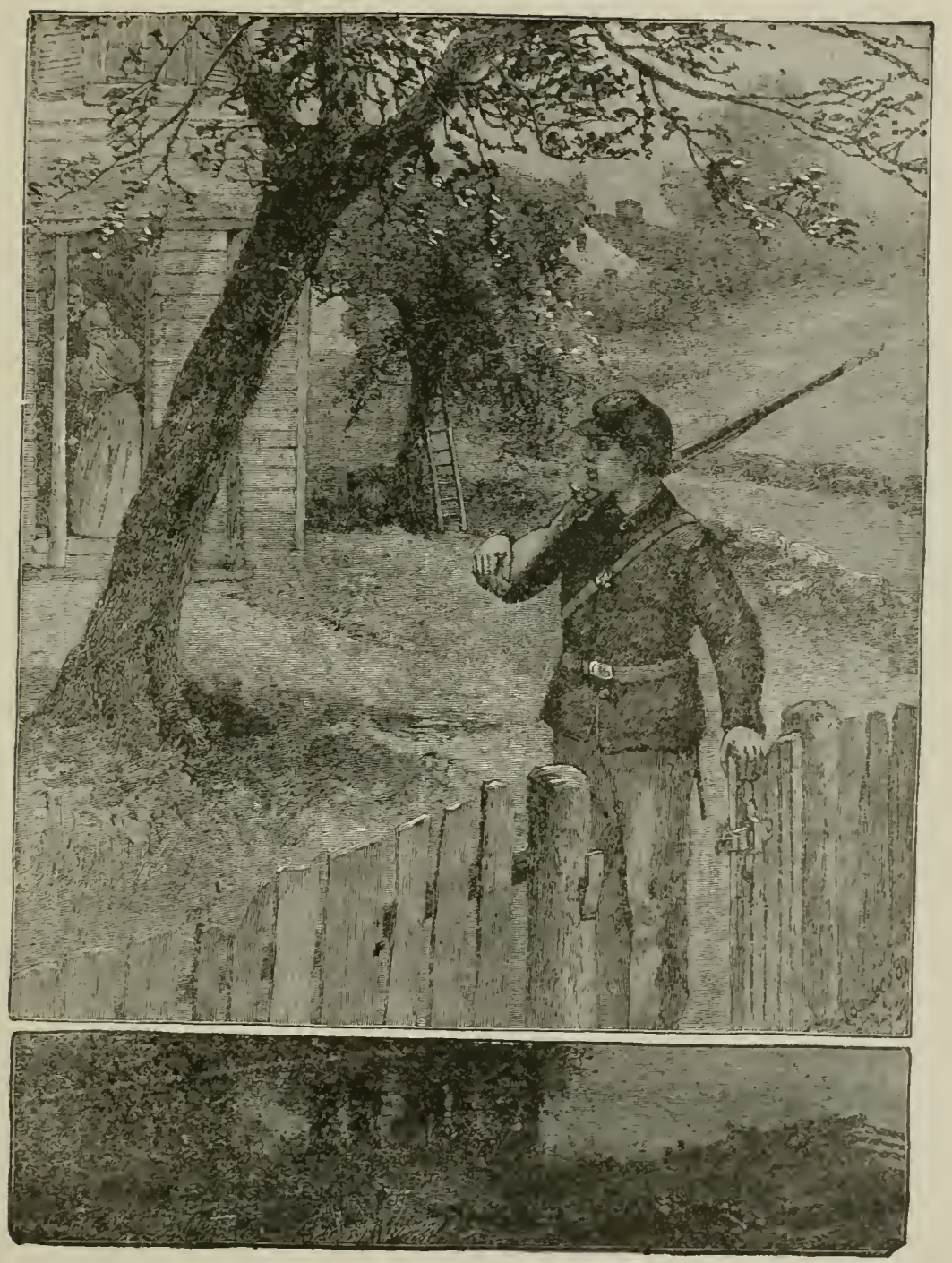
his duty to try to keep the Union from being broken up. He called for volunteers to put down the rebellion. It took four years to do this and cost the lives of many thousand brave men on both sides. In 1863, President Lincoln set the slaves free and gave those who wished it a chance to fight for their liberty and for the Union. Many of them made excellent soldiers.

President Lincoln was often very sad during the war. He was always remembering the terrible loss of human life. Once he said, "I shall never be glad any more." Yet he had a way of throwing off the trouble for the moment with a laughable story or cheerful conversation just when the burden was heaviest to bear. He was never too deep in the affairs of the nation to be sympathetic and kindly to everybody. In military matters the President had the power of life and death and many people came to him for pardons for their friends. He was always ready to save life when it was possible. An army officer tells the following: "The first week of my command, there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President. He refused. I went to Washington, and had an interview. I said: 'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.' He replied, 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.'"



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

One of his last acts was to pardon a young man who had gone out to spend the evening, had fallen into bad company and had failed to reach his regiment before it left the city. He was sentenced

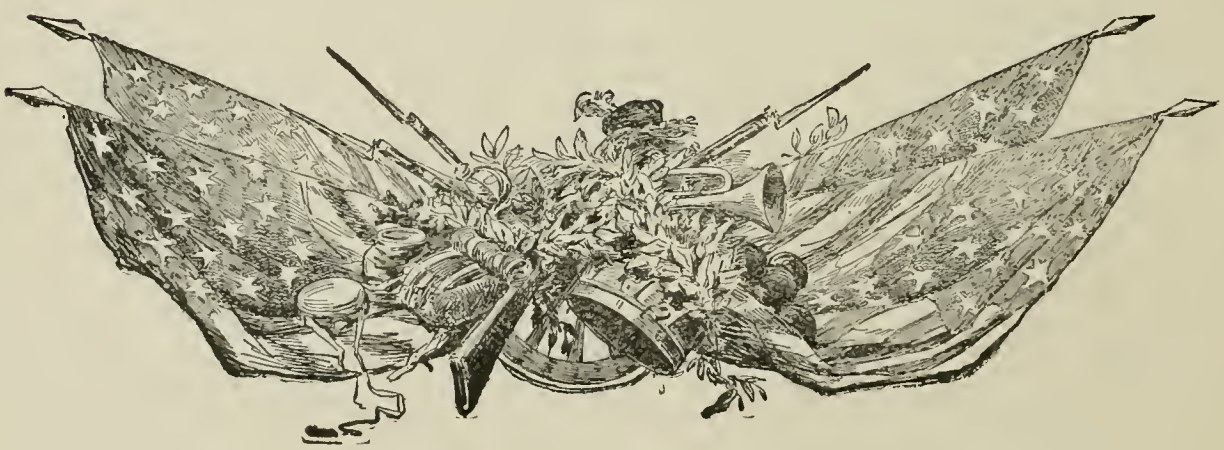


THE SOLDIER'S GOOD-BY.

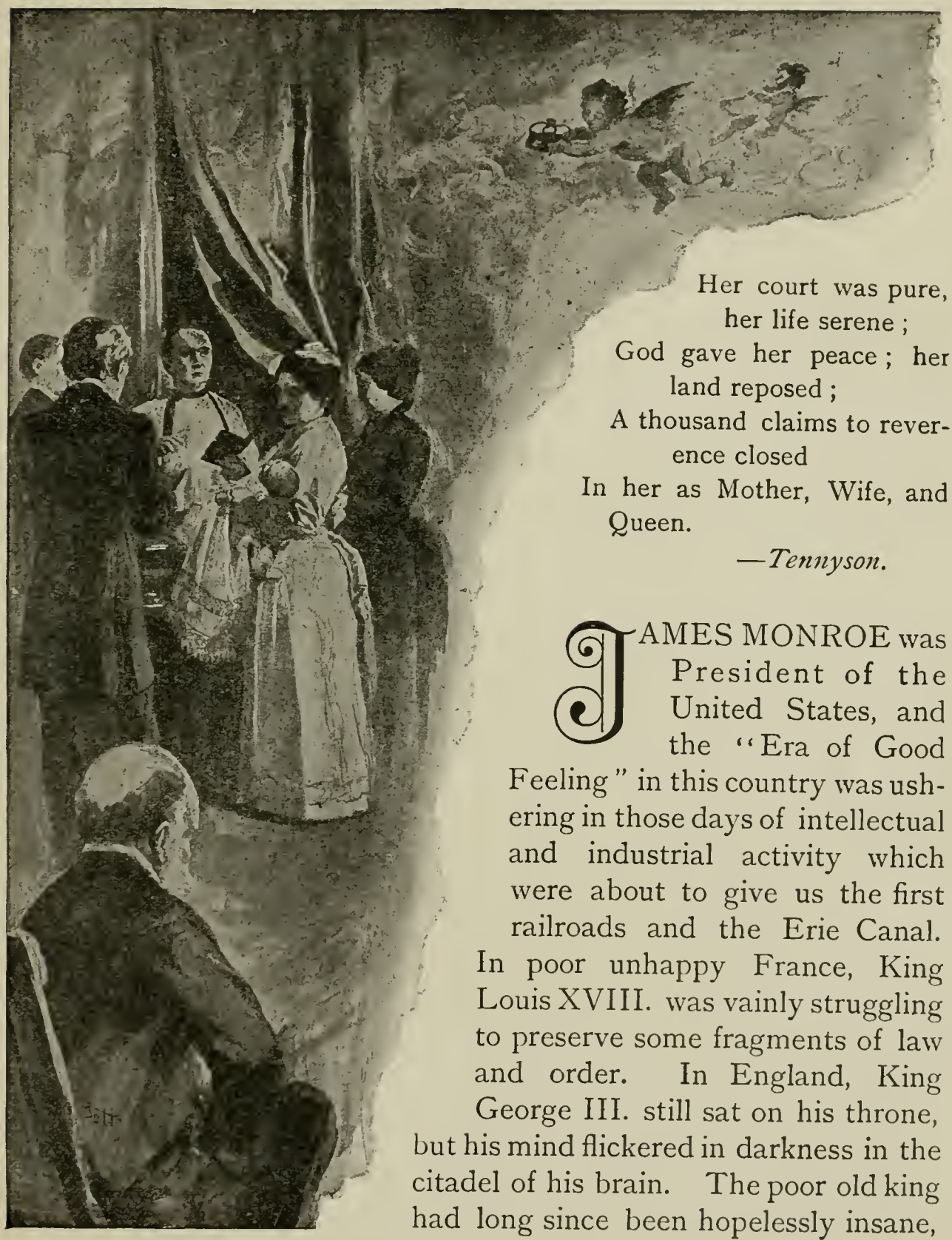
to be shot for desertion. A friend of the young man's brought the case to the President. "Well," said President Lincoln as he signed the parden while an odd smile lit up his sad, homely face, "I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground." A book could be filled with stories of his kindness to people who were poor and helpless. He could almost always find excuses for the sins of other people.

The bells were ringing and flags were waving for joy all over the country when a very sad thing happened. Mr. Lincoln was at a theater in Washington with his wife and some friends when a half crazy man named John Wilkes Booth climbed up into the President's box and shot him in the back of the head. He never spoke again, but died the next morning. The joy was all turned into grief and everybody mourned for the good man who had freed the slaves and saved the country from ruin. Even the Southern people came to see in time that he had been their very best friend.

And all this is the reason why we celebrate every year the birthday of "St. Lincoln."



QUEEN VICTORIA

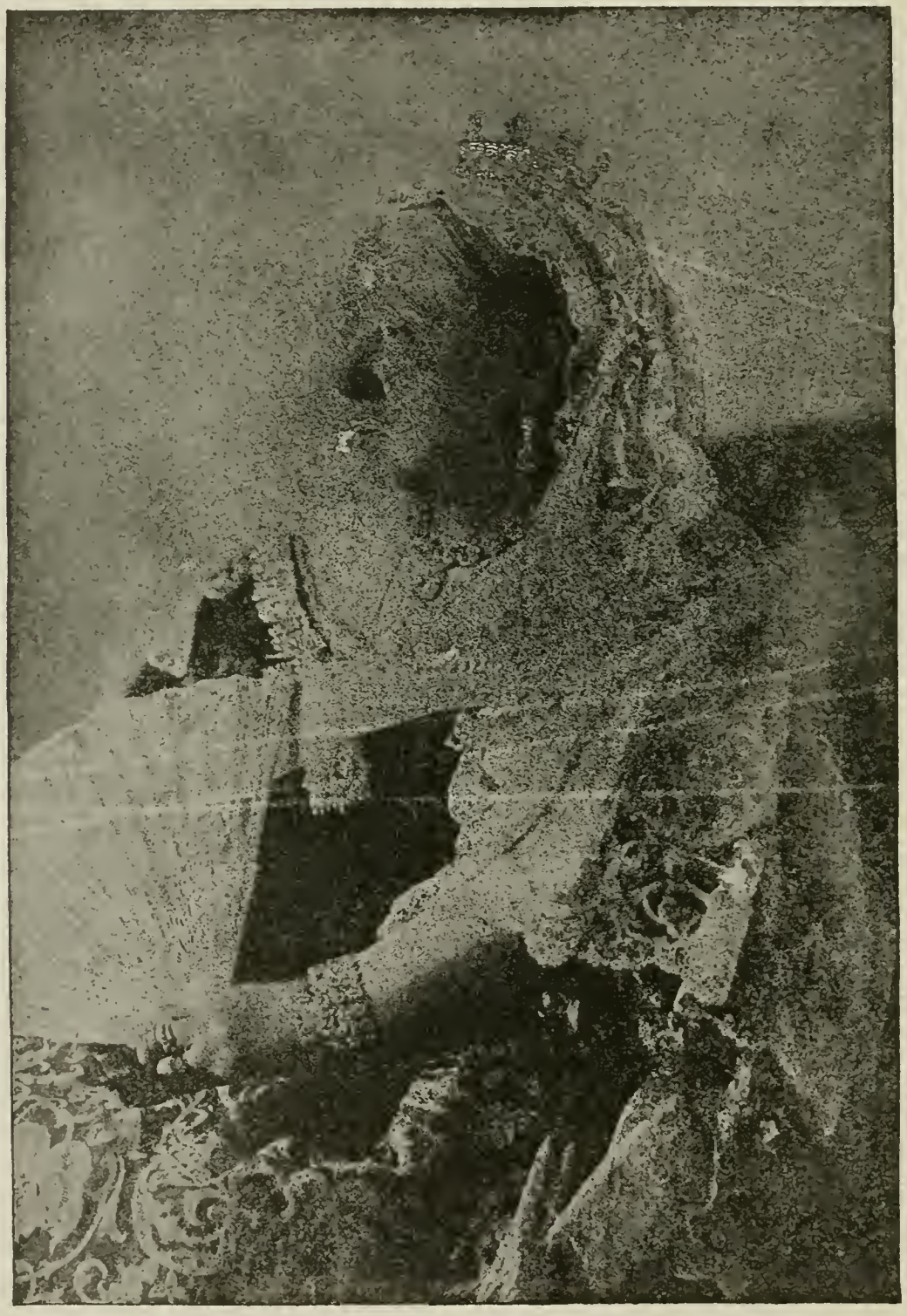


Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

—*Tennyson.*

JAMES MONROE was President of the United States, and the "Era of Good Feeling" in this country was ushering in those days of intellectual and industrial activity which were about to give us the first railroads and the Erie Canal. In poor unhappy France, King Louis XVIII. was vainly struggling to preserve some fragments of law and order. In England, King George III. still sat on his throne, but his mind flickered in darkness in the citadel of his brain. The poor old king had long since been hopelessly insane,

and George IV. as Prince Regent, was actual ruler of the land. It was the 24th of May, 1819, the year in which the first steamship



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HER DIAMOND JUBILEE.

crossed the Atlantic, that a little girl was born in London who was to become Queen Victoria and ruler over a vast empire.

Victoria's father was Edward, the Duke of Kent, a younger brother of George IV. and William IV. He would himself have been king of England if he had outlived William IV., who left no children. The Duke of Kent lived much of his life out of England. He received a military education in Hanover, Germany. He was stationed at Gibraltar for a time, and afterwards spent some years in Canada as commander-in-chief of the British army. He took great interest in the people while there and was active in many kinds of benevolent work. He is still very dear to the Canadian heart. One of the great stone gates in Quebec is named for him and the people of that city always speak of him with great tenderness. He seems a living presence to-day in that quaint old city, and one finds it hard to realize that he has been dead more than three quarters of a century.

When he was about fifty years of age he married Louisa Victoria, Princess of Saxe-Coburg in Central Germany. She was the widow of Prince Charles of Leiningen, and had two children, Charles and Anna Feodora. She is said to have been "altogether most charming and attractive."

The Duke and Duchess were living in Kensington Palace, London, when the future queen was born. She was baptized in a gold font by the Archbishop of Canterbury when she was a month old. I wonder how much the costly font added to her piety. Her uncle, George IV., named her Alexandrina, for the Emperor Alexander of Russia. It is said that her father wished to call her Elizabeth because the English like that name, but the Prince Regent said if she must have another name it should be her mother's. He accordingly added the name Victoria, taking care to say, "but it must not precede that of the Emperor." As a little girl she was known as "Princess Drina," but when she became Queen, she chose her mother's name and gave commands that she should be called Victoria.

The Duke of Kent had often said that he should live to be king of England, although there were several heirs between him and the throne. But his health began to fail. Then as he saw the end of his own life drawing near, he would take the baby Victoria in his arms and say, "Take care of her for she will be queen of England."

When she was six months old he went with his family to the south coast "to cheat the winter" and try to piece out his fast ebbing life. It was of no use. Two months later he died. His father, George III., outlived him just six days, and his brother George IV. became king of England.

The Duke of Kent, being a younger son, had never had a large income and had been of a generous nature. He had never economized and therefore left large debts behind him when he died. One of the first acts of the Duchess, Victoria's mother, after his death, was to give up all his property to his creditors.

This left her and her children dependent for the time being upon her friends. Her brother, Prince Leopold, afterwards king of Belgium, came to her aid in this trouble and generously provided her a yearly income of 3,000 pounds, or about 15,000 dollars. He continued to do this for some years, or until the English government made it unnecessary by providing sufficiently for Victoria and her family. Prince Leopold lived for some years at Kensington Palace with the Duchess and her children, and took a deep interest in the education of the young princess Victoria. He had been the husband of the daughter of George IV., that Princess Charlotte whom the English nation so tenderly loved. "The English like queens," and they had fondly hoped to see Charlotte on the English throne one day. But she died at twenty-one. When, shortly before her own death, she was told of the death of her infant son, she said: "I am grieved for myself, for the English people; but, oh, above all, I feel it for my dear husband." When told she could not live, she said: "Tell it to my husband—tell it with caution and tenderness, and be sure to say to him from me, that I am still the happiest wife in England." It was thought by some that Victoria resembled her.

Princess Victoria as a baby was "blue-eyed and plump as a partridge." A number of portraits painted of her when quite a young child are still preserved. One of the best likenesses is a bust done in marble when she was two years old, and now kept in Windsor castle. She is thus described by Jane Porter, the celebrated author of the "Scottish Chief": "In describing the infancy of the princess I would say she was a beautiful child, with a cherubic form of features, clustered round by glossy fair ringlets. Her complexion was remark-

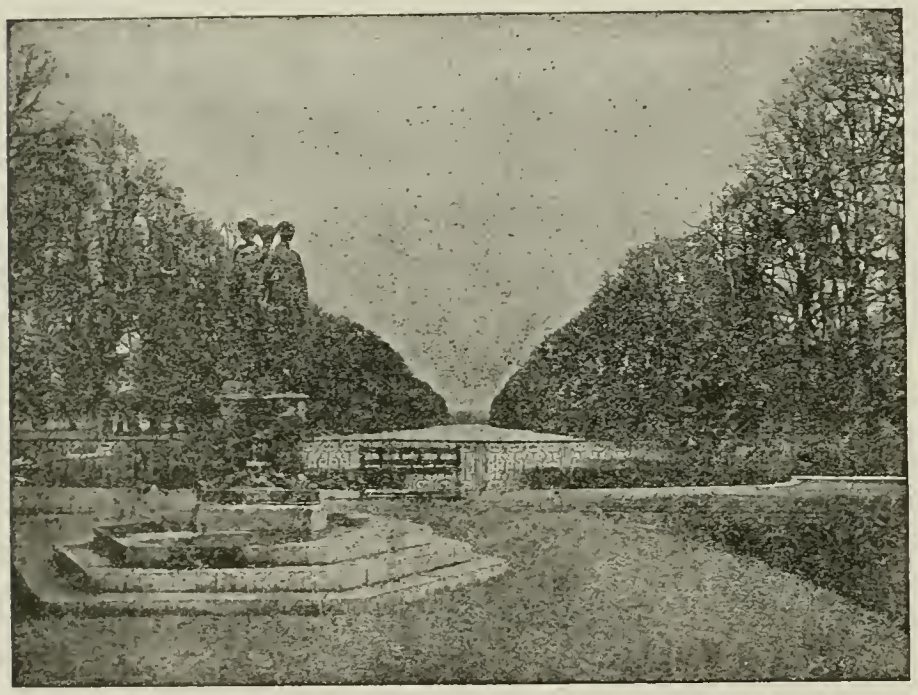
ably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush-rose upon her cheeks, that imparted a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes. Whenever she met any strangers in her usual paths she always seemed, by the quickness of her glance, to inquire who and what they were. The intelligence of her countenancewas extraordinary at her very early age, but might easily be accounted for on perceiving the extraordinaryintelligence of her mind."

CHILDHOOD OF VICTORIA.

At Kensington Palace the little princess was brought up very simply and naturally, quite like a little girl in the ordinary walks of life who never thought of wearing a crown. Their way of living is thus described: "Breakfast at eight o'clock, Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit put on a little table at her mother's side. After breakfast there was a walk or drive for an hour; and then, from ten to twelve, she was instructed by her mother, after which she would amuse herself running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of

the palace. At two came a plain dinner, while the duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again till four, then a visit or drive; and after that the princess would ride or walk, or sit out on the lawn under the trees with the rest of the party. At the time of her mother's dinner she had her supper laid at her side; then, after playing with her nurse (Mrs. Brock—'dear, dear Boppy'), she would join the party at dessert, and at nine go to her bed, which was placed by the side of her mother's."

Like any common little girl, Victoria was fond of dolls, though, unlike most little girls, she had enough to stock an orphan asylum. The doll census reported a hundred and thirty-two in her nursery. She learned to sew exquisitely by making their clothes, but I cannot believe that her motherly love and attention could hold out to go all around. I have not heard that she knew them all by their names. I am sure she could not remember all the names of every one, if the doll princesses were as well supplied with names as most young ladies of noble blood, even if she had taken a course in Professor Loisette's Memory System, which of course she had not, because she was unfortunate enough to live too soon for that. But if they could not all be loved and put to bed and crooned to sleep every night, as is the right of a common, plebeian doll, they served a purpose quite essential in the life of a princess, for the royal dolls were used as dummies to teach the future queen the elaborate ceremonies of the London court—the poor



CANAL AND GARDENS, HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.
In these Gardens is Located the Largest Royal Palace in Great Britain. An Hour's Ride by Rail from London.

dolls, and the poor, poor Princess! But Victoria's mother was a sensible woman, and, as far as possible, saw to it that her little daughter was not robbed of her sweet, simple childhood. Up to the time of her becoming queen, she led a remarkably quiet and undisturbed life for a princess. Her dress was usually as simple as any child's could well be.

Lord Albemarle paints a pretty pen-picture of her in his autobiography: "A pretty little girl, seven years of age, engaged in watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress—a large straw hat and a white cotton gown—contrasted favorably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation. A colored fichu round the neck was the only ornament she wore."

Victoria was early taught that even a princess must not spend money beyond her income. Perhaps her mother was the more careful about this because she remembered the debts of her husband, the Duke of Kent, some of which were still unpaid and rested uneasily upon her conscience. Victoria's training in this direction is illustrated by an incident which occurred when she was about eight years old. Visiting a bazaar with her governess, she spent all her money for presents for her friends. She then wished to buy a toy for a cousin whom she had forgotten. The price was a half crown and the attendant was willing she should take it. But the governess said, "No. You see the princess has not the money, and so, of course, she cannot buy the box." The attendant gladly offered to keep the box until Victoria received her next allowance, when she went back and made the desired purchase.

Another pretty picture of her childhood is given us by Leigh Hunt: "We remember well," he says, "the peculiar pleasure which it gave us to see the future queen, the first time we ever did see her, coming up a cross path from the Bayswater gate, with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hand she was holding as if she loved her. A magnificent footman in scarlet came behind her, with the splendidest pair of calves in white stockings which we ever beheld. He looked somehow like a gigantic fairy, personating for his little lady's sake

the grandest kind of footman he could think of; and his calves he seemed to have made out of a couple of the biggest chain lamps in the possession of the godmother of Cinderella."

It was not until she was about eleven years of age that the possibility of her great destiny was brought to her attention. In studying the geneaiogical table of the kings of England, which had been purposely put in her way by her governess, her curiosity was aroused and she inquired who would become king in case of the death of George IV. The governess told her that her uncle William would be the next heir to the throne. "Yes, that I know," she replied, "but who will succeed him?" "Princess," said the governess, who seemed unwilling to give a direct answer, "You have several uncles!" The princess was much affected. "True, I have," she answered, but I perceive here that my papa was next in age to my uncle William; and it *does* appear to me, from what I have just been reading, that when he and the present king are both dead, I shall become queen of England."

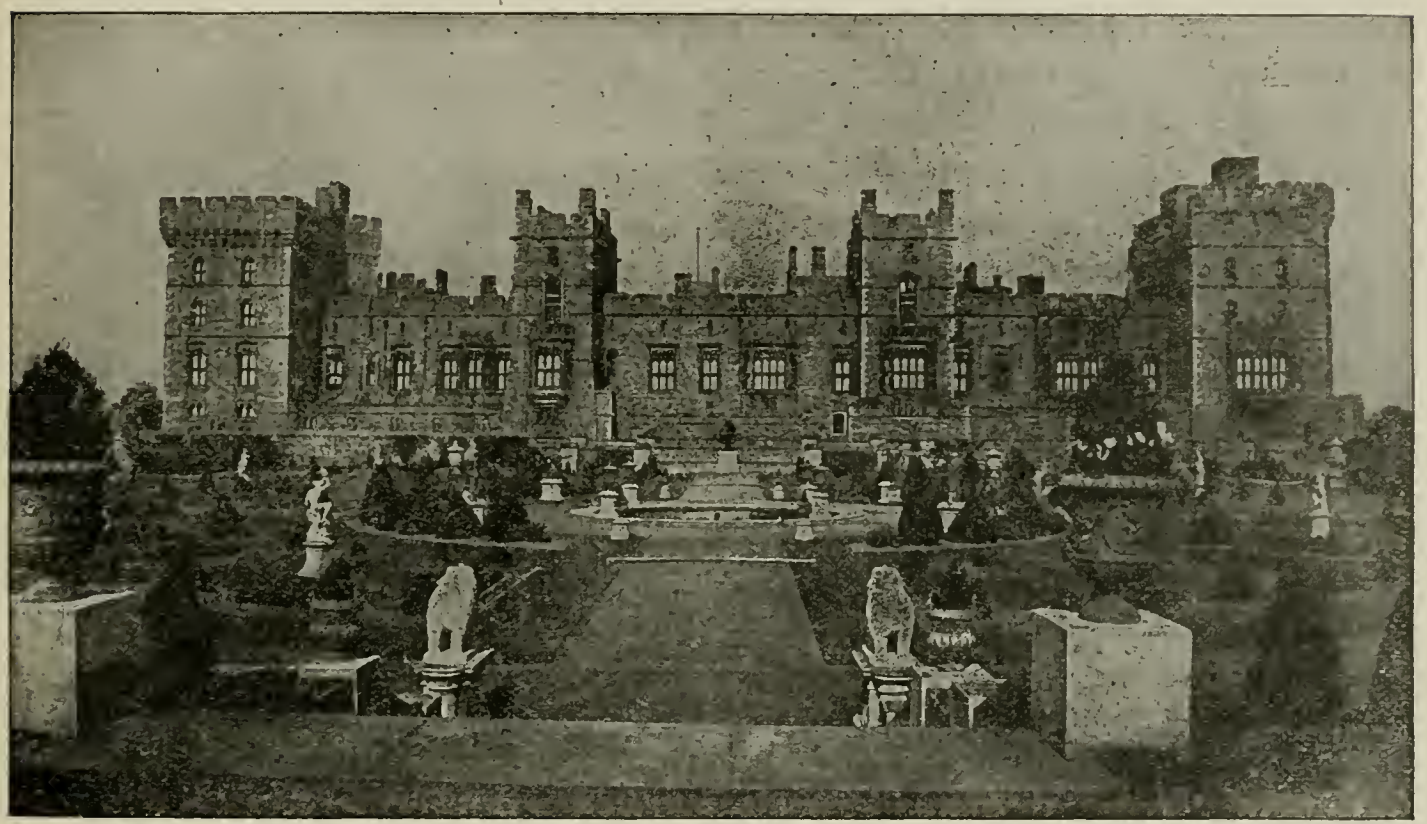
From that time on, her education was more carefully attended to than ever. She learned Latin and became familiar with several modern languages. She showed considerable talent for music. She paid great attention to history as laying such a foundation for practical politics as a queen would need. At twelve years old she went with her mother on a tour through the principal cities of England and Wales, studying carefully into their historical and industrial interests. During this tour the princess bestowed the prizes on the successful musicians at the Welsh Eisteddfod, a musical convention held at Beaumaris. She laid the corner-stone of a school, named a bridge, planted an oak, and became a god-mother. She visited Oxford and received a present of a handsome Bible and an account of her visit on white satin.

The next year the princess and her mother spent some time on the Isle of Wight, off the southern coast of England. There they were as free as a royal maiden could be from the artificial restraints of society, often leaving the footman at home and taking long walks alone to enjoy the beauties of the island.

The young princess became of age on the 24th day of May, 1837. Parliament was closed in honor of her birthday and a state

ball was given at the palace of St. James. But more serious matters were soon to claim her attention.

King William IV. died early on the morning of the 20th of June, 1837. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain started immediately for Kensington Palace to announce the event to the princess. Reaching the palace about five o'clock in the morning, they sent the announcement that they had come "on business of state to the



REAR VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE—THE FAVORITE HOME OF THE QUEEN. TWENTY-ONE MILES FROM LONDON.

queen." She came into the room with her eyes filled with tears. The first words of the new queen were, "I ask your prayers on my behalf."

As soon as the messengers had left her, she wrote a letter of sympathy to her aunt, Queen Adelaide, asking her to remain at Windsor as long as she liked. Windsor Castle is always at the service of the king or queen, and would consequently now fall to Victoria. She addressed the letter to "Her Majesty the Queen." Some one suggested that the address was incorrect, as she herself was now queen. "I am quite aware of her majesty's altered character; but I will not be the first person to remind her of it," she answered.

On the next day the young queen met her Privy Council at Kensington Palace. This Council is made up of the principal bishops, lords and judges of the kingdom. They had met to make the formal announcement of the death of the king and to receive what we might call the inauguration speech of the new queen and her oath to support the constitution of England and secure the rights of all her subjects. They also took the oath of fidelity to her as their queen.

It was a hard position for a young girl of eighteen, and she seems to have behaved well. Sir Robert Peel said he was amazed at her manner and behavior, and the Duke of Wellington was heard to remark that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. But perhaps the admiration of these gentlemen was a little overwrought. The truth seems to be that she was somewhat embarrassed but that she was sensible enough to look to her advisers for counsel, and that she behaved as might have been expected of any well-educated girl of good sense and judgment. She read her speech with a clear voice and remarkable self-possession for one so young.

The next day, June 21, Victoria was publicly proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The ceremony took place in St. James's palace. The young queen stood in an open window looking out upon a court where an immense crowd was gathered. While the proclamation was being read, there were frequent shouts of "God save the Queen!" Victoria was affected to weeping. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has written a poem in memory of this scene, one stanza of which reads as follows:

"God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved:
The tyrant's scepter cannot move
As those poor tears have moved.
The nature in thine eyes we see
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties.
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear its crown.

A few days later, the queen left her girlhood's home at Kensington for the more luxurious palace of Buckingham.

On the 17th of July she read her first speech in Parliament. The impression she then made is so well described by Fanny Kemble, the greatest actress of the day, that I cannot forbear quoting from her account:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE—THE LONDON HOME OF ENGLAND'S RULERS.

"The Queen was not handsome, but very pretty, and the singularity of her great position lent a sentimental and poetical charm to her youthful face and figure. The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance; while the want of height only added to the effect of extreme youth of the round but slender person, and gracefully molded hands and arms. The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard

any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

An instance of her gentleness I must not leave unrecorded. Soon after she became queen, the Duke of Buckingham brought a death-warrant to her for her signature. The tears started to her eyes and she said earnestly, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing," was the reply. "He has deserted three times." "Oh, your Grace, think again!" "Well, your Majesty," returned the "Iron Duke," "though he is certainly a very bad *soldier*, some witnesses spoke for his character, and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may be a good *man*." "Oh, thank you for that a thousand times!" said the queen. She hastily wrote "pardoned" across the paper and returned it to the Duke with a trembling hand.

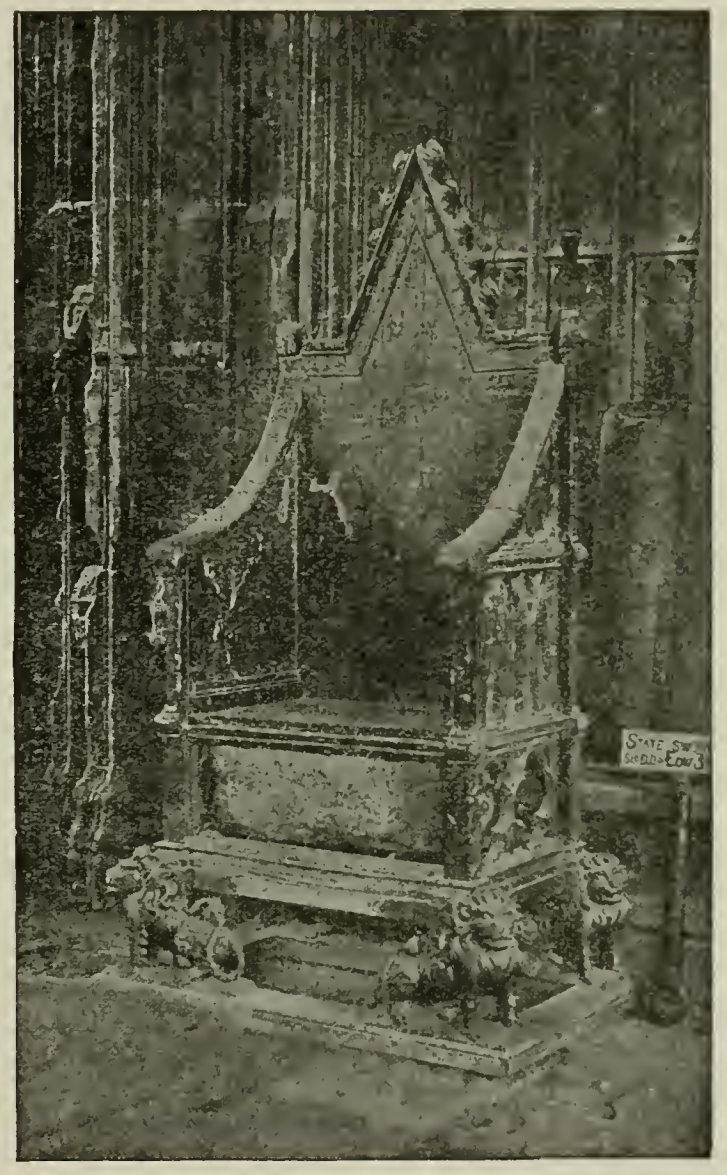
Her use of the first large sums of money which were placed at her disposal on her becoming queen, was to pay the debt which her father had left. She said to the Prime Minister, "I want to pay all that remains of my father's debt. I consider it a sacred duty." She also gave valuable presents to those who had suffered by waiting so long for their money. This was noble in her, though perhaps there is danger of praising her for it too much. It was not a great sacrifice and any other course would not have been honorable.

Victoria had been reigning queen a little more than a year when she was crowned. The ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey on the 28th day of June, 1838. The old crown weighed about seven pounds, and a new and lighter one was made that would not rest so heavily on the head of the young girl queen. It was made of several silver hoops clasping a deep blue velvet cap. The hoops were covered with precious stones, among which were sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds.

The Queen wore a robe of crimson velvet. Kneeling, with her hand on the Bible, she took the oath to uphold the church and state. The anthem rang out through the spacious abbey, and the scholars

of the Westminster school, according to ancient custom, exclaimed, "Victoria! Victoria! Vivat Victoria Regina!" (Long live Queen Victoria.)

Then followed the litany and sermon. The Queen sat in St. Edward's chair, in which all the sovereigns of England have been crowned since Edward the Confessor. Underneath the chair was the Stone of Scone, the "Stone of Destiny," on which the Scottish kings were formerly crowned.



THE CHAIR IN WHICH ENGLAND'S RULERS ARE CROWNED—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Four Knights of the Garter held a cloth of gold above her head and the curious ceremony of anointing was performed, in accordance with the old Jewish custom of anointing kings and prophets. The Dean of Westminster poured some oil into the gold anointing spoon and the archbishop poured the oil on the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross. The spurs and sword, the ring and scepter were offered, the archbishop placed the costly crown on the fair young head, and all the people shouted, "God save the Queen!" It was a thrilling moment. It was a great destiny that was thus laid upon this sweet young English girl of nineteen years. Yet it is given to many a crownless woman to wield as great an influence as this Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India has done. There is no crown like that which character may

set upon a girl's fair brow, and no Indian Empire so vast as that she may sway by the love and loyalty of a blameless life.

A great many things have to be thought of in arranging the marriage of a queen, and too often the feelings of the persons who have the best right to be consulted are very little considered. Victoria was most fortunate in this respect. Between her and her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who first visited her the year before she became queen, there grew up a genuine love, such as seldom comes to a happy ending in the case of princes and princesses outside the fairy tales. Albert was the favorite nephew of that uncle Leopold, who, it will be remembered, had done so much for Victoria in her childhood. He was a young man worthy in every way to be the husband of England's queen. On the day of her engagement she wrote to her uncle Leopold, "My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this, gave me great pleasure He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me." They were married in 1840.

Prince Albert devoted himself to the assistance of the Queen and the business of the kingdom. He was a liberal patron of the fine arts and did a great deal to encourage education and industry. He is perhaps best remembered by the exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London, in 1851, the first of the series of international exhibitions of which the World's Columbian Fair, held in Chicago in 1893, is still looked upon as the greatest in many respects.

In the course of years nine children came to complete the royal family. They were brought up very simply and were carefully educated. Both the Queen and the Prince always insisted that they should treat everybody with perfect courtesy.

One of the little princesses was one day carried on board a yacht by a sailor. "There you are, my little lady," said the sailor as he deposited his little burden on the deck. "I am not a little lady; I'm a princess," retorted the little maiden. "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day," said the Queen.

In 1846 the Queen bought a summer home in the Isle of Wight. It was a beautiful place and brought welcome rest from

the cares of state. Besides the handsome stone palace, she built a cottage with a kitchen and a dairy where her daughters learned to cook. The boys had a carpenter shop, and all of the nine children had gardens which they tilled and whose products they sold in the market.

They had also a palace in Scotland, where they often went to enjoy the mountain air and scenery. A great many pleasant stories are told of the Queen's kindness to the poor people in the neighborhood. She kept a journal while she was here at different times, which was afterwards published under the title of "Life in the Highlands." One of her books is dedicated to "My Loyal Highlanders, and especially to the memory of my devoted personal attendant and faithful friend, John Brown."

PRINCE ALBERT'S TOMB, LONDON. IN THE GARDENS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

In 1858 her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, was married to the Crown Prince of Germany, who later became the Emperor Frederick William. The separation was a severe trial to the Queen. The account in her journal of her farewell to "Fritz" and "Vicky" is most touching.

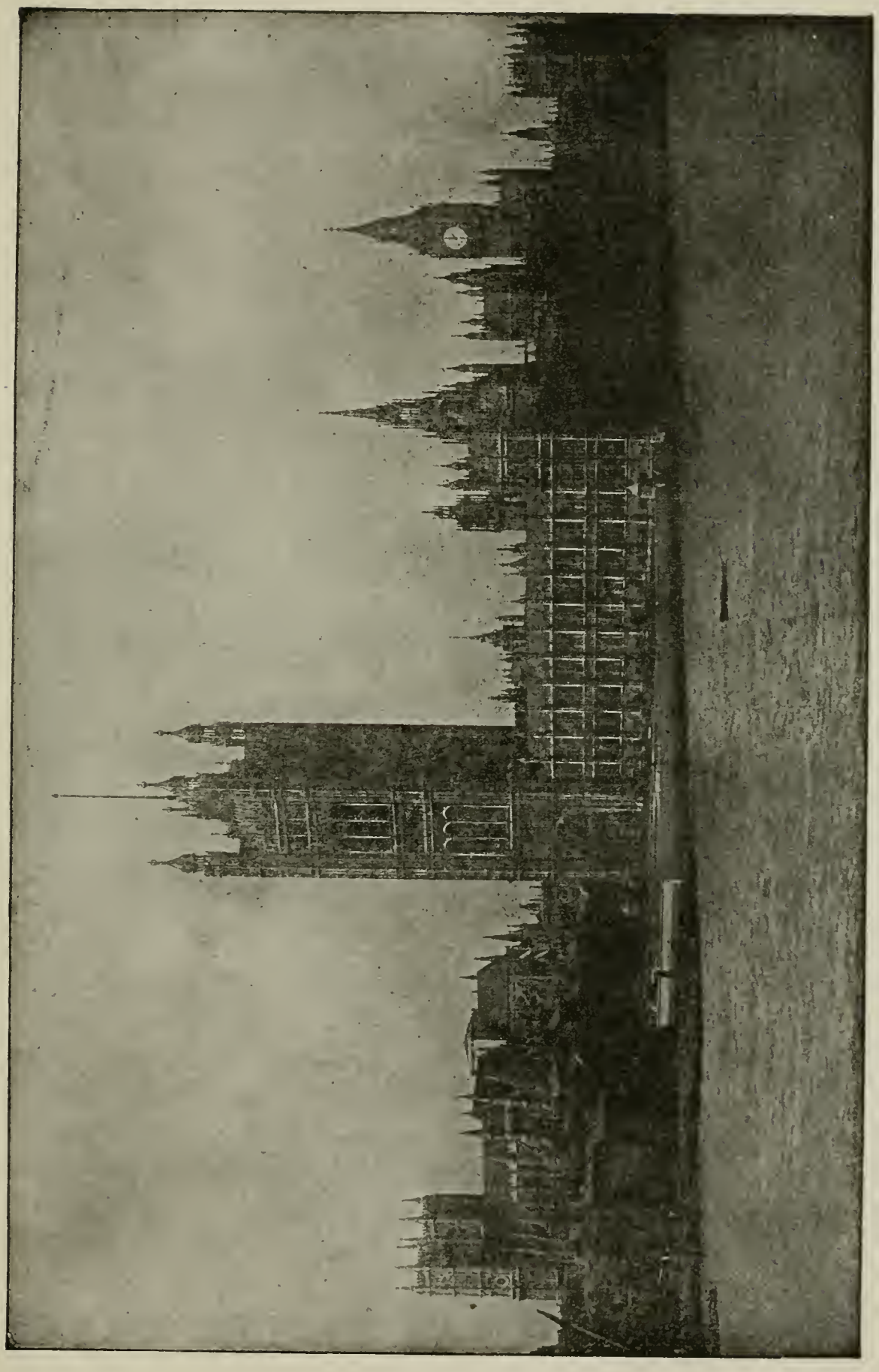
The year 1861 brought the death of both her mother and her husband. During the last illness of the Prince an incident occurred which particularly endeared him to Americans. It was in connection with the Trent affair. In the fall of 1861, Mason and Slidell were sent by the Confederates as ambassadors to England. They

succeeded in getting through the blockade and boarded the Trent, an English vessel. The ship was stopped by Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, and the two commissioners were sent as prisoners to Boston. The English were indignant. Lord Palmerston wrote a dispatch in a haughty tone, demanding the instant liberation of the commissioners. Prince Albert was so ill he could scarcely hold a pen, but fearing the result of such a message, he caused himself to be propped up in bed and wrote a more friendly one. Our government promptly apologized, as it very likely would have done in any case, but no less credit is due to Prince Albert. It was the last thing he ever wrote.

The Queen's Jubilee, commemorating the fiftieth year of her accession, was celebrated in 1887 with great splendor; and in 1897 the sixtieth year of her reign was made the occasion of great rejoicing both in England and her colonies.

In April, 1898, she visited Ireland, where she met a warm welcome and much personal kindness, although the political feeling on the part of many was bitter towards the English government. This was the last happy public event of her life. In 1899, the storm of war, which had long been gathering, arose in South Africa. It was a great blow to the Queen, who had hoped that her reign might end in peace. She opposed the war as long as possible, but vainly. And when the news began to come of one reverse after another to the British arms, she sank under the blow from which she had too little strength to rally. She died on the 22d of January, 1901. She had reigned longer than any other English sovereign. Her eldest son, Albert Edward, was on the following day proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India.

I have said little of public affairs in England, for this is a sketch of Queen Victoria and not a history of England. The truth is that English history during these later years has been very little affected by the sovereign. Matters would probably have gone on much the same with a bad king or queen on the throne, as the sovereigns have very little power. They sign a great many documents and formally transact a great deal of public business, but the direction of affairs is mainly in the hands of the ministers and Parliament. They have considerably less power over the making of laws in Great Britain



PARLIAMENT BUILDING, LONDON.

than the President has in this country. Had Queen Victoria's own death warrant been brought to her by Parliament for her signature she would have been obliged to sign it or descend from the throne.

During this period the armies of Great Britain were successful in many parts of the world. The Opium War forced the Chinese at the point of the bayonet to allow the importation of opium raised in the British possessions of India. I am glad we may not charge that directly to Queen Victoria. The English arms were victorious in the Crimean War. Frequent rebellions in India have been crushed, and the Queen of England was declared Empress of India in 1876.

Great progress was made in many ways during the sixty-three years of Victoria's reign. In the year of her marriage the postage on letters was reduced to two cents each. It had been as high as twenty-five cents. Largely through the magnificent efforts of Mr. Gladstone, the right of voting was extended to a large part of the population, religious freedom was secured in Ireland, and Irish land laws passed which greatly improved the condition of the poor in that country. The Atlantic cable was laid in 1858 and the public school system was established in 1870.

But though Queen Victoria had little to do directly with these great changes, the indirect influence of a woman of genuine heart and noble purposes in so prominent a position can never be measured. "The English like queens," and will continue to like them so long as their good fortune brings such women as Victoria to the throne.

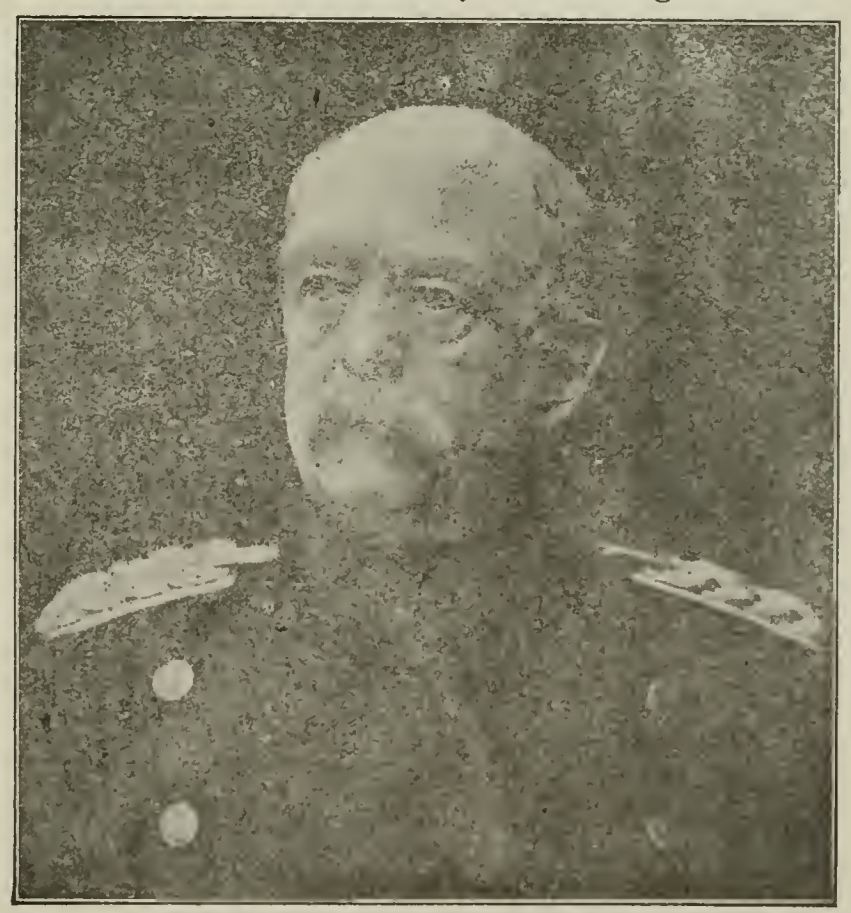
PRINCE VON BISMARCK

THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

"It is not by speechifying and *majorities* that the great questions of the times will have to be decided, but by *blood and iron.*"

—*Bismarck.*

IN THE environs of the famous old Prussian fortress-city of Magdeburg—with its renowned cathedral, the tomb of Otto the Great, the relics of Tilly, the tomb of Otto von Guericke, inventor of the air-pump, and its memories of Charlemagne and of Luther—away back in the Middle Ages or earlier, was built a mighty castle, so rich in Gothic architecture and so embowered in lime-trees and stately chestnut-groves and rose-gardens that it was called Schönhausen, the House Beautiful. In the Thirty Years' War it was sacked and razed to the ground, leaving only its massive foundations and its name, a name which still clings to its successor and to the village that clusters about it. This castle in the middle of the sixteenth century became the home of the Bismarcks, a family widely settled and influential in Pomerania and Brandenburg. When the House Beautiful was destroyed they built on its



PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK.

foundations another home, likewise called Schönhausen, but anything but beautiful in appearance. It is a massive, quadrangular structure, hard and forbidding in appearance, but well fitted to be the birthplace of a "man of blood and iron." The doorway is merely a hole in the wall, with no steps or portico to relieve it. Within are heavy stone partitions, massive oaken doors and stairways, still bearing the marks of Bonaparte's invading soldiery, secret doors and chambers and passageways, and a concealed underground passage leading to the vaults of the village church. And in this stern mansion was born to Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck and his wife, Louisa Wilhelmina von Menken, on April 1, 1815, Otto Edward Leopold now Prince von Bismarck. The event was announced to relatives and friends of the family in a circular, sent out by the father, thus worded:

SCHONHAUSEN, April 2, 1815.

I beg to inform all my relatives and friends that my wife was safely delivered yesterday of a healthy boy; and I also beg them to spare me their congratulations. FERDINAND VON BISMARCK.

Thus appropriately was ushered into existence, just before the first Napoleon went down forever at Waterloo, the man who was, more than half a century later, to crush the third Napoleon forever at Sedan.

The grimness and ruthless ambition of Otto von Bismarck must have come down to him from his ancestors who fought and suffered in the days of Wallenstein and Tilly. Certainly they did not appear in his immediate parents. His father was a handsome, merry sportsman and courtier. His mother was a proud and beautiful dame of the old school, highly intellectual, gifted with all social graces, and, withal, one of the most skillful chess-players of the time—a living refutation of the saying that women cannot play that game. Otto was the fourth of their six children, of whom three died in infancy, and was regarded by his parents as the hope of family greatness. His father trained him to ride like a centaur and to shoot with unerring aim, saying: "He must be a mighty sportsman; a new Wolf Dietrich." His mother taught him the rudiments of law and of diplomacy, saying: "He must be a great statesman." Between the two he grew up equally robust in mind and body, and year by year showed more and more the traits of his boisterous, swash-buckler old Junker forefathers. At the Plamann Academy, in Berlin, he was the best scholar in his class and the worst law-breaker in the whole school. Thence he went to Göttingen University to study jurisprudence, but was a worse troubler of the land than ever. On one occasion he was summoned before the dean to be repri-

manded, and with reckless audacity he strode into the august presence wearing his dressing-gown and his big cavalry boots, and with a huge mastiff at his heels. He got a reprimand, which he received defiantly. When he was going back to his room he met four young officers, with all of whom he quarreled on the spot, and with whom he fought duels the next day. In the first year of his university life he fought twenty-seven duels, and vanquished his opponents in all. However, he mastered his studies and passed his examinations, and in 1835 left the university with a creditable record.

After a couple of years spent in minor positions in the public service, in which he distinguished himself chiefly by reckless disregard for his duties, he settled down on his father's estate to lead the life of a country gentleman. He could ride better and longer, shoot better, drink more, and endure more fatigue that any of his neighbors, and his boisterous habits, his ferocious practical jokes and generally ungovernable disposition soon won him the name of "Bismarck the Madman." Then suddenly he changed his course and became an ascetic recluse. He devoted himself to studying law, history, and philosophy, particularly the works of Spinoza and kindred writers. One day during this period of his life he saved a groom from death at the greatest peril to himself, and for the deed received a medal from a humane society. This medal he wore with great pride, and when a friend noticed it one day, he remarked: "Oh, I have a habit of saving some one's life every now and then!" His father died in 1845, and he then became lord of the manor of Schönhausen, and began to call himself Bismarck-Schönhausen, to distinguish himself from other branches of his family. Two years later he married Johanna von Puttkammer, a young lady of marked beauty and accomplishments. His first advances toward her were rejected by her family because of his madcap habits, but when he settled down to study Spinoza they agreed to the match. He was, and has ever been, deeply devoted to her. Amid all the cares of war and statecraft, when absent on long campaigns, he has never omitted to write to her daily words of tenderness. In fact, he has ever been a model husband. Referring to the years before his marriage, when he was known as "Bismarck the Madman," he says: "I cannot now imagine how I endured such a life. If I had to live now as I did then, without God, without wife, without children, I think I should cast off 'this mortal coil' like a soiled garment." This devotion to his wife is the more remarkable since he has a profound contempt for women in general. "They were only created," he once remarked, "to breed babies and bake bread."

His first appearance in politics occurred in 1847, when he became a member of the Prussian Landtag. At that time there was much unrest,

and agitation in favor of a more liberal system of government, to which King William IV.—a simple-minded monarch—was much inclined to yield. Otto von Bismarck at once allied himself with the ultra-Conservatives and opposed with all his might everything that savored of Liberalism or Constitutionalism. As the conflict waxed hotter, the king summoned a United Diet. In that body the Liberals worked hard to secure a Constitution. "We fought in 1813," said a member one day, "for freedom from foreign foes, and we saved the throne and the state. We have a right now to demand greater freedom in domestic matters." Thereupon, up sprang a huge, stalwart man, with ruddy face and flowing yellow beard and piercing eyes under shaggy brows, and ascended the tribune to speak in reply. His speech was a fierce and scathing attack upon liberalism and democracy, couched in the language of a mediæval dictator. So strong was his denunciation of the demand for a Constitution that the Conservatives themselves were startled, while the Liberals sprang to their feet with a tempest of hisses and indignant outcries. The speaker glanced at them contemptuously, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and leaning in an easy attitude read to himself till order was restored, and then resumed his speech. This was Otto von Bismarck's first public appearance, and it made him a marked man in the world. Thenceforth he was the leader of Conservatism, the arch-foe of the Liberal cause, and when, in 1848, the revolution constrained the king to call a new Parliament and grant a Constitution, he retired to his home in disgust. He soon came back, however, to renew the fight in Parliament, and vigorously opposed the reconstruction of the Constitution proposed by the Frankfort Assembly of 1849. It was a conflict, he declared, between order and disorder. Such a conflict, he said, "was not to be settled by debates and majorities, but by blood and iron." "Sooner or later, the God of Battles must cast the die." At that time he proclaimed his political principles, the principles to which he has held true all his life. Orthodox religion and military discipline must prevail. The divine right of the king to rule must be unquestioned. Parliament might be tolerated as a debating club to amuse the people, but the Hohenzollern dynasty must be the center of the state. Instead of a feeble league of petty states dominated by Austria, all of North Germany must become one empire, under the domination of Prussia. Loyalty to the king was the pole-star of his life. One day in a beer shop he heard some one speak disrespectfully of a member of the royal family. "Get out of this house!" thundered Bismarck. "Out, before I smash this glass over your head!" Then draining the beer, he brought the heavy mug down furiously upon the offender, breaking skull and glass together. Then he asked quietly, "Waiter, shall I pay for the broken glass?"

His diplomatic career began in 1851, as Prussian Minister to the Frankfort Diet, where he stubbornly opposed the pretensions of Austria. Thence he went on diplomatic errands to Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and to various German courts, and in 1855 to Paris. Four years later he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg. From that city he wrote to the Foreign Minister at Berlin: "In our Federal Alliance Prussia suffers from a disease which one of these days must be healed with fire and sword." In 1862 he became for a brief space Ambassador at Paris, and during that time went over to London and had a long talk with Lord Palmerston about crushing Austria, a plan he had been cherishing ever since he went to Frankfort in 1851. He also made the acquaintance of Prosper Mérimée, who wrote of him: "He is apparently utterly destitute of soul, but is all mind. * * * His wife has the largest feet beyond the Rhine, and his daughter walks in her mother's foot-steps." Meantime King William II. had come to the Prussian throne. He and Bismarck had met first just after the latter left Göttingen, at a ball, and William had remarked upon the young lawyer's heroic mould of form. Now he had become king, he sent for Bismarck to be his chief adviser and Minister-President of Prussia. This was the beginning of a new and most important era in his career and in the history of Germany and all Europe.

The position of the minister was a difficult one to fill. At home he was confronted by the powerful Liberal party, which delighted in thwarting his plans. It was bent on extending the constitutional system, which Bismarck hated; and on keeping down the military system, which he loved. Abroad he was menaced on the one hand by Austria, planning to get control of all the German states; and on the other by France, coveting the Rhenish provinces and Belgium. By clever diplomacy he contrived to postpone the inevitable conflict with these foreign powers to a more convenient season. At home he ruled with an iron hand. Parliament insisted upon having full control of all appropriations for the military service. Bismarck held that the Crown had a right to take whatever it pleased. For a time there was a deadlock, and then Bismarck contemptuously dissolved Parliament, telling them to go home, and he would manage affairs alone. This arbitrary conduct made him terribly unpopular, and the public feeling against him was much intensified when Prussia, on his personal responsibility, joined Russia in suppressing the Polish insurrection of 1863. He replied that the government had a right to wage war with or without the consent of Parliament, and would continue to do so. Soon after this, however, he gained much favor by bringing the Schleswig-Holstein affair to a successful conclusion. By clever management he kept all other powers from interfering;

caused Austria to bear most of the odium for the aggression upon helpless Denmark, and then secured all the valuable fruits of victory for Prussia. Securing Schleswig and Holstein as Prussian provinces, however, was but a small part of his plan. His great aim was to quarrel with Austria, and he succeeded in irritating that power to such an extent that in 1866 war was declared against Prussia by Austria, Saxony, Hanover and Hesse. This was just what he wanted. Within a week the Prussian armies overran, disarmed and completely subjugated the three smaller states named, and within two months they had invaded Bohemia, crushed the Austrian armies at Sadowa, and dictated peace on Bismarck's own terms. Those terms were, that the German League was to be dissolved; a North German Confederation under Prussian domination established; and Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse and a large part of Saxony annexed to the kingdom of Prussia. Thus Austria was crushed, Prussia was made the chief German power, and Bismarck, who had been with the army all through the campaign, was thenceforth after the king himself the most popular man in Prussia.

"Sixteen years ago," said Bismarck at this time, "I was living as a country gentleman, when the king appointed me as the Envoy of Prussia at the Frankfort Diet. I had been brought up to admire, I might almost say to worship, the Austrian policy. Much time, however, was not needed to dispel my youthful illusions with regard to Austria, and I became her declared opponent. The humiliation of my country; Germany sacrificed to the interests of a foreign nation; a crafty and perfidious line of policy;—these were not things calculated to give me satisfaction. I did not know that the future would call upon me to take any important part in public events; but from that time I conceived the idea, which I am still working out—the idea of withdrawing Germany from Austrian pressure; at any rate that part of Germany whose tone of thought, religion, manners and interests identify her destinies with those of Prussia—I mean Northern Germany. In my plan there has been no question of overthrowing thrones, of taking a duchy from one ruler or some petty domain from another. * * * But neither all this, nor the opposition I have had to meet with in Prussia could prevent my devoting myself, heart and soul, to the idea of a Northern Germany constituted in her logical and natural form under the ægis of Prussia." In this stupendous task the conflict with Denmark was the first step. The second, and far greater, was the war with Austria and its results. The third now came on apace.

Bismarck—now Chancellor of the North German Confederation—had been anxious about the attitude of France in 1866. He did not dare fight

her and Austria together. Neither would he purchase French neutrality by a promise of ceding any German territory to her. But by skillful agencies he contrived to persuade the French emperor that Prussia would be beaten by Austria. Napoleon therefore made no preparations to aid the latter, deeming Prussia's discomfiture certain. And when it became evident that the contrary result was inevitable there was not time enough left for him to do anything before the war ended at Sadowa. This discomfiture terribly rankled in the emperor's breast, and he began seeking a cause for going to war with Prussia, stupidly failing to perceive that that was just what Bismarck wanted, and that the Chancellor was now luring France on to her ruin just as he had enticed Austria. After an ineffectual attempt to get up a war about Luxemburg, and again about the St. Gothard railroad, France found her opportunity in the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, and war was declared against Prussia in July, 1870, Bismarck announcing the fact to the Reichstag on the 19th of that month. He had so craftily managed the business that France was apparently the aggressor in every detail. At the first of August Bismarck set out for the seat of war with the king; he was present at most of the great battles; at the first of September he arranged the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan; and in October he established his headquarters at Versailles, where he carried on his life-work of transforming the North German Confederation into the German Empire. This work was accomplished on January 18, 1871, when, in the ancient Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, in the presence of the monarchs of Germany with the King of Bavaria at their head, the King of Prussia was formally and solemnly crowned German Emperor, Bismarck himself standing by the throne and reading the proclamation of imperial sovereignty, and himself the next day being nominated Chancellor of the Empire. On February 26 Bismarck dictated terms of peace to France, including the cession of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany and the payment of an enormous war indemnity. On June 16, clad in the uniform of his regiment, the Magdeburg Cuirassiers, he rode at the head of the grand triumphal procession of returning armies through the streets of Berlin; Maltke, the field marshal, and Roon, the war minister, at his side; the emperor riding just behind.

No sooner was the Empire well established than trouble arose in a new quarter. The two great Roman Catholic powers, Austria and France, had just been humbled, and the Catholic states of Germany were dominated by Protestant Prussia. At the same time the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was put forward at Rome, and it became evident that a conflict between the Roman Church and the German Empire was at hand. The Romanists in

Germany had strongly opposed the formation of the Empire, and Prince Bismarck in return had threatened to secularize their religious institutions. Finally, in 1872, Bismarck secured the passage of a law suppressing the Jesuits and kindred orders throughout the Empire, and he saw to it that this law was executed. The Bishops resisted, and in consequence were heavily fined, imprisoned, or exiled, and state aid was withdrawn from the Church institutions. The Pope wrote personally to the emperor, begging him to intervene in behalf of the Church, but the emperor declined to do so, and the laws were vigorously enforced. Other laws were also adopted, regulating religious institution in schools, etc., and the conflict over them became so bitter that all diplomatic relations with Rome were broken off, and Bismarck went so far as to address a circular letter to the other governments of Europe, inviting them to join him in an international league against what he regarded as Papal pretensions. To this extraordinary proposal no response was made, and Bismarck found that his position was not altogether tenable. So on the accession of Pope Leo XIII. he agreed to negotiations for a compromise; diplomatic relations with the Vatican were resumed, and eventually the laws were modified.

Ever since Sedan Prince Bismarck became the dominant figure in European diplomacy. Berlin has been the center from which the policy of every government has been influenced. He built up an enormous German army, and corresponding armies have been developed in France, Russia, Austria and Italy, until Europe seems to be one mighty armed camp. Yet his influence was constantly for peace. Again and again Prince Bismarck's word has checked movements that would have precipitated a general European war. To maintain the balance of power in Europe, with Germany at the head, was his aim, and he succeeded; but it seems certain that he has only postponed the inevitable crash, which will be all the more tremendous when it comes, the longer it is postponed. He for years maintained a close alliance with Austria, and afterward with Russia also. Lately Italy took Russia's place in the Triple Alliance, and Russia was considered the ally of France against Germany. Friendly relations with England were maintained, though not without some irritation between the two countries, arising partly from circumstances connected with the death of Emperor Frederick III. and partly from Germany's colonial schemes coming in contact with those of England. Early in 1888 the old Emperor William I. died, and his son, Frederick III., succeeded him. Between Frederick and Bismarck no cordial friendship existed, Frederick being strongly liberal in his views and opposed to Bismarck's autocracy and militarism. The animosity between them was deepened by Bismarck's unconcealed hatred of Frederick's Eng-

lish wife, a princess of the noblest character and highest attainments. Bismarck hated anything that looked like a woman taking part in public affairs, and when Frederick died after a reign of a few months, he exclaimed exultantly, "Now we shall have no more petticoats in politics!" The present emperor, William II., is a man after Bismarck's own heart and under his reign the "Iron Chancellor" was the real ruler of the empire and the arbiter of all Europe until his death. In domestic affairs Prince Bismarck paid most attention to economic measures. He fostered home industries by establishing a protective tariff system. He planted colonies in all parts of the world in order to give the overcrowded population of Germany a chance to emigrate without leaving the shelter of the German flag. Socialistic agitation was stringently repressed. A few years before his death he formulated a plan for the compulsory life-insurance of artisans by the state, which is said to be working well. His great fame, however, will rest upon his foreign policy and, above all, his incomparable life-work of creating the Empire of United Germany.

Personally the Prince showed but few traces of "Bismarck the Madman." He was genial, witty, in a grim sort of fashion; a good companion, a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy. He was devoted to his home and to his family, and no scandals ever blemished his private record. His wife was a worthy helpmate of so great a man. Their only daughter, Countess Rantzau, is a woman of great force of character and was a favorite companion of her father for many years. The oldest son, Count Herbert Bismarck, has risen to be the most influential minister in the empire after his father, and is universally regarded as his father's successor in the actual rule of the empire. He resembles his father in many respects, but not in personal morals. They have one other child, Count William, who has become an eminent army officer. Prince Bismarck's personal popularity was, after 1866, unbounded. In every conceivable way the German people again and again manifested their admiration and affection for him, until the word applied to Washington might with equal truth be applied to him, though for far different reasons—"First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Such, briefly, is the story of Bismarck's work. Stern, unbending, hard-hearted, even cruel in the carrying out of his purpose, yet he was simple in his habits, an early riser, an indefatigable worker, and punctual to a second in his appointments. He was a man of strong religious convictions, a believer in and teacher of Christianity, a lover of home, a good husband and an indulgent father. When he died, July 30, 1898, all the world mourned his loss.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

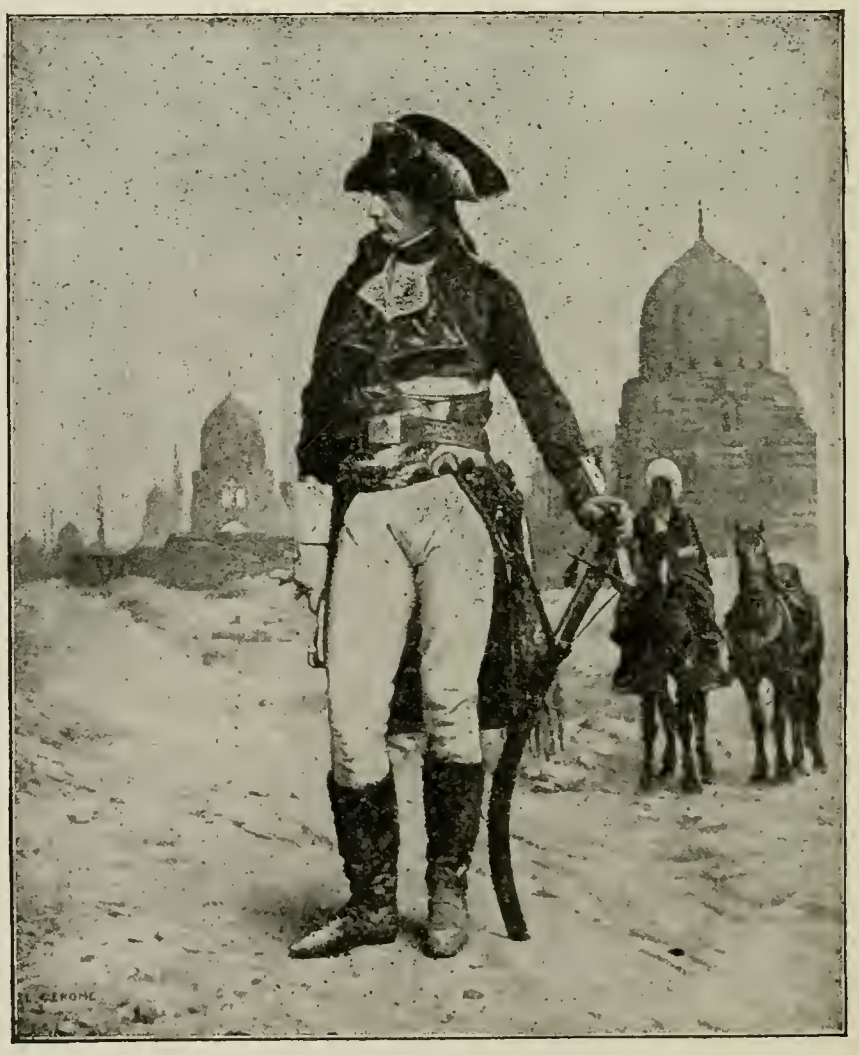
"There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixed
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixed,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall."

—*Lord Byron.*

IT IS singular, in the light of subsequent events, that Napoleon could be agitated and moved by the affairs of the island of Corsica, where he was born. Napoleon was an Italian, not a Frenchman. He became French by annexation of Corsica to France.

Even after he had received military training in France, his island home chained his attention. As his family was of noble birth and prominent, he was of necessity involved in the turmoil incident to the upheaval of the age. His family and himself had espoused the unpopular side in the struggle in Corsica and were compelled to flee to France.

The troubles in France saved him from being shot. He had outstayed his furlough in Corsica in the hope



NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

of obtaining high position there. The penalty for such conduct in time of war was death and France was at war. But events of large importance overshadowed his lengthened furlough and the need of trained officers made him welcome.

In his initial services in southern France, he showed such aptitude that he was called upon to reduce Paris to order. Nearly all the officers were at the frontiers, so that he was almost alone. He became the war adviser of the Robespierres and made himself invaluable as a councillor to the Directory in matters of war. So that his flight from Corsica, which seemed an end to his career, was the most fortunate thing possible for him.

The second stage of his career began when he was placed at the head of the Army of Italy. He perceived that the enemy should be attacked from Italy. His bold plan of campaign, his independence in carrying it out, were the factors which led finally to his supreme position as Emperor.

France was poor, she had no money to pay the army. Napoleon, by his splendid strategy, overcame the armies opposed to him and both fed and paid the soldiers by the spoils and exactions of his wars. In this way he became unconsciously independent of his nation. Everything in his army centered about him. He commanded, paid, fed and clothed the men. He made treaties without instructions from the government. In the splendor of his success, no one noticed this at first. Even he did not comprehend the significance of his work. The battle of Marengo, paralyzed the Austrians, electrified his countrymen, dumfounded the world. Marengo was his sunburst of glory. It completed the second stage of his marvelous career. Up to this point, we may say that his aims were legitimate. He had married Josephine Beauharnais, whom he sincerely loved and by whom he was devotedly loved in turn. He desired only to emancipate his country. But after a time, revenge and false ambitions possessed him.

We may say that he enters on the third stage of his career in his attempts to break the power of England. For this reason, he engaged on the Egyptian campaign. He said that a power occupying Egypt could menace India and wreck the British power. He did not realize how hopeless that was till Nelson destroyed his fleet in Egyptian waters. This tied him up with the flower of the French army when all were really needed at home. Events were going from bad to worse in France and escaping with a few officers and men, he landed on his native soil to be heralded as the strong man of the hour.

The nations of the world were glad to have any one bring peace to that unhappy country. His advent was heralded with pleasure by all the courts of Europe. They felt that he could harmonize all elements and bring out a

stable government. It is here the germ of his independent course in Italy began to show itself. Men had accustomed themselves to thinking of him as acting brilliantly and independently. With this feeling they sent down a request to the people to act on the suggestion that Napoleon Bonaparte should be elected First Consul of France for life, and the people made him Dictator. The army was accustomed to it and it was the will of the army. We know from the Dreyfus case how powerful the army is. This was the fourth period of his life. It was not difficult for him, after this, to overawe the Senate and to proclaim himself Emperor by means of servile followers and admiring troops.

Ambition now has full sway. He dreams of establishing his house and name by marriage with a royal family. He sets Josephine aside. From this moment fortune steadily forsakes him. He plays with kingdoms and thrones, forms kingdoms and dissolves them, but he is inevitably weaving the web of his adverse fate.

The House of Austria is at first reluctant to bestow one of their princesses upon him, but when it is seen that he has turned to Russia for the same purpose, Austria repents, and the union is formed between Marie Louise of Austria and Napoleon. A son is born to them, March 20th, 1811, who is given the title of King of Rome. He was now at the pinnacle of his power. What will he do with it? He begins those series of misjudgments which end his career. In his disregard for nationalities, he interferes in Spain. A national spirit is aroused there, which, with the help of English troops, occupies 150,000 French soldiers, himself and some of his best generals. This is unfortunate, because Germany's hopes and courage are reviving. She is bound to make a final struggle, and the absence of 150,000 troops favors her.

The marriage with the House of Austria makes his ally, Russia, suspicious and sensitive. She begins to halt. When Napoleon desires Russia to exclude all neutral ships from her ports, Russia declines. The tension grows till Napoleon marches at the head of the grand army into Russian territory. Strategists have told us of the brilliant tactics of the Russian generals. Their retreat was not strategy; it was panic, and the Czar was full of despair.

The burning of Moscow itself was due no doubt to the lawlessness of camp followers and soldiers as much as anything else. Russia did not receive it at first as a national sacrifice, but as an unmeasured horror and calamity.

Winter and the desertion of the allies completed Napoleon's disasters. Winter was near at hand; he could not follow the disheartened Czar. The

Germans, particularly Stein, pleaded with the ruler, and he refused to capitulate. And whilst Napoleon waited for the decision of Russia, the snows came and the Grand Army melted away.

Germany revolted; Austria rose again. When the Poles came to him, on his march to Moscow, asking him to make their country free, there was his opportunity. That would have filled Russia with her own troubles. He could have compensated Prussia and Austria in other directions. But as he declared the whole Russian campaign to be a fatality, so were its minor incidents. Moscow showed that Napoleon was vulnerable, and in that consciousness Europe arose, invading France to redeem it from its Emperor. Napoleon was exiled to Elba. But he could not remain there; landing in France, the nation rallied around him. But circumstances were changed. Europe knew its power, knew also the tactics of Napoleon. The nations rallied with confidence to give him battle. They knew his fighting force was greatly diminished.

In Wellington a leader was secured, who knew that if an army would stand the brilliant rushes of Napoleon's superb troops the day would be won. Therefore Wellington stood at Waterloo, and Napoleon simply pounded the French army to pieces on the British squares.

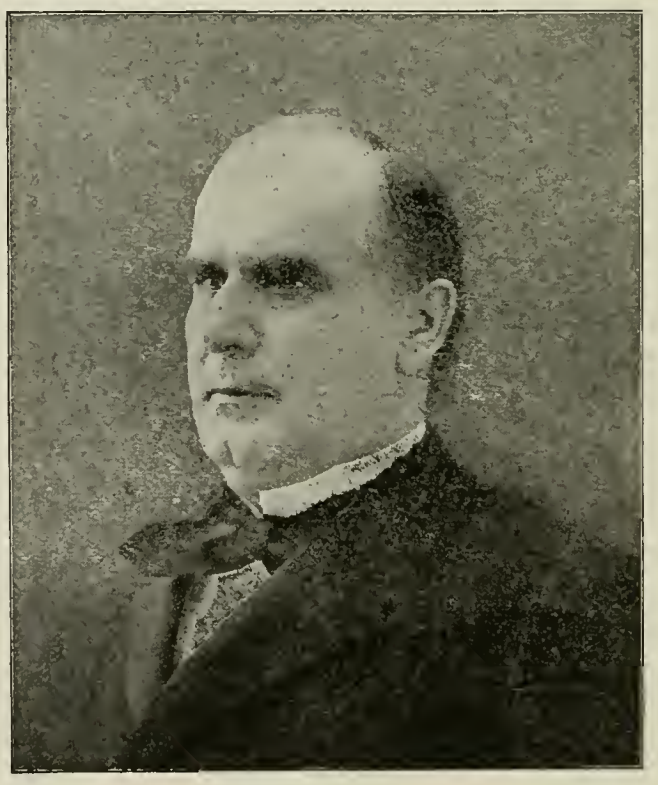
After his defeat at Waterloo, his life was not safe in France. With unerring instinct he surrendered to the British. That was the only hope of saving his life. The Moscow campaign had filled Russia with horror; the long, insupportable degradation of Germany by the French troops had filled the land with agony, tears and blood. His only hope was England, but she was compelled, as the ally of Europe, to send him to St. Helena. He reached the island October 15th, 1815, and deceased May 5th, 1821. He was born at Agaccio, August 15th, 1769, and consequently his career was embraced within the space of forty-seven years.

When he came to St. Helena he said: "Gentlemen, we have this satisfaction, the eyes of the world are upon us." His life seems like a dream and his exile a silent tragedy.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT

THE life of William McKinley is that of an American boy who made the best of his opportunities, constantly striving for better, with no vain regrets, but a constant willingness to work that he might learn. His life-story is fit to include in every text-book, not only as an inspiration to the young, but as a reminder of the possibilities of American citizenship. He was born at Niles, Ohio, in 1843. He came from an ancestry who in times of peace were foremost in industry, and in days of war always at the front. On his father's side his people were Highland Scotch, brawny and brainy men, who needed only the opportunities and enlightenment of education. They were a sturdy set, with a determined though imperfectly developed idea of freedom. Liberty of conscience was real with them, and they left the Highlands for the north of Ireland, seeking independence, later coming to America for greater liberty.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY

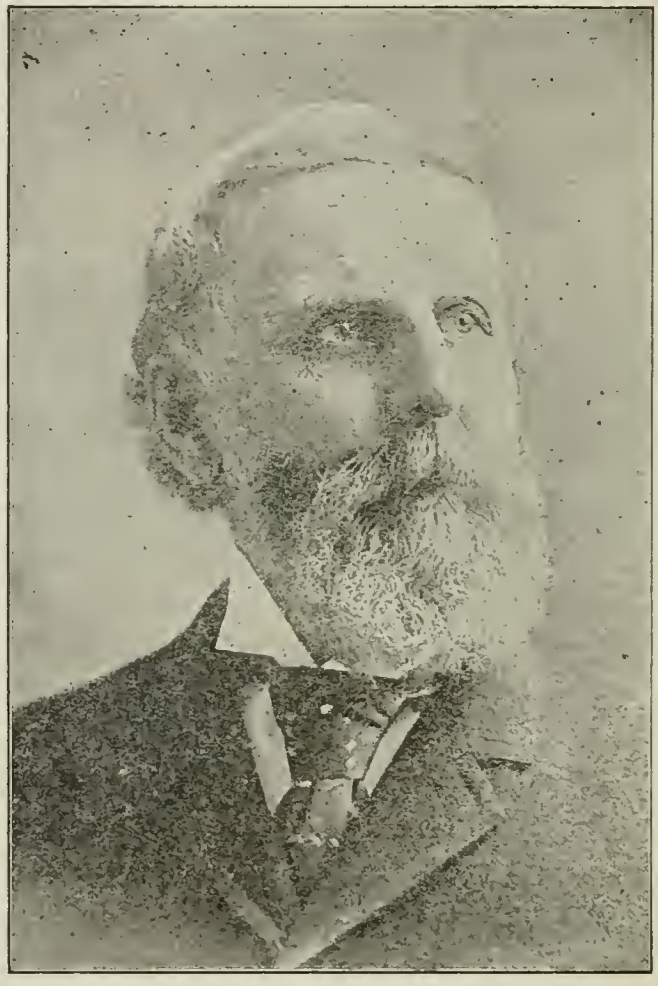
James McKinley, the great-grandfather of William, was a fine Scotch-Irish lad of twelve years when he came to America. One William McKinley came to America with James, and settled in the South, where his descendants have been and are still men of distinction. David McKinley, the grandfather, was a Revolutionary soldier, one of the sort not remembered in history, except under the grand classification of privates, though he fought with gallantry at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. His son William, father of our martyred president, was a sensible, industrious and prosperous iron manufacturer, who died at Canton at the ripe old age of eighty-five.

On his grandmother's side McKinley came of equally good and sturdy stock. His mother, Mary Rose, was the granddaughter of Andrew Rose, Sr., who came to America with William Penn, and was one of the representatives of the thirteen colonies before the war of the Revolution. Andrew Rose, Sr., did more than double duty in the war for freedom against Great Britain. He not only fought, but made weapons to fight with. This is an ancestry typically American, one of soldiers and workers for the country's welfare and wealth and McKinley's good fortune cast his lot in a happy home, where a true mother imbued the children with love of God and of country. The McKinleys and the families into which they married were all industrious, hard-working people, religiously inclined, patriots and pioneers—a hardy race that battled with difficulty and helped in carving a civilization out of a wilderness.

The lines of activity pursued by his forefathers were such as to leave their impress upon the offspring. Much as President McKinley owes to his own energy, yet the tendency to study, to activity, and to perseverance was inherited. Inheritance, however, was not everything. He had opportunities for application, and he did not neglect them. He had openings, broader and better than his ancestors, and took advantage of them. He did not have the advantage nor the embarrassment of a great name, but through his own effort, his own perseverance, his own study and energy, he made one for himself.

In an unpretentious frame building in the small town of Niles, Ohio, William McKinley was born. There was no silver spoon in his mouth, though his parents were comfortably situated. He was the

seventh child, out of a family of nine children. William McKinley had a good mother. Her gentle guidance and her religious instruction were much to him. She, like most mothers of large families, was able to do more for her children because they were numerous than had she but one or two. There was no danger of William being spoiled, and the association with brothers and sisters naturally produced a thoughtfulness for others and a regard for others' opinions, and at the same time helped develop an ability to care for himself. Mrs. McKinley trained her son to patriotic views, and willingly consented to his entering the army to help put down the rebellion before he was eighteen years of age. She had pride in his abilities, and undoubtedly greatly rejoiced when his name was suggested for the greatest and most exalted office in America.



HON. LYMAN J. GAGE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

The family moved from Niles to Poland when William was still young. The mother desired her children to have educational advantages, and the academy in Poland had a wide reputation for the abilities of its teachers. There William's sister, Annie, became a teacher and William a scholar. The young boy made friends always by his quiet dignity and serious habits—a studious, manly boy, who could play as hard as he studied. Everybody liked him, and, of course, bright and thorough in his work as he was, there were prophecies that he would make a great man. In the days of McKinley's youth men and boys often did chores to help the family along, and that was what McKinley himself did. He was also a clerk in the

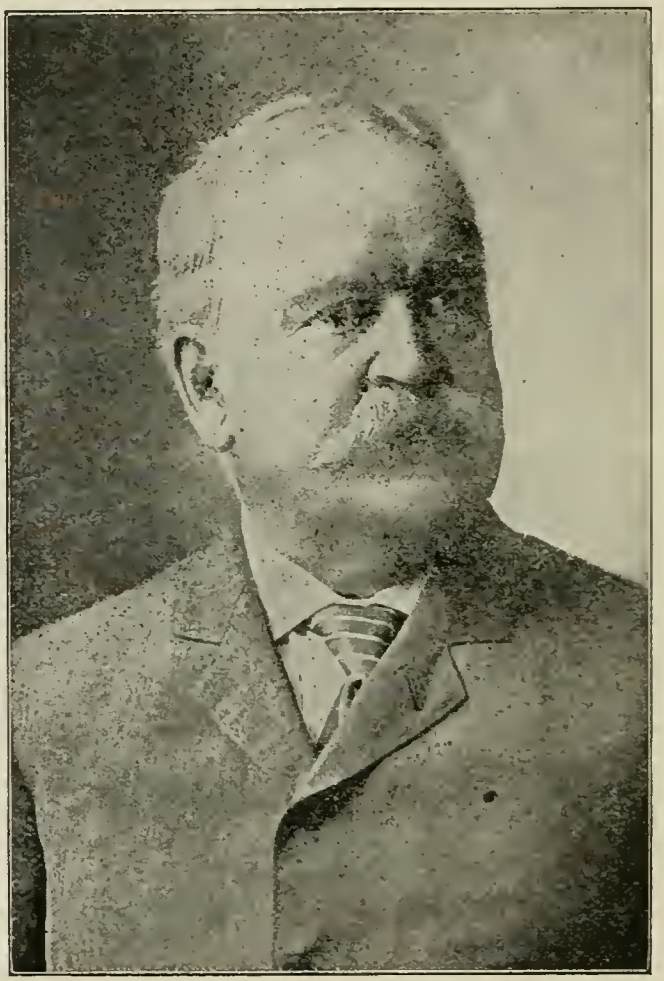
Poland postoffice when he entered the war. Two months after the surrender of Fort Sumter, in 1861, a town meeting was held at the tavern in Poland. In a small town the hotel is sometimes used for a meeting-place, just as a store is, in a village. Here the citizens had assembled to discuss the secession of States. A speaker in a fiery talk asked who would be first to defend the flag. The boys of Poland came forward, one by one, and among them was McKinley, then a slight, pale-faced, studious-looking young man. Two years before he had joined the Methodist Church, and was at this time a member of the Bible-class, constantly seeking information. Before the war, at seventeen, he had gone to Allegheny College, but illness called him home. He did not return, but began teaching school. Some of his scholars were older than himself.

At the town meeting above referred to, McKinley enlisted in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, a regiment that produced men like Stanley Matthews, afterward Senator and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; President Hayes, and W. S. Rosecrans. The latter was first colonel. In this regiment McKinley served fourteen months as a private. Speaking of his conduct with the regiment, General Hayes afterward said: "He had unusual character for the mere business of war. Young as he was, we soon found that in business, and in executive ability, young McKinley was a man of unusual and unsurpassed capacity, especially for a boy of his age. When battles were fought or service was to be performed, he always took his place. The night was never too dark; the weather was never too cold; there was no sleet or storm, or hail or snow, or rain that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty."

That is a great tribute from a great man. General Hayes became commander of the regiment, McKinley went on his staff, and he served so well in that capacity for two years that Hayes knew him "like a book and loved him like a brother." That friendship continued to the last. At the funeral of ex-President Hayes, in 1892, Governor McKinley was present with his staff and cried like a child when he looked at the body of his old commander and friend.

At the battle of Antietam, probably the bloodiest battle of the war, McKinley was commissary sergeant in the Twenty-third Ohio.

General Hayes says of his services then: "That battle began at daylight. Before daylight men were in the ranks and preparing for it. Without breakfast, without coffee, they went into the fight, and it continued until after the sun had set. Early in the afternoon they were famished and thirsty, and to some extent broken in spirit. The commissary department of that brigade was under Sergeant McKinley's administration and personal supervision. From his hands every man in the regiment was served with hot coffee and warm meats—a thing that had never occurred under similar circumstances in any other army in the world. He passed under fire and delivered with his own hands these things so essential to the men for whom he was laboring. I told Governor Todd, of Ohio, this incident. With the emphasis that distinguished him, he said: 'Let McKinley be promoted from sergeant to lieutenant.'"



HON. JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the Navy.

Speaking of his war service, Major McKinley once said: "I always look back with pleasure upon those fourteen months I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. I was but a schoolboy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period in my life. It was there that I learned much of men and of affairs. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private and served in that capacity."

At the battle of Kernstown, McKinley was on General Hayes' staff. When the battle began one of the regiments was not in position, and Lieutenant McKinley was ordered to bring it in. The road

to where the regiment was located was through open fields and right in the enemy's line of fire. Shells were bursting on his right and left, but the boy soldier rode on. He reached the regiment, gave them the orders, and at his suggestion they fired on the enemy and slowly withdrew to take the position where they were assigned. It was a gallant act of the boy soldier, and so dangerous that General Hayes hardly expected him to come back alive.

At the battle of Opequan, where he was still on General Hayes' staff, he not only distinguished himself for gallantry, and good judgment, but for military skill. He had been ordered to bring General Duval's troops to join the first division, which were already going into battle. There was a question as to the route to take. The young officer knew it intuitively, and acting on his own responsibility, directed the way and brought the troops up in good style, taking great chances but succeeding nevertheless. Other equally courageous and dangerous things the Ohio officer undertook.

Later on he served with General Crook as a staff officer, and was finally assigned to duty with General Hancock. He entered the war at seventeen a private, among several hundred thousand other boys, and left it a major in the United States Volunteers by brevet. He earned every promotion by his own skill. Think of it, a major at twenty-one! Until his death he had his brevet commission. It was given him in 1864, and reads: "For gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill." Signed, A. Lincoln. It is a testimonial of bravery, of patriotism, and of manliness, and Major McKinley was proud of it. Who blames him? There are other records more brilliant; but none displayed more courage, and few had equal responsibilities at his age. His horse was shot from under him at Berryville. He appreciated the hardships of the private soldier's life, for he endured them himself. He knew the worries of the officer, for these also he experienced. He understood the duties of a staff officer, for he was one. There is everything in his record that is creditable, nothing that is discreditable. He was a typical American citizen soldier.

After the surrender of Appomattox, and after he was mustered out, Major McKinley was offered a commission in the regular army. It was a temptation hard to resist, for army life had given him a love

for military service that was hard to overcome. What might have been his career had he remained in the army no one can tell. But he acted on the advice of his father, and entered civil life. He studied law in Mahoning county, under Judge Glidden, for a year and a half, and his family made sacrifices to enable him to do so. Their unselfishness also enabled him to go to the Albany Law School, which has developed many men of brains and ability. In 1867, at the age of twenty-four, he was admitted to the bar and chose Canton, then a small town of about six thousand people, for his home. Canton was not important then, though great manufactories were to develop there, and the Mahoning Valley was to become a great hive of industry.

McKinley had a natural aptitude for politics, and his life as an attorney tended to increase it. The Republicans wanted a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, and gave it to McKinley, a new man, as a mark of recognition. He was elected Prosecuting Attorney, much to the surprise of his opponents. There he displayed his customary ability, and was renominated, only to be defeated, but the opponent who overcame him won by forty-five votes only. The campaigns for Prosecuting Attorney marked the beginning of McKinley's political career. While practicing law he took an active part in politics, but did not run for office until 1876. He stumped the district, and often spoke with pleasure of his experience as a young stump speaker. Old inhabitants of the district tell of the great demand there was for the young speaker, of his eloquence and control of the subject he handled.

After his first term as Prosecuting Attorney, Major McKinley secured a large law practice. He prepared every case thoroughly and knew every detail; in fact, when he went into a trial, he knew all there was to be known of the case he had in hand. He was persuasive as an advocate, for he was eloquent. This natural ability, combined with his thorough understanding of the matter in hand, gave him many victories and established his reputation as a lawyer. In 1871 he was married to Miss Ida Saxton, whose father was the editor of the Canton *Repository* and a banker as well. Miss Saxton was thoroughly educated and had been abroad, which in those days was an unusual advantage for a young woman living six hundred

miles from the sea. Her father did not like the idea of her marrying but finally consented saying that Major McKinley was the only man that he was willing she should marry. Two girls blessed this union. One died when still a baby, and the other after it had reached four years and had become the joy of the house. Mrs. McKinley had been worn by the death of her father, and this additional affliction aided in breaking her health. She liked to see her friends and loved children, who know they are always welcome at her house. Mrs. McKinley was ever an adept with the needle, and knitting as well. Many clothes and warm mitts and jackets she has made for friends and for the poor. In the gubernatorial campaign of 1893, when the Governor spoke more than three hundred times in eighty out of the eighty-eight counties of the State, he was never too weary after the last meeting on Saturday to take a train to the place where Mrs. McKinley happened to be, in order that he might spend Sunday with her. Though an invalid she was cheerful, never faltering in her belief in her husband.

In the centennial year McKinley was brought forward as a candidate for the Republican congressional nomination. There were other candidates, including three from Stark County. To the surprise of his opponents William McKinley carried all the townships but one, and that was so small that it had but one delegate. As a result, he was nominated with a cheer on the first ballot. Major McKinley represented his district for fifteen years. He had been in the House but one term, when his county was placed in a district that had a Democratic majority of 1,800. Major McKinley stumped the district from one end to the other, and carried it by 1,300 plurality—truly a great victory. In 1880 he was again elected. Thus by the time he was thirty-nine he had represented his district in Congress three times. Unseated toward the end of the Forty-eighth Congress, McKinley was re-elected in 1884, by a great majority, and remained in Congress as a member of the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses. Slowly but surely he had grown in influence. He had been modest in his first years of congressional life. A young man, full of enthusiasm and study, and inheriting an interest in the industries of the country, a natural researcher, he was from the beginning a protectionist. The district he represented was a manufacturing

one. He studied its needs, saw where protection was a benefit, and proposed to stand by that cause. That he did so ably, even his enemies admit. He knew the industries of the country thoroughly, was informed of business conditions in every section—a student of economics, a patient bidder for information, a persistent questioner regarding conditions everywhere.

It was in his second term in Congress that William McKinley made a reputation as a tariff debater. He secured recognition in April of 1878, and addressed the House at length. His speech is very interesting reading now, and surprises even those who are informed of his ability, that he should then, so young, and comparatively inexperienced in congressional work, have delivered such an admirable plea for protection, such an appeal to the House not to strike down the industries of his district—of the country. It was really a wonderful speech, and it made the young congressman a reputation that was national. It marked him as the successor of James A. Garfield on the Ways and Means Committee, for Garfield was then a candidate for the Senate, to which, it will be remembered, he was elected before the Convention of 1880 made him a Presidential candidate.

McKinley's Washington life was not a very social one. A man of his industry and studious habits had little time for society. But the McKinleys had friends. They were not social leaders, though every one who had the pleasure of knowing them appreciated their refinement. They were sought out by many, but preferred a life of comparative seclusion, brightened by the intimate friends who clung around them. In 1882, as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, he urged that the Tariff Commission be appointed, and made an able speech in its support. The results of that Commission are known. McKinley helped frame the tariff bill of 1883, which was in force for seven years. Up to 1884 Major McKinley had been known chiefly for his connection with Congress. He had by that time a national reputation, and was regarded as a rising man. He had not, however, entered into national politics, nor taken any considerable part in Ohio affairs. He had simply represented his district in Congress, but Ohio was beginning to claim him as one of her great men.

In 1888 McKinley was one of the delegates to the Presidential

convention held in Chicago. Ohio's choice for President then was John Sherman, and the delegation had been instructed to that effect. There was a number of candidates and the contest was prolonged. McKinley was a power in the convention and won many friends by his earnest and forceful arguments in behalf of Sherman. On the sixth ballot some one voted for him. Applause followed, and the next State gave him seventeen votes. The cheers were deafening. It was a trying moment. A word from him and the highest office of the world was his. But his loyalty to his State, his friend John Sherman, and his conscience, never wavered. He stepped on a chair, with his frock coat buttoned tightly around him and his eyes flashing forth the fire so characteristic of them when in earnest. There was a stern look in his face. The convention was silent. Delegates and spectators leaned forward to catch what he was about to say. There was a feeling that he would relinquish the Presidential prize, would sacrifice ambition to remain faithful to a trust. As he spoke his voice rang through the great auditorium. There was a defiant tone to it. It was commanding. It was irresistible. He said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President, and to use every worthy endeavor or to secure his nomination. I accepted the trust, because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their vote for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me I cannot remain silent with honor. I cannot consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear, and which has trusted me; I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do or to permit to be done that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request—I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me." That

settled it. McKinley had won. He received no more votes and Harrison was named on the seventh ballot.

Defeated for Congress in 1890 he was elected Governor of Ohio in 1891, and re-elected in 1893. His administration was admirable in every way. In 1896 he received the Republican nomination for the Presidency, to which he was elected.

Throughout the summer he remained at his home in Canton, where he received delegations from all parts of the country. His administration as executive of the country commanded the respect and approval of the entire country. Indeed, with a less wise, less patriotic man at the helm, it is hard to tell where we would have drifted in our war with Spain. When the Maine was sunk in the harbor of Havana in February, 1898, the whole country cried for vengeance. But the president said: "Let us wait till we know the facts," and almost single-handed he held back the war until the facts were known and Congress had declared war. When war came, party lines were wiped out. The North and South made common cause for the old flag, and the "war for humanity."

The war forced new duties and responsibilities upon Mr. McKinley as chief executive. By the treaty with Spain the Philippines and Porto Rico became ours, introducing serious questions as to their government. These were met with the tact and judgment that characterized his administrative acts. During this administration business revived, industries flourished and prosperity reigned. Under such circumstances it was natural that Mr. McKinley should be renominated for the presidency in the campaign of 1900.

During the early part of his second term he crossed the continent from our ocean boundary on the east to the one on the west, going from Washington through the Southern cities to San Francisco, his movement a triumphal procession that will be memorable for the reciprocity of good wishes and the happiness of better acquaintance.

The third of our Presidents ambushed for martyrdom, went with Mrs. McKinley to face Fate under the gilded dome of the Pan-American Exposition held at Buffalo in 1901. Here the drama of assassination had been rehearsed by one Leon Czolgosz. On Friday afternoon he went to the Temple of Music and was one of the first of the throng to enter. He crowded well foward, as close to the stage as

possible. He was there when the President entered through the side door. He was one of the first to hurry forward when the President took his position and prepared to shake hands with the people.

Czolgosz had his revolver gripped in his right hand, and about both the hand and the revolver was wrapped a handkerchief. He held the weapon to his breast, so that any one who noticed him might suppose that the hand was injured. He did not look into the President's face, extended his left hand, pressed the revolver against the President's breast with his right hand and fired. The President sank back. He was suffering intense pain, but true to his noble nature his first thought was of others—one other in particular, his wife.

He looked up and gasped: "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "my wife, be careful about her. Don't let her know."

His next thought was of the cruel assassin who had struck him down. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in his chair, while the guards carried Czolgosz out of his sight.

The world knows William McKinley best as a public man, yet there was a warmth of feeling, a devotion to friends, and a breadth of character that made him admired and loved.

In the campaign of 1896 an errand boy on the *New York World* was sent to interview Mr. McKinley. The boy's report is as follows: "I have been down to Ohio to see Mr. McKinley. I wanted to see him bad, so I called on him at Canton, Ohio, the town he lives in. When a man gets big like him he ought to be able to tell boys how to become great, too, so I thought I would ask of him some advice on how a young boy can start in life.

"It isn't easy to ask Major McKinley things for the newspapers; I knew that before I started, so I found Mr. Boyle, his private secretary, and told him I was the boy reporter for the Sunday *World,* and all the boys wanted to hear about Mr. McKinley, and would he please fix it so I could see him. I told him that I didn't want to talk politics, and that I wanted to ask Mr. McKinley how I or other boys could get to be as famous as he was. Mr. Boyle laughed, and said I might call around in the morning. When morning came I went up to the door and asked to see Mr. McKinley. A young man came to the door. 'Come right in,' says he. I walked in, and there

was a big man sitting in the corner. I knew him right off as soon as I seen him. It was Major McKinley.

"I seen he had a round head with not much hair on the top, and I knew it was him. He wore eye-glasses and a black coat and had awful big eyebrows, and he didn't look like as if he was in a great hurry, and I hoped he'd talk to me a good deal. I liked him right off, and then I looked at the room. It was his library and he uses it as his office. It was very large with plenty of book shelves. Pictures were hanging on the walls, also a large, beautiful picture of his wife, Mrs. McKinley, and himself. Just then Mr. Boyle came down stairs and stepped over to the Major, and said there was a boy there to see him. Mr. McKinley got right up from his chair and stared at me with a very pleasant smile on his face. 'This is Harry Wilson,' said Mr. Boyle, 'who has come from New York to see you.' 'I'm pleased to see you,' said Mr. McKinley, and he gave me his hand to shake, and I liked him more than ever, because he acted as if he was real pleased to see me.

"'Sit down,' said he, and he pointed to a rocking-chair, and then he sat down in front of me.

"'Mr. McKinley,' I said, 'I come to ask you if you would give me some advice as to how a young boy can start in life and become a great man; I thought you could tell me.' He sat still for a moment holding his eye-glasses with his right hand, and pushing the black bead on the cord with his other hand. He thought a long time, and then talked very slowly, and his voice was deep. 'Well, he said, 'first a boy must be a good boy, honest, always do what is right, pay attention to what he is doing, and be a student; he must go to school all he can, learn all his lessons, and he mustn't be afraid to study.' 'Mr. McKinley,' I said, 'will you please tell me, do you think a boy has as much chance to study and make a great man out of himself in a small place like this as the boys in great cities like New York have?' That made him smile, but he said right off, 'A boy can make anything of himself that he pleases, and he has just as much chance to do it in the country as in the city.' He was beginning to get warmed up and was beginning to talk fast. He went on: 'It don't make so much difference where it is or how great the part he plays, but it's the way he plays it. The other night I

saw a play at the theater called "The Rivals." Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Drew and Mrs. Drew, and Mrs. Tabor, and Mr. Crane and Goodwin, the Holland brothers, and Francis Wilson, played the parts; every one of them was great and used to be stars, but they were content to take some parts that were very small in "The Rivals," but they played them just as well as if they had been big. That is the way with boys and men; it isn't so much to be great as to do whatever you have to do well; that is being great.'

"Mr. McKinley is very fond of his mother, who is eighty-seven years old, and lives near him, so I said, 'Can a boy neglect his mother and get along and be great, Mr. McKinley?' He looked very grave and sad, and then said: 'Harry, a boy should always be good to his mother.'

"Then I said, 'I have done everything in the world I can do for my mother,' and then he said: 'That's right, Harry; do all you can at all times.' Then I stopped a moment and said: 'Mr. McKinley, will you tell me when a boy ought to study politics?' He stopped a moment, and said to me: 'Harry, first, a boy should study the history of his country, and learn all the political history of the country. He should learn what the leaders have done for their country, so that when the time comes for him to vote he will be able to do so intelligently.'

"I then said: 'Would you tell me how you earned your first dollar?' He sank back in his chair and looked as if that wasn't what he expected me to ask him; then he put up his hand to the side of his head, as if to recall the years which had passed by, and then with a smile said: 'Really, I can't recall the first dollar that I earned.' When I was a boy money was very scarce, and you had to work hard for what little money you got. But I can't remember the first dollar. You have to ask me something easy.'

"Then I knew my talk was over with him. I felt very sorry to say good-bye, but I said: 'Mr. McKinley, I want to thank you, for it was very good in you to stop to talk to a boy, and I am very grateful.' 'And I am very glad that you came to see me,' says he. 'I'm always glad to talk with boys. I like them, and like to be with them. What is there in all the world nicer than a boy, except a sweet young girl?'"

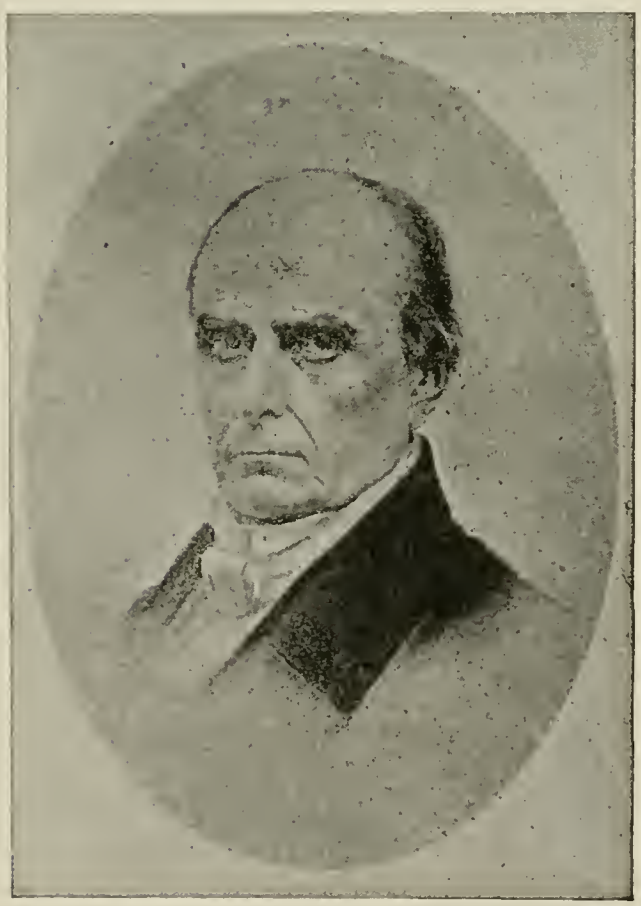
PART II.

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE INTERPRETER OF THE CONSTITUTION

The boundless prairies learned his name,
  His words the mountain echoes knew;
The northern breezes swept his fame
  From icy lakes to warm bayou.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN BOYHOOD, Daniel Webster was not physically strong, nor did he show signs of that great power which in after years made him so justly famous. He grew too fast to mature mentally, and often lagged behind other boys of his age. One day over-hearing a conversation about his stupidity, he was aroused, and the latent talent began to show its powers. His early education consisted only of what his mother taught him at home and that which he obtained in the scanty winter terms of the country school. It is easy to see that a boy of his circumstances and temperament would be bashful He could not even speak a piece before his country school. With this inadequate preparation he entered Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1801 at the age of 19. He then studied law in Boston

and was admitted to the bar in 1805 from the office of Christopher Gore. Affection for his people at home led him to settle in Boscawen, N. H., close by Salisbury, the town in which he was born. Here he remained until the death of his father, when he moved to Portsmouth, the largest town in his native state. Here he soon achieved fame, and was sent to Congress at the early age of 31 years. His knowledge of international law secured him an immediate place on the Foreign Affairs Committee, a position of no small honor at this time, as the United States was then at war with Great Britain. With eminent sagacity and justice, Webster thought that attacks on Canada should cease; that the conflict should be confined to the sea, not on land. He said: "If the war must continue, go to the ocean. If you are seriously contending for maritime rights, go to the theater, where alone those rights can be defended. Thither every indication of your fortune points you. There the united wishes and exertions of the nation will go with you. Even our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge."

Webster was a Federalist in his views. The Federalists were in the minority, hence his scope in Congress was limited. He saw a broader field in the practice of law, so withdrew from political life, going to Boston, where within three years he made a national reputation, and began to realize an income of $20,000 per year. His prestige was gained by a plea for his old alma mater—Dartmouth College. The State Legislature had altered the original charter and reorganized the corporation. In this the courts sustained the legislature. In the appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, Webster took the stand that the charter of 1769 was a contract; the acts in question impaired the contract; therefore, they were void because they were unconstitutional. The Supreme Court sustained Mr. Webster's plea. So profound an impression did the decision make that no judge since that time has lost sight of the decision or forgotten the man who made the plea.

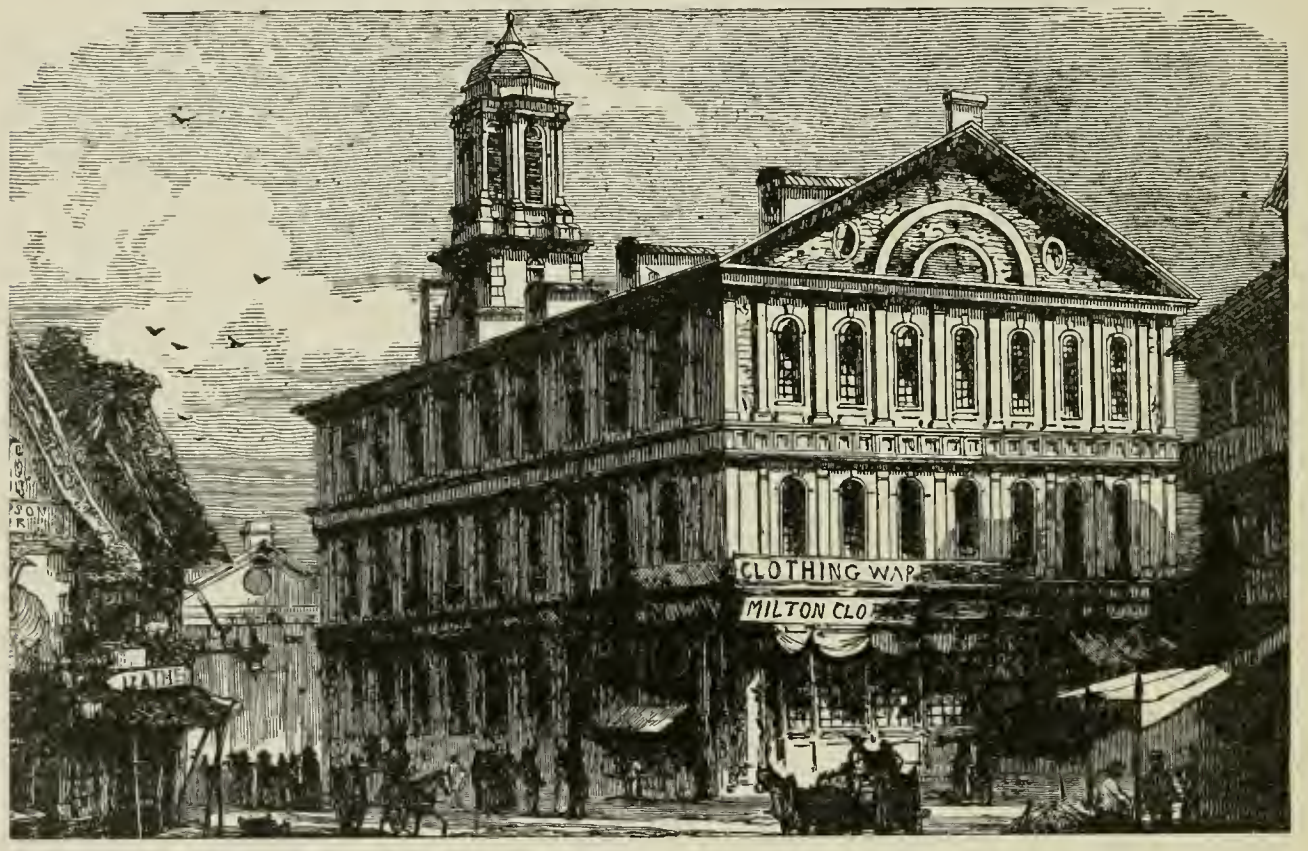
Daniel Webster was versatile as well as gifted. In the great criminal case of Goodridge and Knapp we have his masterly oration on "conscience," which has been ever since, not only the American boy's favorite "piece to speak," but the American girl's proud reminder that greatness must consist of goodness as well as power.

In 1820 Webster was chosen to deliver the address on the 200th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. If the Dartmouth College plea made him famous as a constitutional lawyer, the Plymouth address established him as the national orator.

In 1823 he began anew his political career, being sent as a representative from Massachusetts to Congress. He remained there till 1827, when he was

sent to the Senate, where he remained till the day of his death, with the exception of the time he served in Tyler's cabinet.

In January, 1830, he achieved the crowning glory of his political life. The occasion was a debate on public lands, known as "Foote's Resolution." In this debate Mr. Haynes of South Carolina attacked New England for pursuing a selfish policy with reference to Western lands. Webster pushed Haynes with questions, till Haynes made a declaration of "Nullification," which was then new and contained the germ of secession. Webster, with a seer's mind, laid bare Haynes' whole doctrine and purpose. People had



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON—CALLED BY WEBSTER "THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

come from different parts of the country to hear his speech. The effect was tremendous, crystallizing the sympathies of both the North and West. If measured by its result no single speech has, perhaps, ever moved the nation so deeply. Such powerful reasoning and magnificent eloquence was unanimously convincing. Haynes himself afterwards said the result was overwhelming. Mr. Webster stood all this time, like a giant, his eyes glowing, his voice organ-like in its melody of rise and fall; his logic, invective, sarcasm and humor following each other in bewildering mastery.

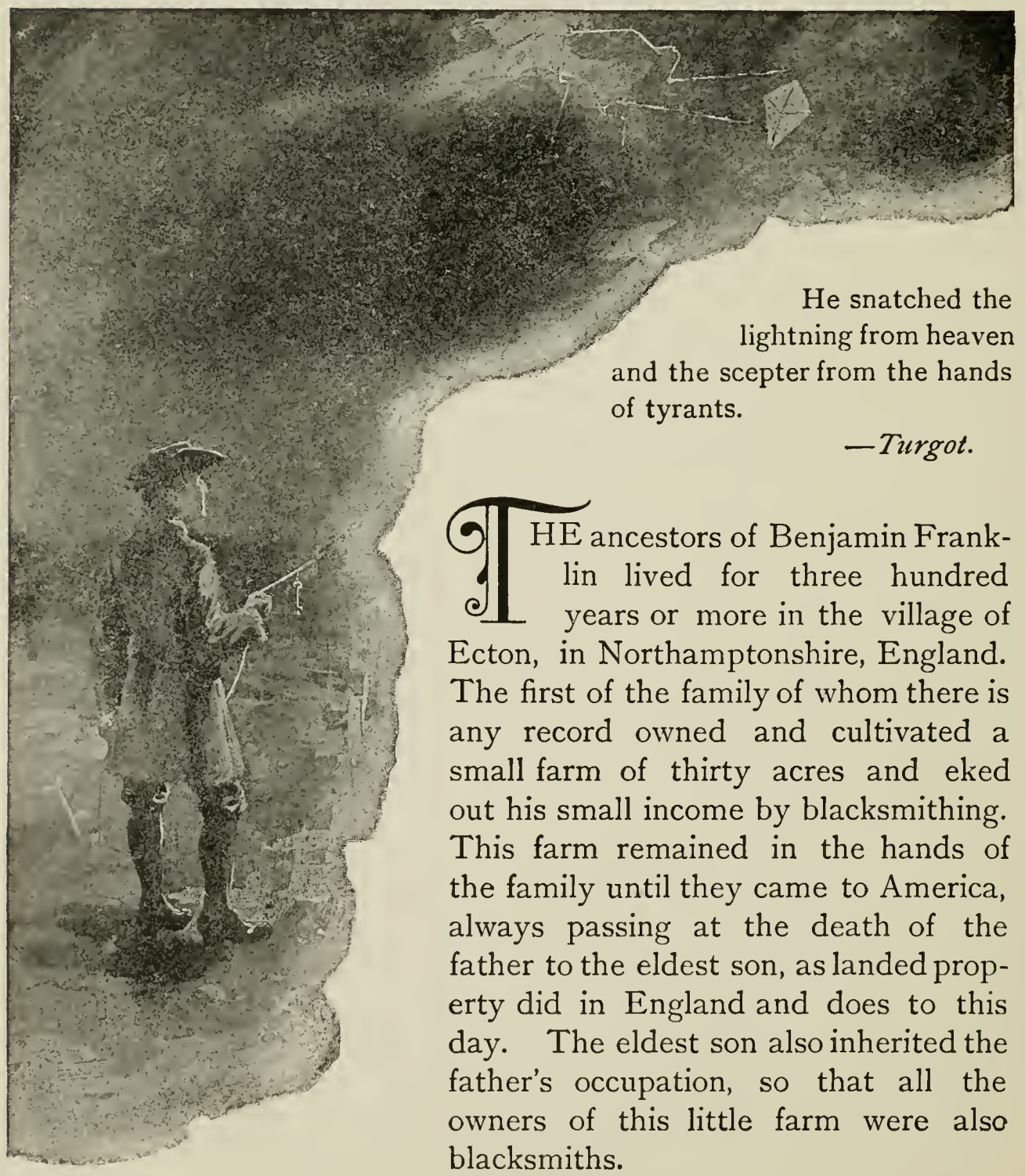
So gifted and so helpful to the Whig party it is not surprising that he should seek the office of Presidency, but for one reason or another it ever lay just beyond his reach.

When the Whig party under Tyler came into power, Webster was selected as the Secretary of State. Differences of opinion came up, his colleagues resigned, but he remained loyal. His country needed his services. At this time the United States had three points of dispute with Great Britain, any one of which might have led to war, but Mr. Webster conducted them to a peaceful issue and at the same time widened the scope of our treaties.

When he re-entered the Senate in 1845 he was brought again into the midst of the great issues of the country. Unfortunately his speech of May 7, 1850, offended his constituents, and when in Faneuil Hall he endeavored to explain his course he was received with coldness and dissent; yet his position did not vary in the least from that which he had previously expressed. It was the people who were changed. Coldness was deepening between the North and the South. Mr. Webster feared alike the Abolitionist and the Secessionist, yet he was in sympathy with Henry Clay's views and helped on the "Missouri Compromise." He tried to save the Union by that compromise, but the time for a middle course was now gone. Going before the Whig convention in 1852 he threw all his influence and energy on the side of what he considered right, but failed. His star had set. As the compromise carried with it the Fugitive Slave Law he failed again to carry the nomination of his party to the Presidency. The Bible quotation was fitly exemplified, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." So with his party. He died in October, 1852, before the election, and hence was spared the humiliation of seeing the fall. He was born January 18, 1782, thus compassing a little over three score and ten years. They were great years, calling for vast expenditures of life force, and he gave freely of all he had.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

SCIENTIST, JOURNALIST, STATESMAN



He snatched the
lightning from heaven
and the scepter from the hands
of tyrants.

—*Turgot.*

THE ancestors of Benjamin Franklin lived for three hundred years or more in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England. The first of the family of whom there is any record owned and cultivated a small farm of thirty acres and eked out his small income by blacksmithing. This farm remained in the hands of the family until they came to America, always passing at the death of the father to the eldest son, as landed property did in England and does to this day. The eldest son also inherited the father's occupation, so that all the owners of this little farm were also blacksmiths.

Joseph Franklin, the father of Benjamin, being a younger son, did not come into the family property or the paternal occupation, but became a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler. He had separated from the Church of England, and, wishing a greater degree of religious freedom, came to New England about 1685. He had seven children by his first wife, who came with him from England. After her death he married again and brought up a second family of ten children.

The subject of this sketch was the fifth son of the fifth son for five generations back. He was the youngest son, and naturally enough was called Benjamin. His mother was Abiah Folger, the daughter of Peter Folger, one of the earliest New England settlers, a man of some note in his day and the writer of occasional verse. Only one of his poems, however, was ever printed, and we may judge from the single stanza which has come down to us through the writings of his distinguished grandson, that the world lost little in losing the remaining poems.

Benjamin was born in 1706 in Boston, which was then a straggling town of not more than ten thousand inhabitants, though the largest and most important in America. Queen Anne was still touching to cure the King's Evil, and ruling over England and her ten American colonies—the last three of the thirteen were yet in the future. There were no railroads or even stage-coaches. Wolves and bears disputed the right of way with the Indians from one end to the other of the "shaggy continent," and witches still cantered on broom-sticks up and down the length of those civilized portions of the country from which the more material foes had been exterminated. The publication of the first newspaper on the continent, the Boston *News-Letter*, had been begun only four years before, and it was a small sheet of not much account, except that it was a beginning and a prophecy. It was high time for Benjamin Franklin to be born if journalism was going to get a start in the United States in the eighteenth century.

Benjamin commenced to go to school when he was eight years old. He had already learned to read and had convinced his friends that he should be a scholar. His father thought of making him a minister, and his uncle Benjamin promised him a volume of sermons which he had himself taken down in shorthand. But his father found

that he would be unable to give his son a college education, and the ministry had to be given up. His father then thought that writing and arithmetic would be about all he would need for business life, and he was accordingly sent to a school where nothing was taught but those branches.

When he was ten years old his schooling came to an end, for his father took him out of school to stay in the shop and help make soap and candles. He would cut the wicks, pour the melted tallow into the molds, run errands and the like.

But Benjamin did not like the tallow trade. He thought he would much prefer to be a sailor. He was a good swimmer and learned to manage a boat well. But his father was unwilling he should go to sea, and that was the end of it.

He was a leader among the boys, and, on one occasion at least, led them into mischief. The boys used to stand and fish on the edge of a salt marsh. The place had become very muddy through much tramping, when Benjamin suggested to the boys that they should build a wharf to stand on and so keep themselves out of the mud. There was a heap of stones near by which were designed for a new house. The young builders waited until the workmen had all gone away, when they carried over all the stones they needed and built their wharf. The boys were complained of and punished; "and," writes Franklin in his autobiography, "though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful."

Benjamin was very fond of reading, but books were not over plenty in those days, even in Boston. The first books he ever owned were the works of Bunyan. After he had read and re-read them to his heart's content he sold them and used the money to buy Burton's Historical Collection, a set of forty small volumes.

His father, like a sensible man, watched the boy to find out if possible what he was best fitted for. Since Benjamin was so fond of reading, his father thought it might be well to have him taught the printer's trade. Benjamin consented to this, though he still preferred the sea. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to his printer brother, James, who soon afterwards, probably about the year 1720, began to publish the second American newspaper, the *New England*

Courant, though against the advice of a number of croaking friends who said one newspaper was enough for America. Benjamin's apprenticeship was to last until he was twenty-one, his brother was to provide his food, lodging and clothing, and during the last year was to pay him the wages of a journeyman printer.

His business was to set type, do the press work on the paper, and run on errands. This work gave him an acquaintance with people who owned a few books and enabled him sometimes to borrow them. He would often sit up nearly all night in order to read a book through and return it promptly.

About this time he began to like poetry and even undertook to write it himself. Fortunately his father criticised his verse and told him verse-makers were generally beggars. "Thus," he says in his autobiography, "I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one." And there is not much doubt that he was correct in that modest opinion. He seems not to have been gifted with the qualities of a poet, but his verse-making exercises doubtless did much to form and improve his style in prose, of which he in time became a master.

It must have been soon after the *New England Courant* got well under way that Benjamin began to think he could write prose as well as some of the gentlemen who were in the habit of contributing to the paper. He was a little afraid of his brother's criticism and so began to slip his contributions for the paper under the door at night after his brother was gone. Some of them were heartily praised by persons whom he considered good judges; and, best of all, when they tried to guess the writer they invariably hit upon scholars and men of ability. This encouraged him to continue and he hit upon various devices for improvement. Some of these are worth describing, because they would be just as useful to a boy or girl who is trying to become a writer in these days as they were to Benjamin Franklin, who became by means of these methods one of the very finest of American prose writers.

An odd volume of the *Spectator* having fallen into his hands by chance, he was so charmed with the beauty of the style as well as the matter that he determined to imitate it. In order to learn to do this he made brief outlines of certain parts, laid them aside for a few days

and then tried to write out the thoughts as fully as they had been expressed before, always using the very best language he could command. Then he compared his writing with the original and corrected such faults as he discovered. He next took some of the *Spectator* stories and changed them into verse, and when he had had time to forget the original, he turned them back to prose again. It was such exercises as these continually practiced, together with the habit of reading the best books he could find, that developed in this boy who owed so little to the schools, that felicitous style which we enjoy so much in his autobiography. And, whether we are thinking of the effect on style or on character, we can scarcely say too much about the importance of choosing the best books. If you will send me, a year from this Christmas, a list of the books you have read in the twelve months just preceding, with the one thing that you remember best in each one, I can tell your fortune. And it will be truer than the gypsy woman will tell you with her cards or her palmistry, or even by asking the stars. I am putting the time ahead to give you a fair chance and a little more. It would perhaps be taking a mean advantage to ask what you had read before you thought about it, though the effect of that reading can not be lost or put aside, for Nature never forgives our mistakes. But she is giving us a chance all the time to try again and do better next time.

In the eighteenth century, people had not yet become acquainted with newspapers and were of course a little afraid of them, just as they were of comets in the days when it was thought probable they might strike or bring on pestilence or war. It was not an unusual thing for an editor to be put into prison for a little freedom of speech of which we should think nothing. Now, Benjamin's brother was thought a little too free with his pen, or his type, rather, in the *Courant*, and was shut up for a month in jail by way of punishment. During this time Benjamin had a chance to show how he could edit a paper and he kept the *Courant* going very creditably. The editor was at length set free on condition that "James Franklin should no longer print the newspaper called the *New England Courant.*"

He set to work to try to elude the order. He at first thought of changing the name of the paper, but as that was not convenient, he hit upon the expedient of publishing it in the name of Benjamin

Franklin. In order to do this he was obliged to destroy the indentures, or contract with Benjamin, since an apprentice, like a slave, could not legally do business. But he took care to have other indentures made out privately. The paper was published in this way for several months. The scheme was neither very bright nor very honest, and you shall presently hear what came of it.

Meantime, Benjamin and his brother were not on the best of terms. His brother was rather a hard master and used sometimes to beat him severely. Benjamin was growing independent, partly because he had a little money of his own and partly because he was sure his brother would not dare make use of the private indentures to compel him to remain in case he chose to go away.

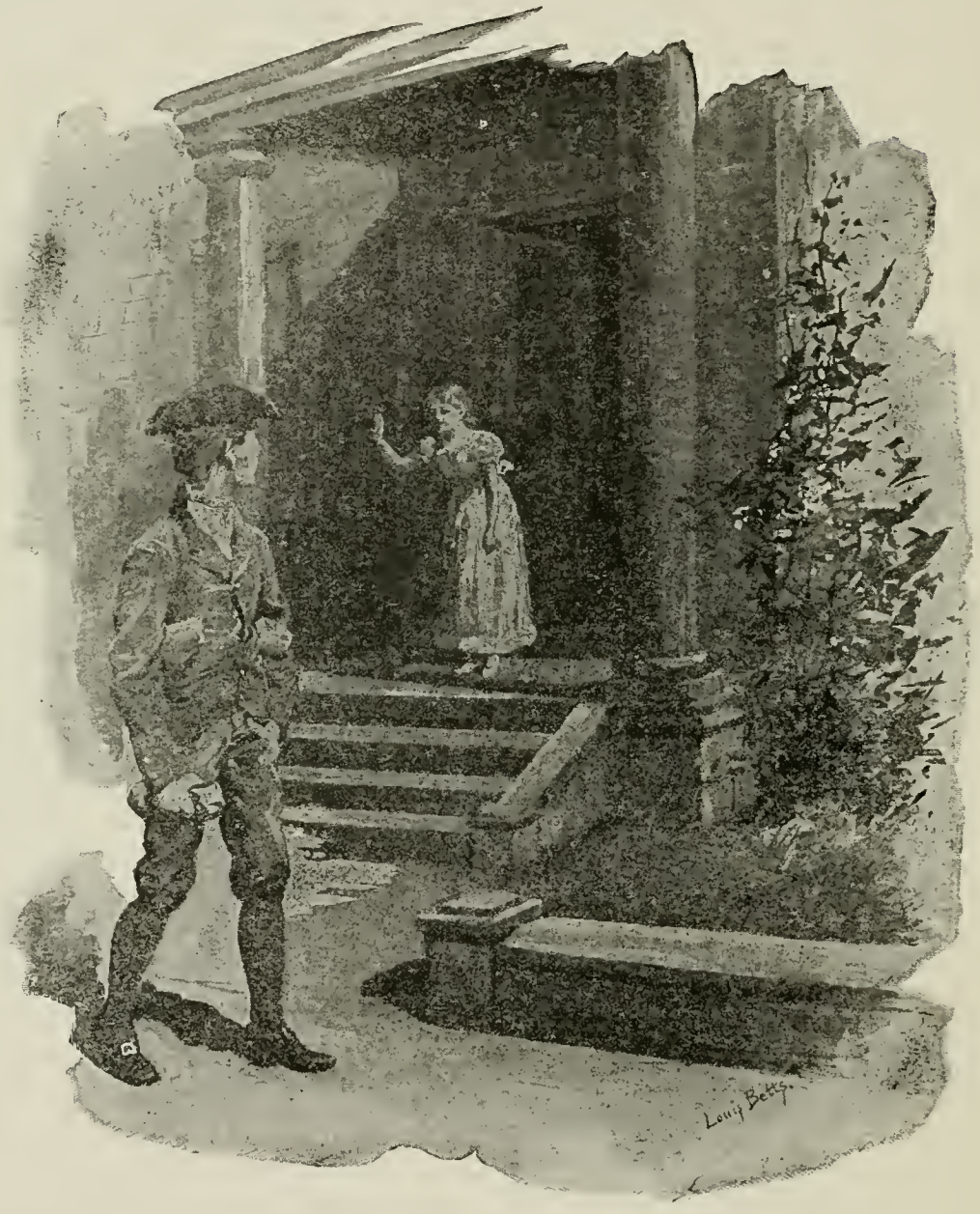
He had saved his money by economizing on his board, his brother having consented at his request to give him half as much money every week as his board had been costing, on condition that he should provide his own food. He lived very cheaply and was able to save half of what his brother gave him.

He decided to go to New York to seek his fortune. He was now seventeen years old. He sold his books to add a little to his small sum of money, and took passage on a boat bound for New York, where he arrived in three days with very little money and without a friend or acquaintance.

He could get no employment there but he heard of some work in Philadelphia which he hoped he might obtain, and he set out at once for the latter place. His adventures by boat and by land were interesting, but we must omit them and bring him without delay to Market Street wharf, Philadelphia.

He wore his everyday clothes. His best ones were in his chest, coming around by sea. His pockets bulged out with shirts and stockings. He bought three large rolls and walked along Market street eating, one of his rolls and carrying another under each arm. Miss Deborah Read, the young lady who was to become Mrs. Franklin a few years later, stood in her door and smiled at the odd figure he made. Not knowing the city, he wandered around until he found himself again at the wharf which he had lately left. He took a drink of river water and gave his two remaining rolls to a hungry woman and child and made a fresh start for the city. This time he

found a nice, clean-looking crowd whom he followed into a large Quaker meeting-house and sat down. Hearing nothing to disturb him, he went to sleep and slept until the meeting was over. This was his first lodging in Philadelphia.



It is a great pity I can not stop to tell how he found work in a printing-office in Philadelphia and how his good sense and industry led on from one success to another. He soon attracted the attention of Sir William Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, who wished him to set up a printing-office for himself and offered to supply him with the necessary outfit. This he sent Franklin to England to buy, promising him a letter of credit to pay for it. The letter of credit never arrived, for the Governor was too poor to carry out his good intentions, and Franklin was thrown on his own resources in a strange country. But that is never a misfortune to one who *has* resources. Franklin knew his trade so well that he had no trouble in getting and

keeping employment in a printing-office, where he gained an experience which was afterwards very useful to him in America. Among other things, he learned to make printer's ink and to engrave on metal.

But Franklin had learned one of the best lessons of life before he went to England. This lesson was temperance in both eating and drinking. It was a great surprise to his fellow-workmen in London, who were in the habit of drinking four or five pints of beer apiece every day, to see this "Water-American," as they called him, so much stronger than any of them. But they drank on just the same and were four or five shillings poorer for it every week, besides weakening their bodies and muddling their minds with what they called their strengthening drink.

Franklin spent about eighteen months in England. He then returned to Philadelphia and worked as a clerk in a store for a little while but soon went back to his old trade. After a while he bought a printing-press of his own and started a newspaper, which he called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. This was in 1729, when he was twenty-three years of age. He was obliged to go into debt, but he worked his way out. He kept no help in his printing-office. He worked early in the morning and late at night. He was type-setter, press-man, ink-maker, editor, and writer of a large share of the best contributions. He was often seen with a wheelbarrow, carrying home the rolls of paper for printing. His fine constitution and his temperate habits enabled him to do all this without injury to his health.

In 1730 he persuaded Miss Read to marry him. He fitted up the front part of the printing-office for a book-store, and she attended the store and sold books and stationery. They "kept the correctest stationery that ever appeared" in Philadelphia. They were very economical and thrifty, and soon began to be prosperous.

Soon after his marriage he started a plan for a public library in Philadelphia. He afterwards wrote in his autobiography, "This was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous; it is become a great thing itself, and continually goes on increasing."

Then came "Poor Richard's Almanac," which Franklin filled with the best of his wit and wisdom. He invented a new street

lamp. He revised the Lord's Prayer; I have never heard that anybody liked the Franklin version better than the original. He organized a debating society, or "junto," and a fire company. He invented the Franklin stove. He devised a plan for cleaning the streets, and another for "arriving at moral perfection." His brain was never idle.

The country was beginning to find him out. He was made clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1736 and Postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. But in the midst of all these duties he found time for a great scientific discovery. Scholars in Europe were talking a great deal about electricity. They had a machine for producing it, but nobody knew what it was. Franklin thought it was the same force as lightning, and set about trying to prove it. He made a cross of cedar sticks and tied a silk handkerchief over it in such a way as to make a kite. He gave it a tail and a hemp string. He fastened a sharp wire to the top of the cross. He tied a silk ribbon to the end of the twine and fastened a key to the twine where the ribbon was tied on. Then he waited for a thunder shower. It came in the night, and Franklin went out and sent up his kite. The wire drew the lightning out of the clouds and the fuzz on the hempen string stood out like quills on a porcupine. He struck the key with his knuckles and drew sparks from it. His kite had behaved exactly like the machine for producing electricity. He had proved that electricity and lightning are one. He received great honor for this, both in America and Europe. But there were some who ridiculed him and said, "Now that you have discovered it, of what use is it?" He replied, "Of what use is a child? It may become a man." He persevered until he had invented the lightning-rod, and by his discoveries made possible the telegraph, the telephone, and other great electrical appliances of our day. The child has grown to be a man.

In 1754 Franklin was a delegate to the Albany Convention, and it was here that he drew up and presented the first plan for a union of the colonies. The plan was rejected, but it was in a certain sense a prophecy of the union of states under which we now live.

Franklin furnished efficient service in the French and Indian war. He was sent to England by the Province of Pennsylvania in 1757 to plead the cause of the people against the proprietors, the

descendants of William Penn, who were trying to hold their immense estates in this country without the payment of taxes. He was successful in his mission and returned home after an absence of five years, covered with honors.

In 1764 he was sent again to England, this time to protest against the passage of the stamp act. The act was passed in spite of his protest, but was afterwards repealed, and Franklin remained in England for ten years, acting as the agent of the different colonies in various unsuccessful attempts to protect American liberties.

He returned home at the breaking out of the war. His wife had died and he now threw himself with all the zeal of his boyhood into the service of his country. He was one of the committee to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and one of the signers.

In 1776 he was sent to France to look after our interests in that country, where he remained until 1785. He obtained loans and ammunition from the French, and in 1778 he succeeded in bringing about the French alliance.

His popularity there is still a subject for wonder. All France, even elegant Paris, went wild over plain Ben Franklin. Shopkeepers would rush out to catch a glimpse of his brown overcoat and long gray curls as he passed along the street. Snuff-boxes were painted with his portrait, "Franklin" hats and "Franklin" collars were all the fashion, and ladies' gloves were dyed a "Franklin" color.

It is still another wonder to both French and English how Franklin, with Jay and Adams, obtained such good terms for America in the treaty of peace which ended the war of the Revolution in 1783.

Almost immediately upon his return he was elected President of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and though he was then a feeble old man, his influence was still powerful. In 1790 he signed a petition asking Congress to abolish the slave trade and emancipate the slaves. This was his last public service. He died on the 17th of April, 1790.

When we remember how meager were the opportunities of the boy and how many and great the triumphs of the man, we are made to wonder whether, after all, circumstances have much to do with destiny. Ben Franklin had but two years of schooling. All the

rest of his life was filled and crowded with work and a busy man's affairs. Yet he made himself a scholar, even in the eyes of the learned. He learned to read easily in French, Italian, Spanish and Latin. He was the most renowned scientist of his day. No man of his time was better informed with regard to the progress and nature of passing events. As has been said before, he was a master of the English language. His autobiography has been called a classic from his day to ours. He was made Master of Arts by both Cambridge and Yale. He received degrees from the two great universities of England, Cambridge and Oxford. His political services to his own country during the two great wars through which he lived were second to none but those of Washington.

Franklin had his limitations and made mistakes, but his frank admissions ought to go a long way towards making us forget them—"my present purpose being," he writes in his autobiography, "to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them."

And after all, perhaps the capstone of his praise is this: He was an honest man.

EXTRACTS FROM POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.

Silk and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

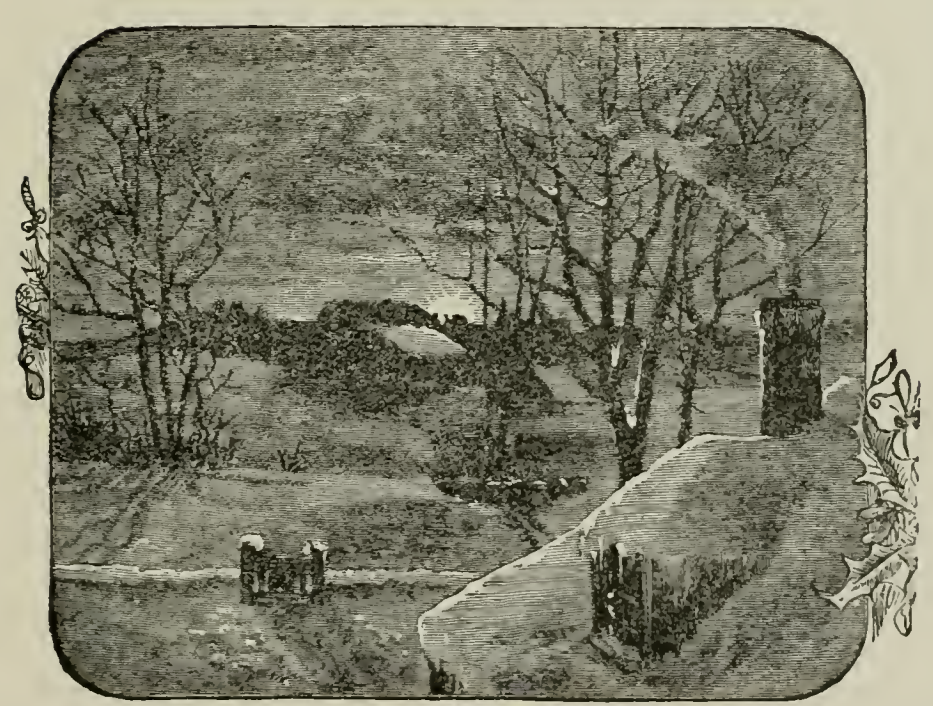
Wise men learn by others' harms, fools scarcely by their own.

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

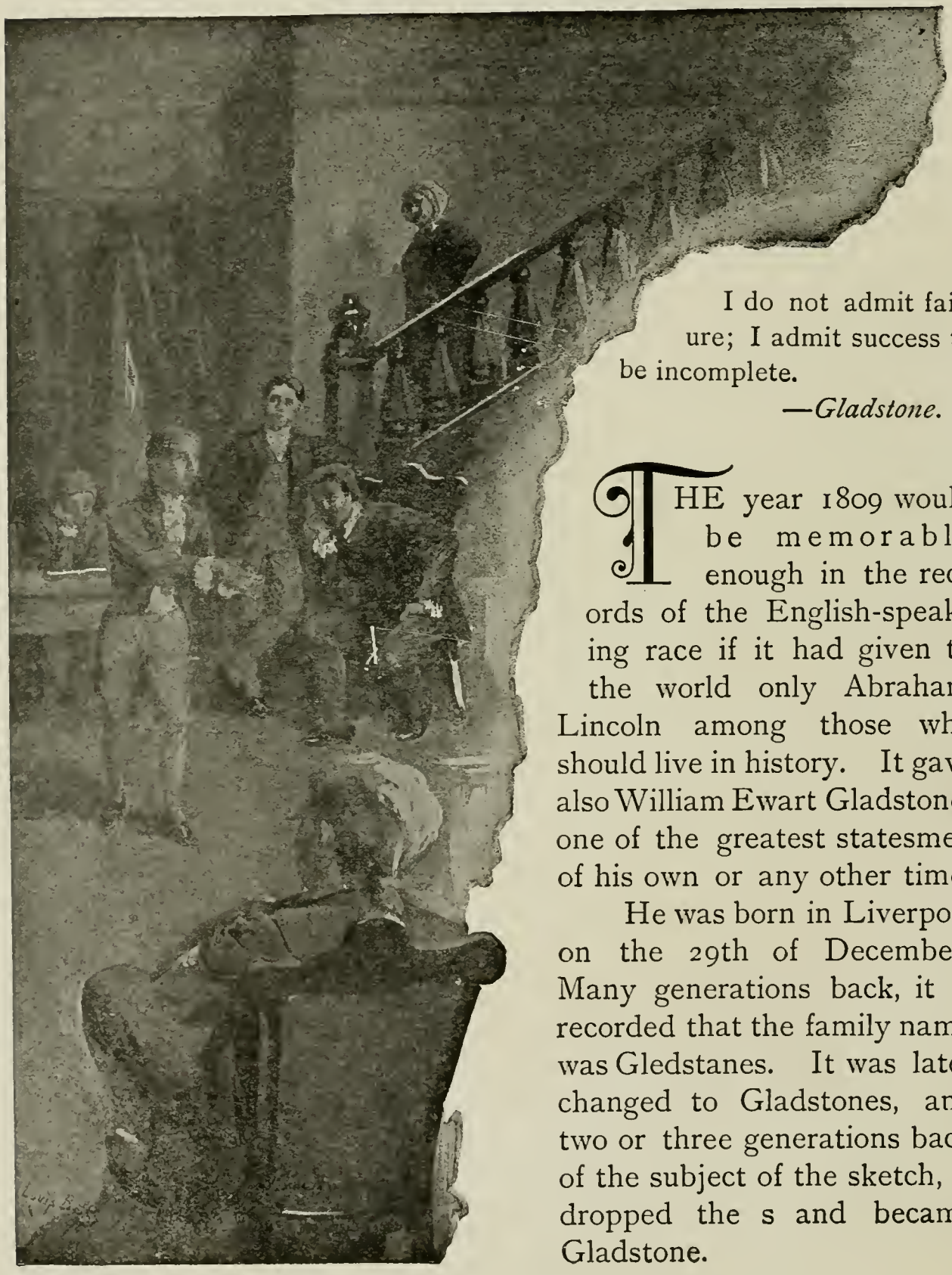
I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as one that settled be.

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

THE GRAND OLD MAN



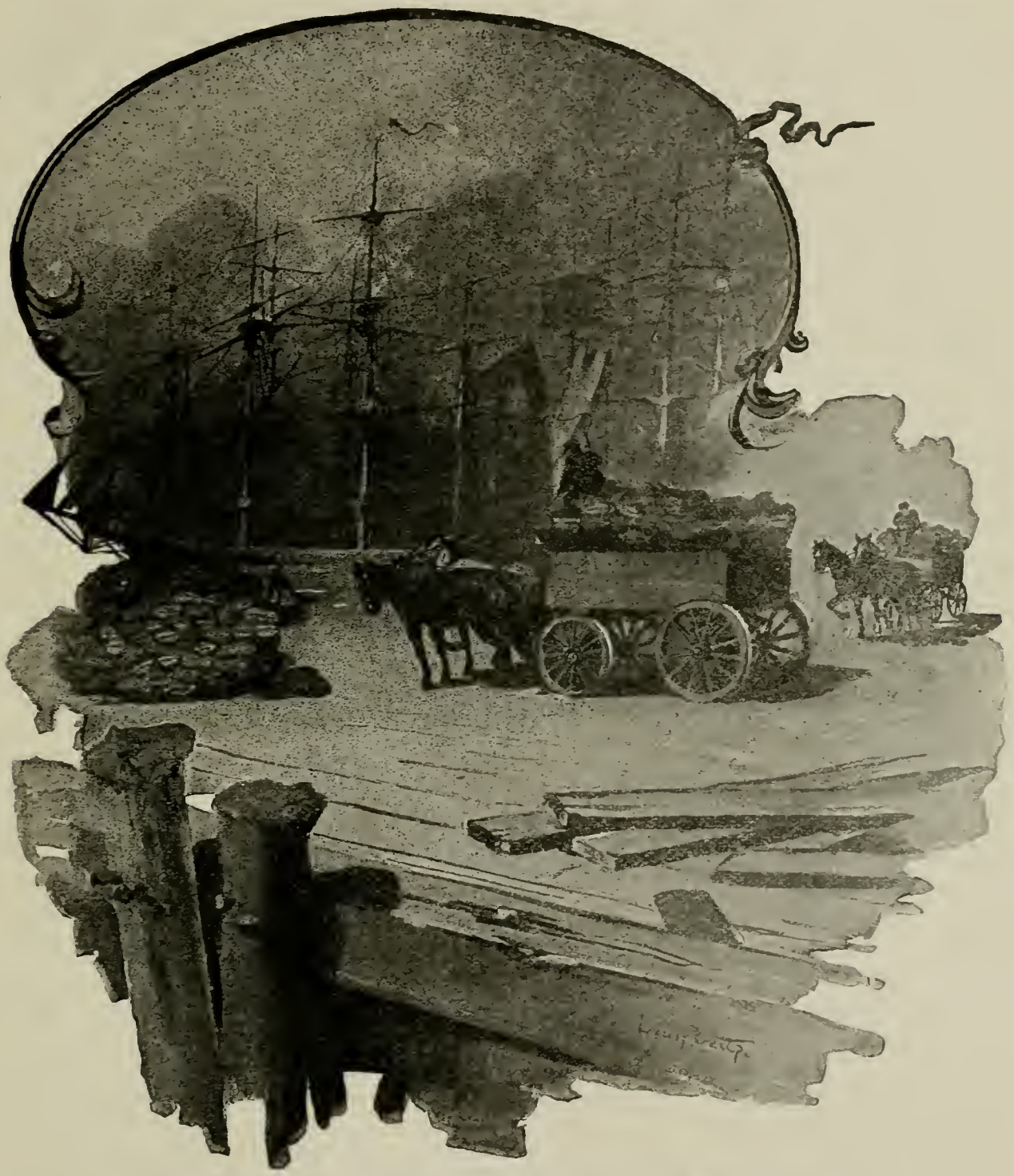
I do not admit failure; I admit success to be incomplete.

—*Gladstone.*

THE year 1809 would be memorable enough in the records of the English-speaking race if it had given to the world only Abraham Lincoln among those who should live in history. It gave also William Ewart Gladstone, one of the greatest statesmen of his own or any other time.

He was born in Liverpool on the 29th of December. Many generations back, it is recorded that the family name was Gledstanes. It was later changed to Gladstones, and two or three generations back of the subject of the sketch, it dropped the s and became Gladstone.

William E. Gladstone was a Scotch Englishman. His father, Sir John Gladstone, was a Lowland Scotchman, his mother a High-



GLADSTONE'S ANCESTORS WERE GRAIN MERCHANTS.

lander. Sir John was a man of great energy, as might have been expected of the father of William Ewart. He was a wealthy and thriving grain merchant of Liverpool, as was his father before him.

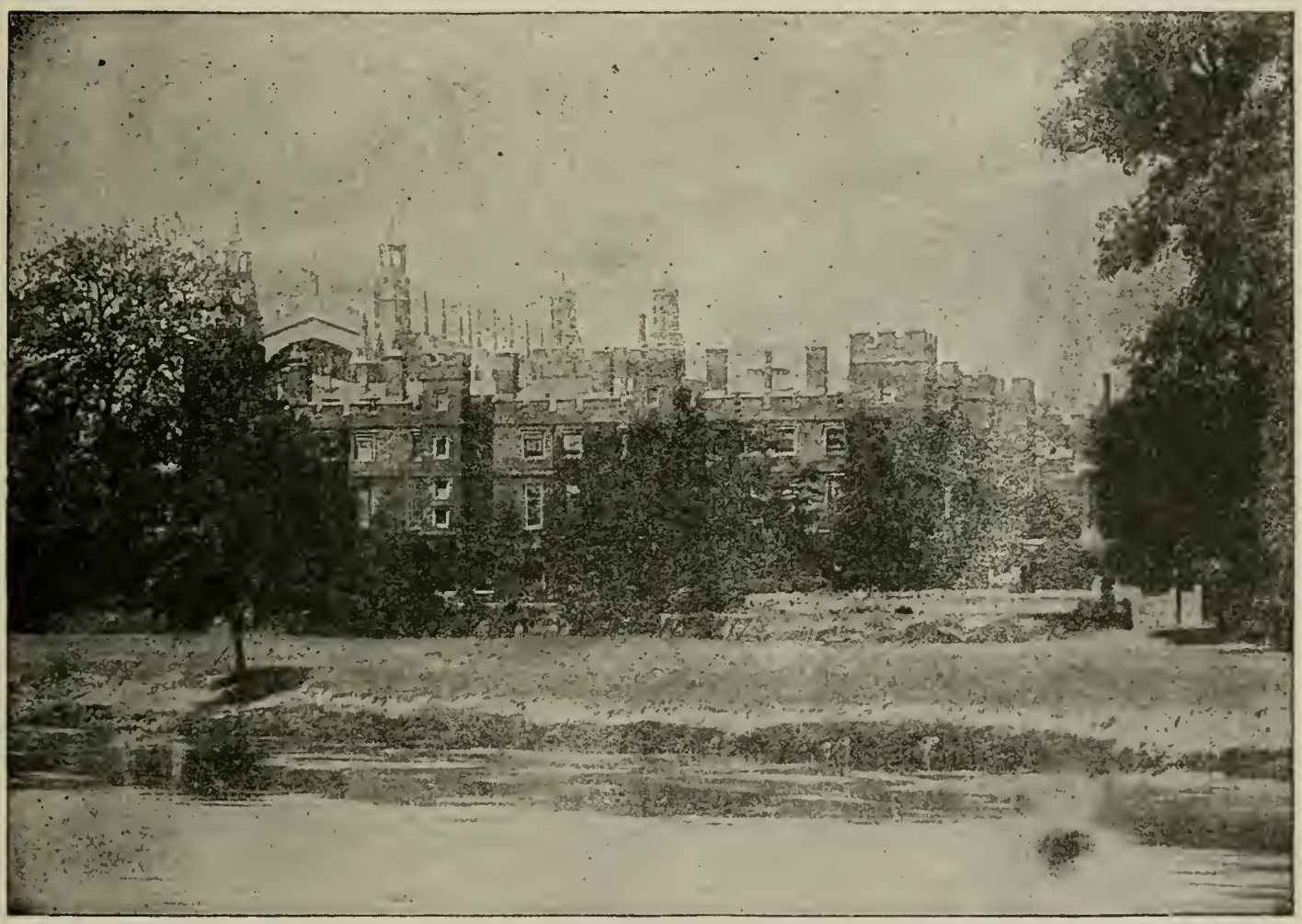
His wife, the mother of William, was a woman of many accomplishments. She is said to have been a descendant of Robert Bruce of Scotland.

GLADSTONE SERVING THE UPPER FORM BOYS AT ETON.

Four sons and two daughters came into the Gladstone home. One son besides William became a member of Parliament, and an-

other was at one time mayor of Liverpool. The daughters died young. William outlived all the others many years.

The father seems to have known how to whet his children's minds for knowledge. No question was ever looked upon as settled until it had been well discussed and the boys put on their mettle in the debate. It was here when a very young lad that William Gladstone began his career as an orator.



ETON COLLEGE.

For a short time he attended a private school near Liverpool. When he was eleven years old, the great world began to open to him through the gates of Eton, a quaint old school for boys, which was founded in the fifteenth century by King Henry VI. Eton is twenty-two miles southwest of London and just across the Thames from Windsor Castle. It is one of the most interesting places in all England. The chapel is very beautiful. A great many distinguished

men began their education here, and many now famous names are carved with jack-knives on the desks and walls—among them that of Gladstone.

There he became acquainted with the curious custom of fagging, which in all the great English schools has come down from a time so long ago that no one knows how it began. Its main feature is that the lower class, or lower form boys, as they are called there, shall wait upon the upper form boys, cooking their breakfasts, brushing their clothes and doing everything which the upper boys would have to do for themselves if they had no one to take the place of a servant. The wealthiest boys in the kingdom are educated at these schools and take the part of fags like the others. A grandson of Queen Victoria is now at Eton and blacks the boots of his superior as cheerfully as if he had always been accustomed to such service.

William Gladstone was called the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton, and the description must have been a true one, for a recent writer who has known him well for many years says he was the handsomest old man that ever went to Eton or anywhere else.

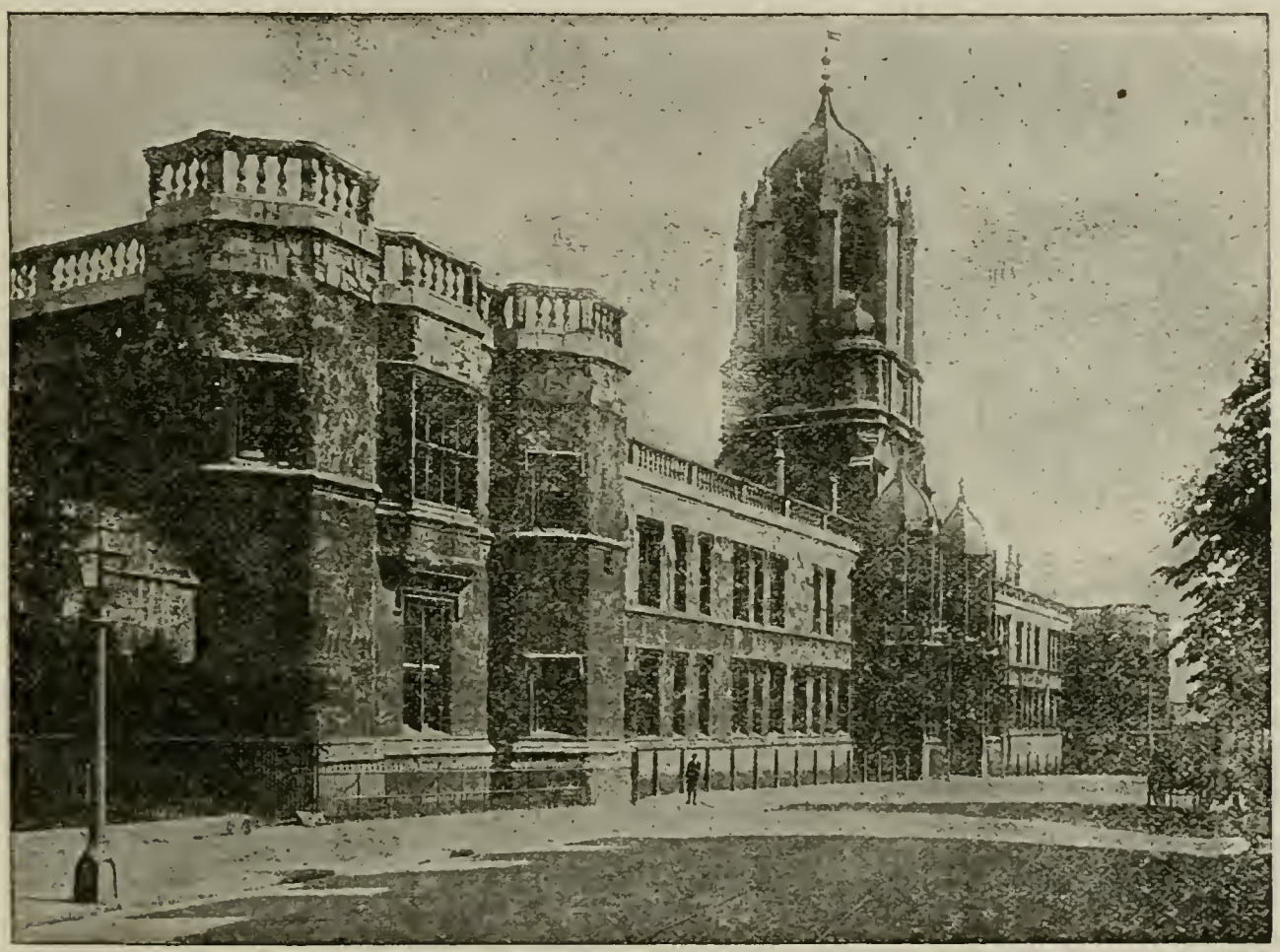
He is not remembered by his Eton mates as having been a great athlete in those days. He cared little for games, but was fond of rowing and walking. He preferred such studies as history and languages to mathematics and science. He took a prominent part in the debates of the Eton society and edited the Eton "Miscellany." Here is one stanza of a poem which he wrote in Eton days to the memory of Wat Tyler, a labor agitator of the time of Richard II.:

> "Shade of him whose valiant tongue
> On high the song of freedom sung!
> Shade of him whose mighty soul
> Would pay no taxes on his poll!"

He wrote some creditable Latin verses, a long poem on Richard Cœur de Lion, and a paper on "Eloquence," in which occurred the following almost prophetic words: "A successful *début*, an offer from the minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look." The future was already stirring in the young man's heart.

After leaving Eton he studied for some time with a private tutor and entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1829.

Oxford is one of the two great universities of England, Cambridge being the other one. It is very old and it has been said that one of its colleges was built by King Alfred. That, however, is only a tradition. Many curious old customs are still kept up here, as at Eton. One is that of bringing in the boar's head on a platter at Christmas time, while the old noels, or Christmas carols, are sung..

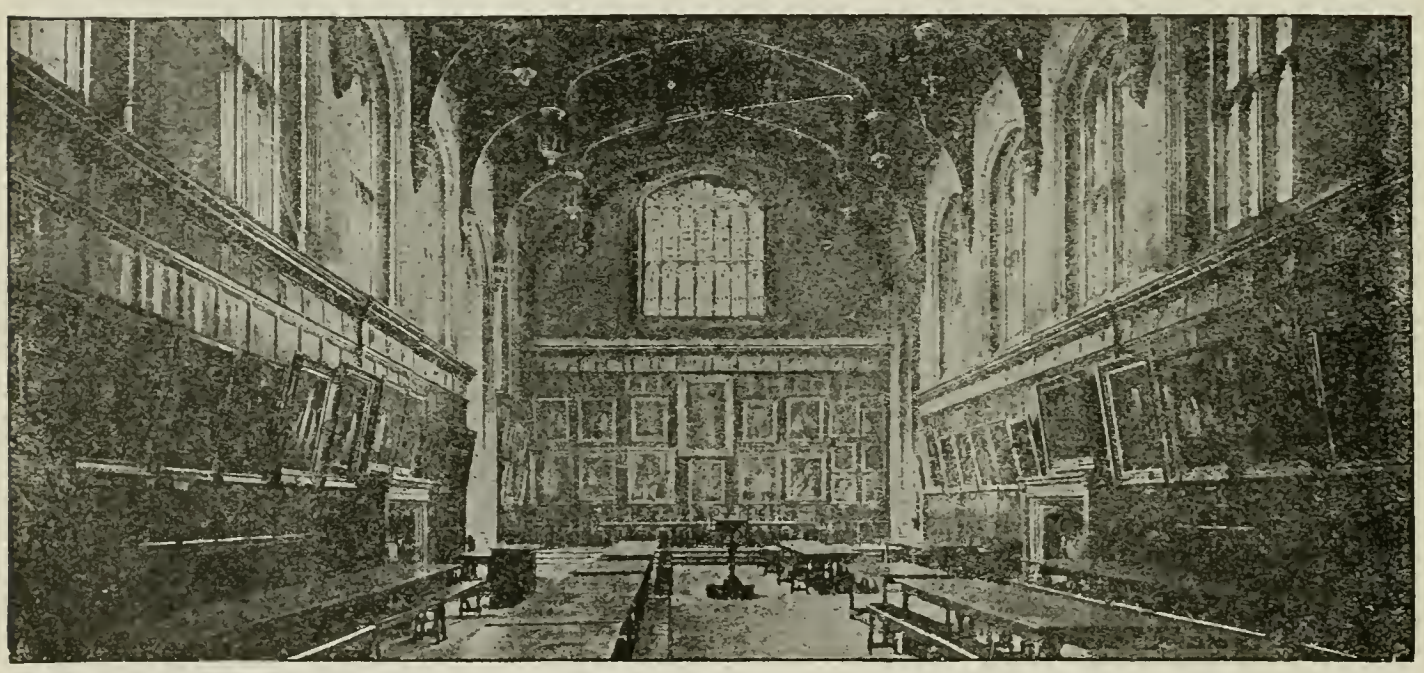


CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE—OXFORD.

Young Gladstone soon took high rank in Oxford. He took plenty of recreation, mingled freely in the social life of the students, and spent more time in athletics than he had in Eton. But during his study hours his door was locked and no one ever saw him. The future was calling him for great matters and he was beating out the answer in the silence of his chamber.

He became Secretary and afterwards President of the Union Debating Society. Some one has said that the members of this club

were conceited enough to think that the Prime Minister was watching them for members of the Cabinet. It would not have been great presumption on the part of the young men if they had believed so, for, during the century, Christ Church College alone has given eight Prime Ministers to England, including Gladstone himself. Young Gladstone must have already begun to give promise of the greatness within him, for Bishop Wordsworth declared that he knew Gladstone would be Prime Minister when he heard him deliver his maiden speech in the Union Debating Society, though it is perhaps a little unfortunate for the Bishop's reputation as a seer that he did not make his prophecy public until after it was fulfilled.



DINING HALL—CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Not content with such societies as were already existing, and longing, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer, Gladstone established a society of his own, which used to meet regularly in the rooms of the students. It was at first named the Oxford Essay Club, but in time it adopted the initials of its founder and became the Weg.

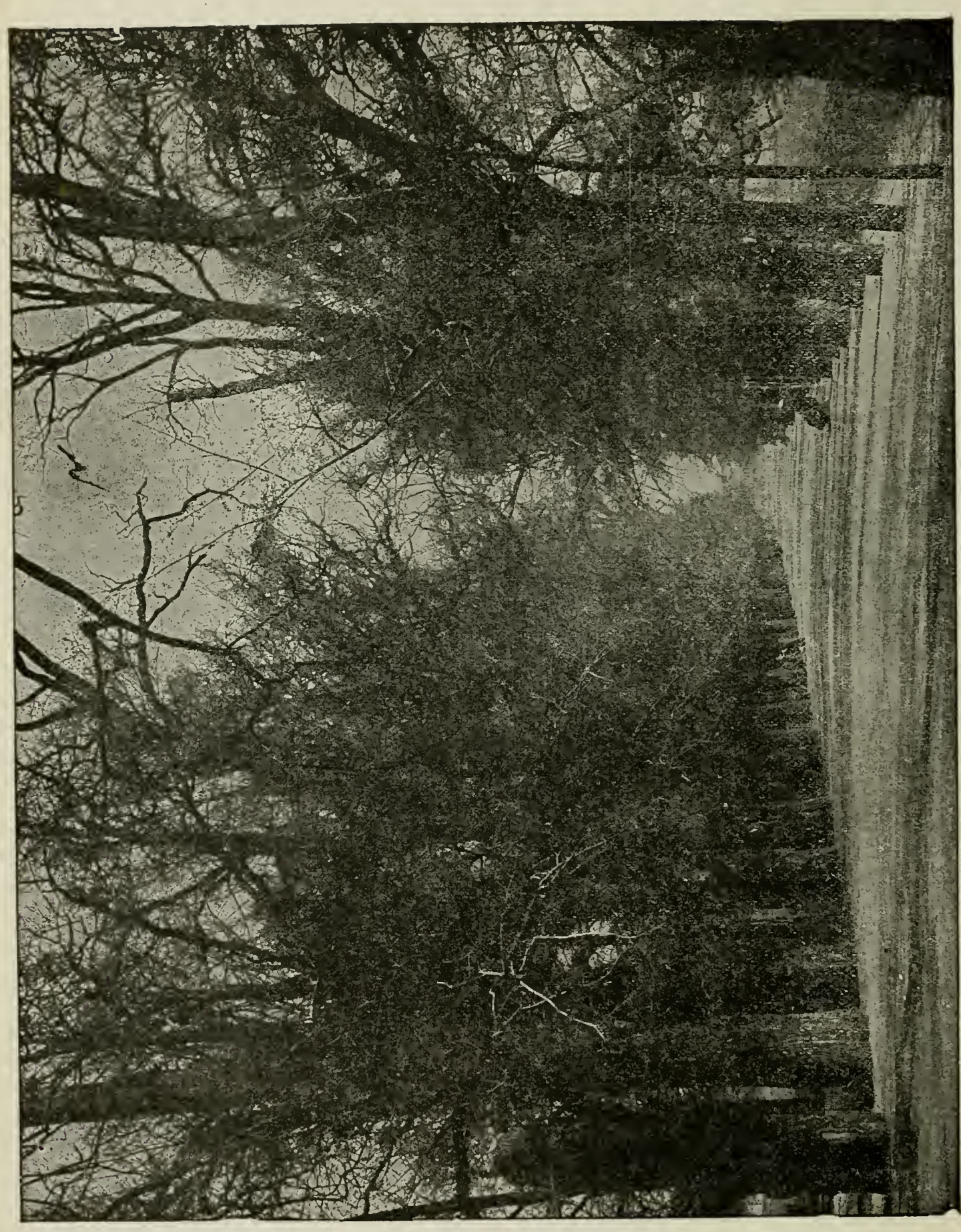
It would be interesting if we could find out just what influence Oxford had on this young man. This old university was then, and is to-day a little old-fashioned in its ideas. It thinks the old-time people, from Aristotle down to King James, knew pretty much all

that was worth knowing, and that all that has been found out since is of comparatively small consequence.

Now there is a great deal of good in this spirit that preserves the wisdom of the past. Our forefathers did know a great deal that it is very well for us to hold fast to. And Oxford has often shown a splendid loyalty to the kings of Great Britain and has been magnificently faithful to the Church of England. This is good, but there is always danger of standing still or even of going backwards, like the cray-fish, if you once make up your mind that the old institutions are as good as they can be made. The Stuart kings, and even some of the kings of the House of Hanover, to which Queen Victoria belongs, have made some mistakes in governing. They believed in the "divine right of kings" to rule the people in their own way, and they thought that all the people should have to do with the government was to be governed by it and say nothing. The professors and students of Oxford have usually stood for the "divine right of kings," and have generally thought that nothing in the Church of England could be improved, from an article of the creed to the pattern of a Bishop's gown. Now if everybody had always believed that the old things were as good as they could be made, and the old ways as good as could be found out, we should still be living in caves with the cave bear, like our far-away ancestors of some thousands of years ago; and the caves would have no electric lighting, or hot and cold water connections, or steam heating, or anything that we in these days think comfortable.

The spirit of Cambridge is somewhat different. The faculty there have more often stood for the rights of the people against the kings, and perhaps a little more often for the people's privilege to think for themselves in matters of religion. But there is no danger that even Cambridge will turn the world upside down with new notions.

In England the party which supported the king against the people whenever there were differences between them, has for many years been called the Tory party; while those who stood for the claims of the people have been called the Whigs. At the present day the Tories are usually called Conservatives, and the Whigs are called Liberals. I have taken some time to explain the use of these



BROAD WALK IN GARDENS OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE—OXFORD.

terms because we come across them often in reading the later life of Gladstone.

The color worn by the members of Oxford University is dark blue, while the Cambridge color is light blue. Now if you were watching a boat race on the Thames between the Oxford and Cambridge crews, and if I were to tell you that everybody whom you saw wearing the Oxford dark blue was a Tory in political matters, or a Conservative, as we say now, and that they also belonged to the English church, while every one wearing the light blue was a Whig, or Liberal, and believed that the state and the church ought to be independent of each other, I should not be telling you the truth; and it would be a very shameful business, for a great many Oxford people are Liberals and a great many Cambridge people are Conservatives. But it would be considerably truer than if I were to say just the opposite.

Now this Conservative or pre-servative spirit as we might call it, in Oxford as elsewhere, while it often acted to preserve the best things, was sometimes concerned to preserve things not so good. When William Gladstone was in college, slaves were still held in the British colonies. The Tory element, which we have seen prevailed in Oxford, did not indeed believe that human slavery was right, but it thought the time had not yet come for freeing the slaves, and there was an old law still on the statute books which forbade either Catholics or Jews to sit in Parliament. The Whigs were trying to do away with these unjust laws. The Tories upheld them. We scarcely need to be told that Oxford stood by the old laws. As yet young Gladstone showed no tendencies to disagree with his Oxford training. He made speeches in college on all these questions and always on the Conservative side. Says Justin McCarthy, one of his latest biographers, "His mind would appear to have been a sort of mirror of the general mind of Oxford—a veneration for the past, a love of tradition, a romantic sentiment of reverence for the ancient institutions of the country, and yet a mind open to see the inevitable tendencies of the future."

Many years later, looking back upon his youthful attitude towards these great questions, Mr. Gladstone said: "I trace in the education of Oxford of my own time one great defect. Perhaps it

was my fault; but I must admit that I did not learn, when at Oxford, that which I have learned since, namely, to set a due value on the imperishable principles of human liberty . . . . I can only assure you, gentlemen, that now I am in front of extended popular privileges, I have no fear of those enlargements of the constitution that seem to be approaching. On the contrary, I hail them with desire."

He was destined before many years to throw all the weight of his splendid intellect and all the force of his giant character into the other side of the scale.

He graduated with the highest honors in 1831 and went to Italy, expecting to spend some time in study and travel, but was called back in the course of a few months at the invitation of the Duke of Newcastle, to become a candidate for the House of Commons.

In England the election of members is managed quite differently from the way it is done in our Congressional elections. In the first place, a candidate need not be elected by the district in which he happens to live, but may be sent by any community that is entitled to a member by law. I am speaking of the lower House, or House of Commons. The upper House of Parliament is of course filled by Lords and Bishops, whose office is either inherited or subject to appointment by the queen or prime minister. And in the days of which I am writing, the people of the borough, as a town entitled to a representative was called, had in many places scarcely any claim to elect the members themselves. Often all or nearly all the land in a borough would be owned by one man or family, who generally claimed the right to require his tenants to vote as he wished. This often left the election of a candidate practically in the hands of one man. Such boroughs were called pocket boroughs. Before 1832, also, there had been "rotten boroughs," as they were called, where the population was so small that they were not rightfully entitled to representation. An instance of this was Old Sarum, which had not a house in its borders, but sent two representatives to Parliament every year, while Birmingham, a large and industrious city, had no representative at all.

The Reform Bill of 1832 did much to remedy these evils, and consequently a great many Liberals were chosen for the Parliament

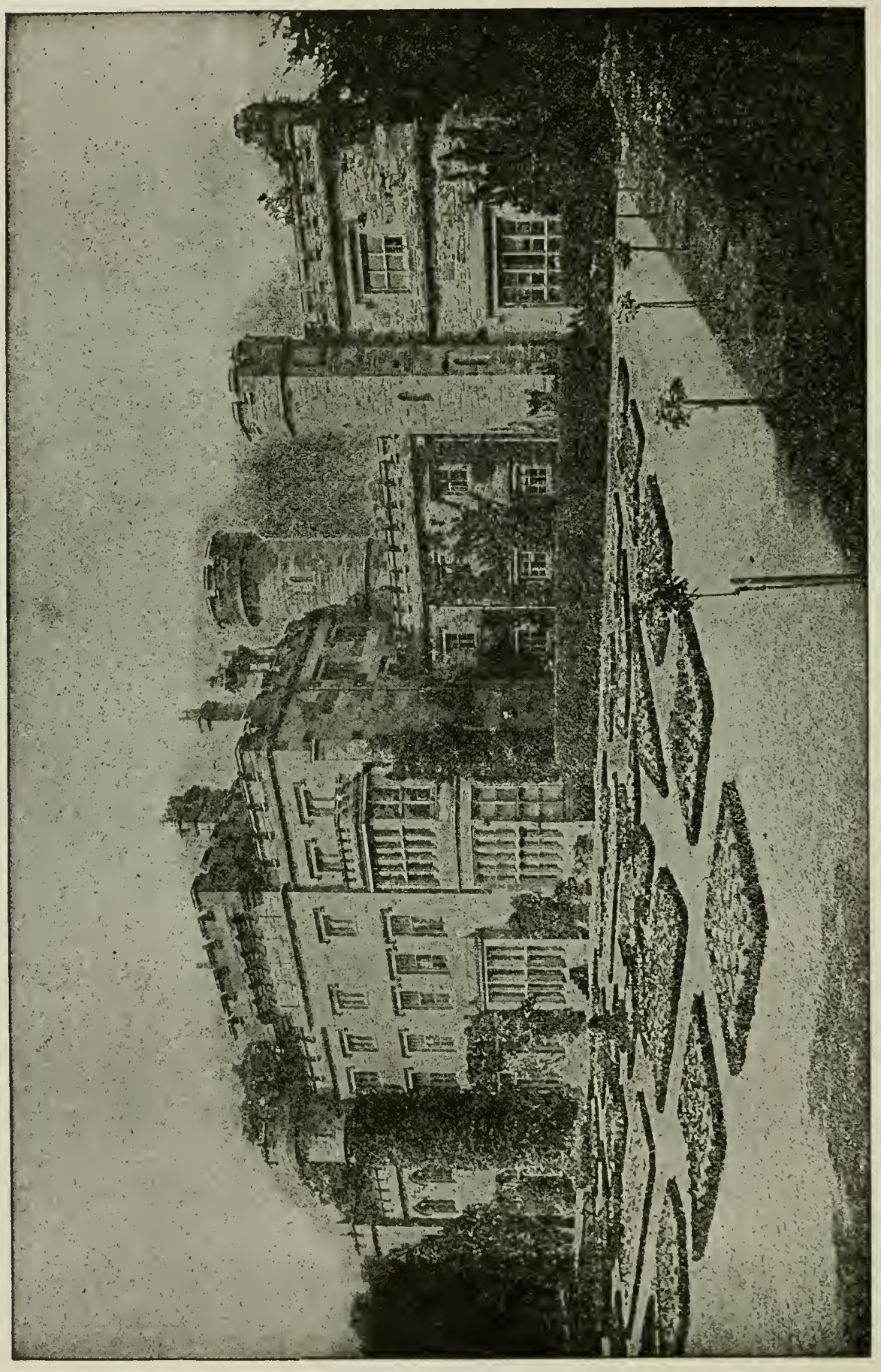
of 1833. It was called the Reformed Parliament, and was the first in which William Gladstone sat.

In the Duke of Newcastle's borough he openly claimed the right to control the votes of his tenants. "Have I not a right to do what I like with my own?" he asked. And it is an open secret that he chose Gladstone for the position because he believed the young man from Oxford was "against any and every reform." His son had been a college mate of Gladstone's and had heard him make a speech which gave that impression. It sounds very strange to us, who have thought of him as the leader in all great reforms in England for many years.

At the time of taking his seat in the first Parliament, Gladstone was a handsome young man of twenty-four, with a fine physique, a pale face, splendid eyes, and hair black as night; and he grew handsomer as the years went on. Says Mr. Justin McCarthy, who knew him intimately for many years: "I do not believe I ever saw a more magnificent human face than that of Mr. Gladstone after he had grown old. Of course the eyes were always superb. Many a stranger, looking at Gladstone for the first time, saw the eyes and only the eyes, and could think for the moment of nothing else. Age never dimmed the fire of those eyes."

There were several names in that first Parliament that have since become renowned names of history. Among these were Sir Robert Peel, Lord Macaulay, now so famous in literature, Grote, the historian of Greece, and, last but not least, the great Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, for whom Gladstone soon formed a strong and lifelong attachment.

Gladstone was for many years a consistent follower of that Tory policy which he had inherited from his beloved Oxford. His father owned property and held slaves in the West Indies. He made a speech in which he defended his father's course in regard to slavery. He believed in emancipation, but thought it should be gradual and that the slaves should be educated before being freed. He said: "Let fitness be made a condition for emancipation; and let us strive to bring him to that fitness by the shortest possible course." He did not then see that the best and oftentimes the only preparation for freedom is freedom itself.



HAWARDEN CASTLE—THE HOME OF GLADSTONE.

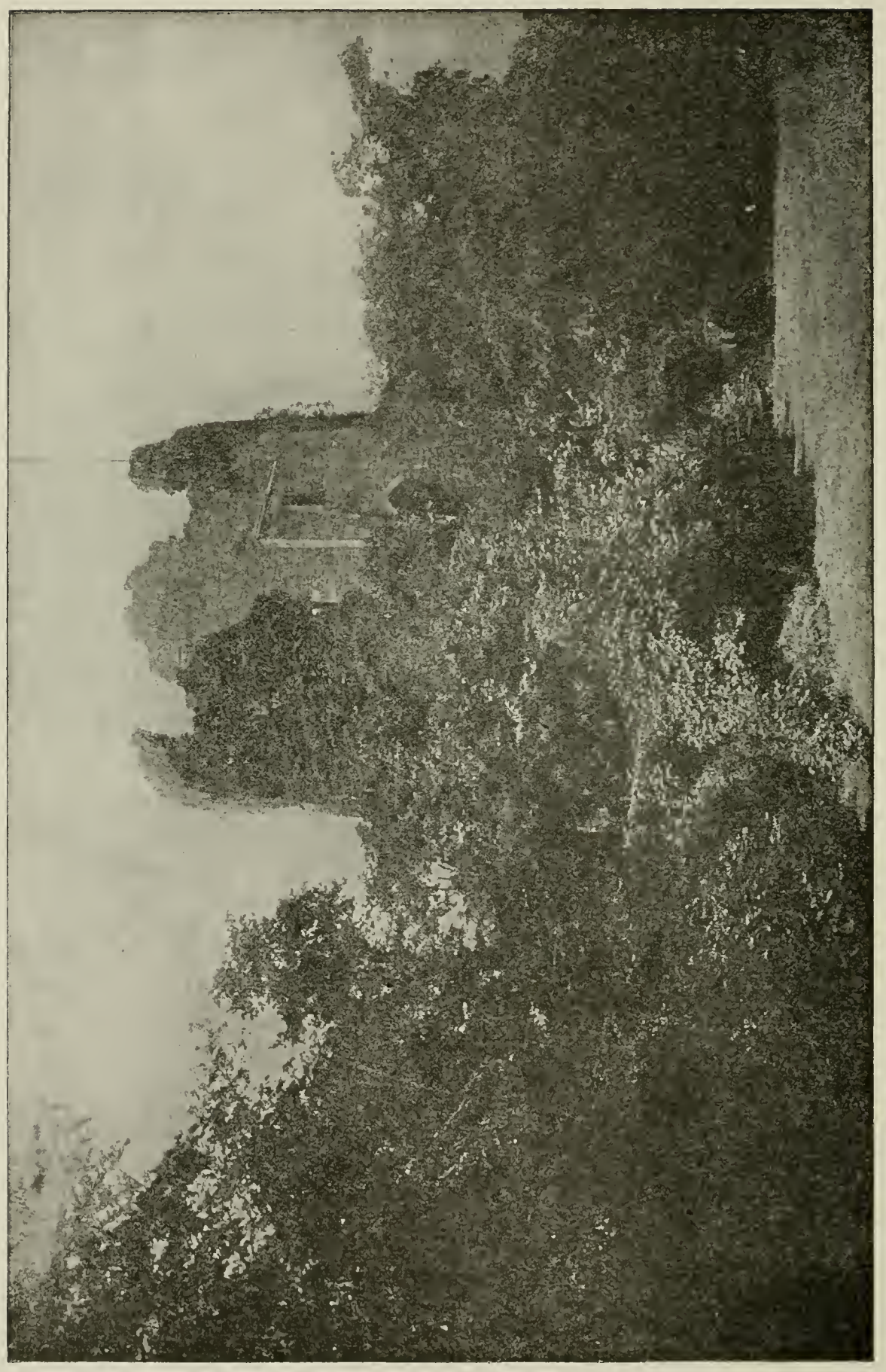
Fortunately, there were those who saw farther; and this same Parliament, through the efforts of Wilberforce and certain others, passed a bill for immediate emancipation and appropriated twenty million pounds to pay the slave owners for their property. It seems a pity that Gladstone had not a nobler part in this.

On another of the great questions of the day he took at this time the side that was opposed to liberty. This was the Irish church question. The great majority of the Irish people were Catholic, then as now. Yet the English Parliament maintained a Protestant church in that island and levied taxes to support it. This compelled the Catholic majority to support a church which they hated. The law was not changed until 1869, giving Mr. Gladstone time to change his mind and vote on the side of religious freedom. He was never ashamed or afraid to change sides when he found that he had been in the wrong.

About the time he entered Parliament he began to study law. This he continued for six years, and then gave up the desire to practice at the bar. But his legal training was not lost. It helped to clear his mind for those great political questions with which he was to grapple for so many years.

In 1834 Gladstone was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, and the next year he became Under-Secretary for the colonies. In 1838 he published his first book, "The State in its Relations with the Church." This made him many admirers and some enemies.

The same year he made a second visit to Italy. While in Rome he met Miss Catherine Glynne, who was spending the winter there with her sister Mary and her mother, Lady Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Wales. The sisters were charming girls and were known as "the handsome Miss Glynnes." He had known them before in Wales, and his friendship for Catherine now made rapid progress. They became engaged, and were married the next year. Since that time Hawarden Castle has been his home whenever his exacting political life has allowed him to escape from London. The old Hawarden Castle is now a picturesque ruin, covered with ivy. It was used as a fort in the wars of the Saxons and Danes. The present castle is a handsome structure built of gray stone. "Everything is old-fashioned, quiet and comfortable," says a writer in a



THE OLD CASTLE AT HAWARDEN.

London paper. "Nothing could be simpler than Mrs. Gladstone's own living-room, bright and sunny, yellow-walled, flower-scented, with an outlook from its wide windows upon the lawn. . . . Bright beds of flowers, scarlet, blue, and gold, sparkle in the sun against lawns of grass; and trees of all greens stand round, from the lightest of green leaves to somber hollies."

He had a fine library of about fifteen thousand volumes. His study he called the Temple of Peace, because it was always devoted to quiet. He was a close student as long as he lived and read easily in several languages. In the room next to the study were two pianos and an organ. Mr. Gladstone was fond of music and played the piano well.

Until a very few years ago, a favorite recreation with this strong-limbed statesman was that of chopping down such trees in Hawarden Park as were beginning to decay and needed removal.

He was now fast becoming prominent in public life. He began to fill high offices under the government. During these years he was slowly changing his views from Tory to Whig, or from Conservative to Liberal. And he changed his actions just as fast as he changed his mind. On one occasion he resigned a high place in the Cabinet because he was not sure he agreed with the Prime Minister in regard to a certain bill whose principles he had been in the habit of opposing. A few months later he voted and made speeches in favor of the bill.

He developed a wonderful talent for finances. Addresses on money-matters are usually considered dry, but Gladstone knew how to make them so attractive that people would listen spell-bound to his financial speeches, even when they lasted for hours. From this time on his position as that of one of the great leaders of thought in England was assured.

The famous "corn laws" laid heavy taxes on grains, and so raised the price of bread-stuffs, causing great suffering among the English poor. Gladstone had been a defender of these taxes, but when he saw the evil they were producing, he turned squarely around and threw his influence against them. They were done away with largely through Gladstone's efforts.

He was always the friend of peace. He opposed the Crimean

war, but unsuccessfully. He was sent as commissioner to the Ionian Islands, whose inhabitants at that time wished to be united with Greece. He was successful in bringing this union about. His thorough knowledge of the Greek language, history and literature made him well fitted for this mission. About this time he published his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," and in 1861 a volume of translations from the Greek.

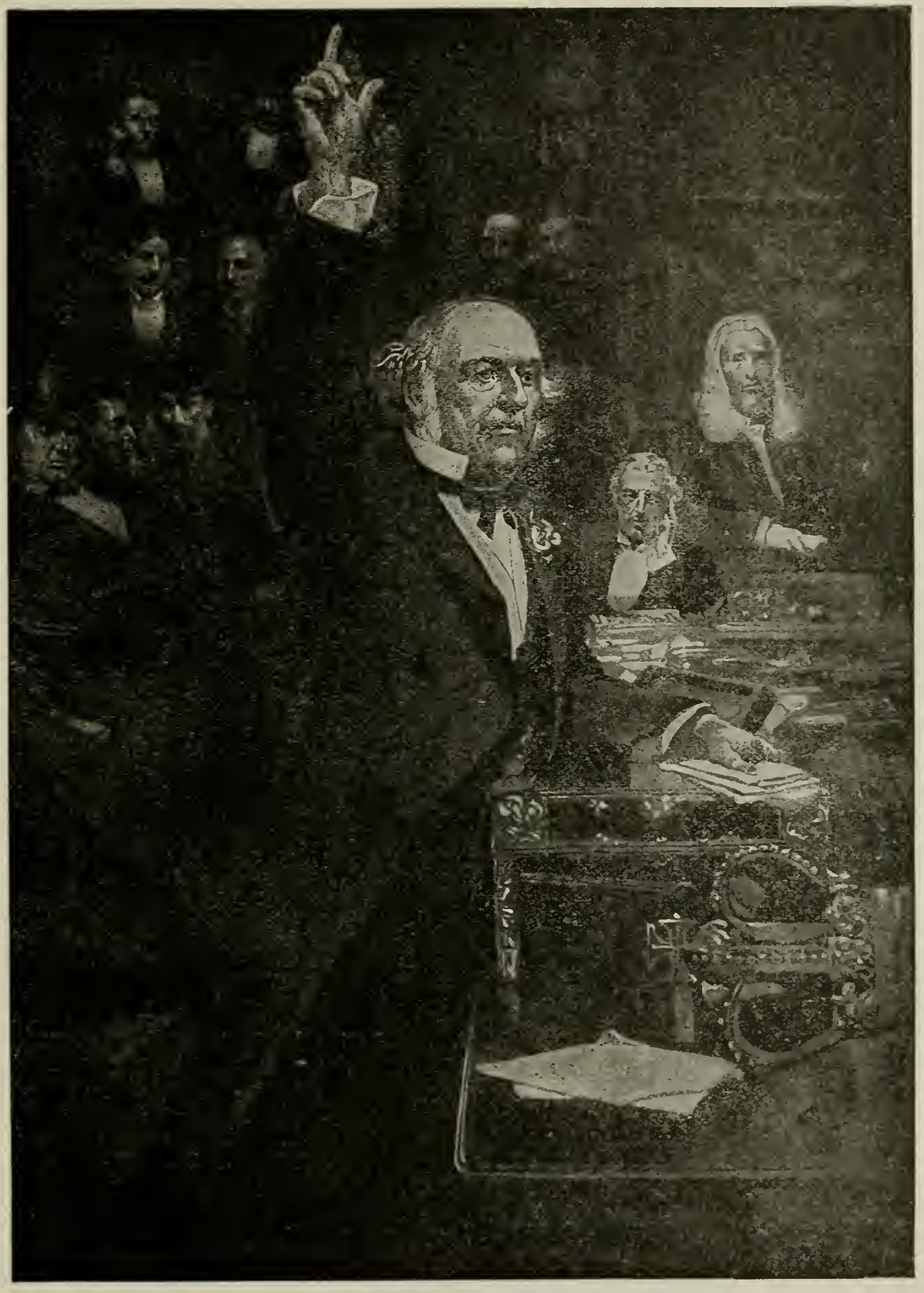
During our Civil War, Mr. Gladstone sympathized with the Southern people and predicted their success, but a few years later he candidly admitted his mistake. "I must confess," he said, "that I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion, yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then where they had long before been, where they are now,—with the whole American people." Perhaps there is not another example in history of a man who learned so much by living as Gladstone. His mind was always open to the truth, and he was always ready to take the next step forward.

By the year 1865 he had become too liberal in his opinions to please his University of Oxford. He was defeated in the election, but was soon returned to Parliament from another borough.

In 1866 he introduced the Reform Bill, whose purpose was to give the right of voting to thousands of the inhabitants of Great Britain who were then deprived of that privilege. It was carried in 1867.

In 1869 Mr. Gladstone was made Prime Minister, thus receiving the highest office in the gift of the English people. That office he filled at four different times. He was once offered a baronetcy by the queen, but this he refused. His fame is safer with the people than any titles can make it. The name of Gladstone will need no ornamental attachment to make it long remembered as one of the noblest of the nineteenth century.

In 1870 he introduced the Irish Land Act into Parliament. Nearly all the land in Ireland was owned by a few wealthy Englishmen and was occupied and tilled by poor Irish tenants who were often turned out of their hovels to die by the roadside if unable to pay the high rents which were required. The purpose of this Land Act of Mr. Gladstone's was to lower the rent and improve the



GLADSTONE INTRODUCING THE HOME RULE BILL.

condition of the tenants. It was opposed fiercely, but was finally passed. In 1881 he brought in another Land Bill, which was intended still further to extend the rights of the Irish tenants, and it, too, was passed. It was in the debate on this bill that he used the characteristic words: "It is said that we have failed in Ireland. I do not admit failure. I admit success to be incomplete."

That spirit was one of the secrets of his marvelous success. He never admitted failure. He believed so much in the right that he could never doubt its final triumph. That faith gave him courage to work when others would have given up in despair.

In 1886 he brought in his now famous Home Rule Bill for giving Ireland a Parliament of its own and the right to govern itself. The bill was voted down, but Mr. Gladstone never ceased so long as he lived to work for the emancipation of poor suffering Ireland.

We must remember that he began by opposing Irish freedom on the ground that England knew better what was good for the Irish than they did themselves. He ended by asking from the English government all that any reasonable Irishman could think of asking. He was always moving on.

In 1870 he favored the settlement of the Alabama claims by a peace commission and the payment of a large sum of money by Great Britain to this country to settle the difficulties without war. He was accused by some of wanting "peace at any price," and made many enemies at the time. He could afford to make enemies in such a cause, for he knew that time would set him right with the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding in 1889, when Mr. Gladstone was eighty years of age. Their domestic life was a singularly happy one. They had eight children, four sons and four daughters. Two of the sons have been members of Parliament, and one of the daughters, Miss Helen Gladstone, is one of the vice-principals of Newnham college, and is prominent in many movements to secure opportunities for the higher education of women.

Mr. Gladstone retired from Parliament in 1894 and gave the remainder of his life mainly to literary pursuits. His sympathy for the Armenians during the Turkish outrages of 1895 and 6 called forth from his pen a vigorous and eloquent outburst, which proved that the old fire still burned on. Until a few months before his death his

health was remarkably vigorous for one of his age. He preserved his useful and honorable life to a good old age by means of his regular and temperate habits, his vigorous exercise, and, above all, by that healthful mental activity which characterized every period of his life.

GLADSTONE AND GRANDCHILD.

Mr. Gladstone died quietly and painlessly, surrounded by his family, on the morning of May 19, 1898. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with many of England's greatest dead. His death brought messages of sympathy from many lands and the newspapers of many countries and languages united in doing honor to the man who was for so many years the stanch and wise friend of the oppressed of all nations.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

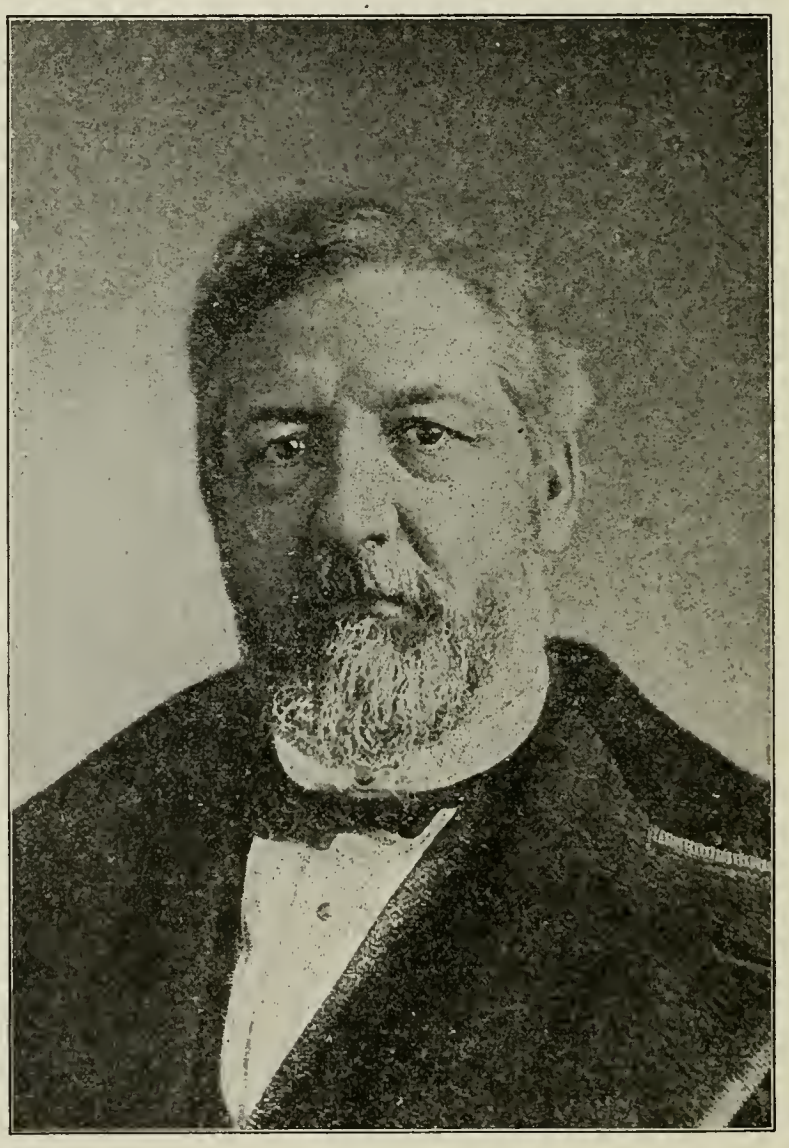
THE MAGNETIC STATESMAN

Said regarding James A. Garfield:

"Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

—*James G. Blaine.*

WHEN for over a quarter of a century a man holds a front rank among the active statesmen of his day, he may well be enrolled among the Leaders. Such a man was James Gillespie Blaine. He came of ancestors who on both sides, and for many generations, showed the noblest qualities. They were residents of Pennsylvania, the Gillespies, his mother's family, being large landowners in the southwestern section of the State, and the Blaines residing near Carlisle, in Cumberland county. Mr. Blaine's paternal grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary struggle, and was an intimate and valued friend of Washington. His patriotism, integrity, fearlessness and prudence made him an ideal leader. He won the unswerving loyalty of his men by these qualities. From his own purse Colonel Blaine contributed to supply necessi-



JAMES G. BLAINE.

ties to the suffering troops at Valley Forge, and to this timely help Washington was wont to attribute the preservation of his men in that terrible crisis.

The great statesman was born at Indian Hill Farm, Washington county, Pennsylvania, opposite Brownsville, on the Monongahela river. The old stone house in which he first saw the light still stands, though in a sad state of dilapidation. It is an old relic of the days before the Revolution, having been built by Mr. Blaine's great-grandfather. Here, on January 31, 1830, the subject of this sketch was born. He was one of eight children, and indeed the only one of them whose record has become conspicuous. At six years of age his schooling began in a little red school-house a mile away from his home. Two of his early teachers, of whom he cherishes the kindest memories, survived to see their former pupil reach the zenith of his fame. Farming, boating, horseback-riding and attending school were his chief employments. He was a voracious reader, and had a prodigious memory which he taxed freely, but he grew up a sturdy, active, courageous lad. When eleven years of age his intellectual opportunities were greatly enlarged by his removal to Lancaster, Ohio, where he made his home with the Hon. Thomas Ewing, a relative of the family, and then Secretary of the Treasury. After two years at Mr. Ewing's he returned home and entered Washington College, at Washington, Pennsylvania. An old college mate gives this testimony concerning Mr. Blaine:

"To the new boys and young freshmen Blaine was always a hero. To them he was uniformly kind, ever ready to assist and advise them, and to make smooth and pleasant their initiation into college life. His handsome person and neat attire; his ready sympathy and prompt assistance; his frank, generous nature, and his brave, manly bearing, made him the best-known, the best-loved and the most popular boy at college. He was the arbiter among younger boys in all their disputes, and the authority with those of his own age on all questions. He was always for the 'under dog in the fight.' Like most college boys, he had his sobriquet. Owing to the fact that he was possessed of a somewhat prominent, though shapely, proboscis, he received the appellation of 'Nosey Blaine,' which clung to him through the entire college life. His was one of those noses that would have been the pride and admiration of Napoleon I., and would doubtless have ranked high and gained great glory among the other prominent noses, whose owners were selected by Napoleon to form the shining ranks of his favorite generals, as a prominent nose was considered by him a certain indication of genius and courage. After the usual term at college he graduated with distinguished

honor, and carried with him into the world the enduring affection of all those who knew him and with whom he had been associated in his alma mater."

Mr. Blaine graduated when a little over seventeen years of age. His class numbered thirty-three, and as they were young men who were there to work their own way, they were studious and attentive to duty, each being ambitious to excel. Mr. Blaine selected for his graduating oration this theme, "The Duty of an Educated American." Judged in the light of to-day, the oration displays a far-seeing judgment, which foreshadowed the statesman of maturer years. In those days the young college graduate did not lounge about home, a village beau, smoking cigarettes and devoting most of his time to his hair—at least Blaine did not. He struck out at once to seek his fortune. Soon after he married Miss Harriet Stanwood, a young lady who belonged to one of the old families of Maine, and in 1853 Mr. Blaine removed to that State, and located at Augusta, his wife's birthplace. Here he purchased a half interest in the Kennebec Journal, and his natural bent for the career of journalism, which had before been displayed only in occasional articles, showed itself in full force. It led him thenceforward to discard the profession of teaching, upon which he had entered with much promise, and also the practice of law, for which he had made some preparation, and in which he had abundant reason to feel assured of success. He was eminently studious and efficient in his editorial vocation and quickly made the Journal a thoroughly live and aggressive paper. Five years later, in 1858, he was elected to the Legislature, where he at once took high rank as an organizer, parliamentarian and leader. He finally was persuaded to accept the editorship of the Portland Advertiser, though still continuing his residence at Augusta.

Mr. Blaine entered the Legislature of Maine in those exciting days just previous to the war—those days that taxed men to their utmost tension. During his incumbency he was twice elected Speaker of the lower House, and served on several of its most important committees, but whether in the chair, on the floor, or in the committee-room, he was ever a hard worker and valuable man. It was but natural that one so capable as he should be advanced to higher position. Accordingly, in 1862, he entered the wider field of the Federal Congress. Strong men were gathering in those halls of legislation then. The nation was sending her best men, as the stress and strain of the civil war were trying every timber of the ship of state. Mr. Blaine therefore found himself in a conclave of giants; but he was at home even among them; his genius was fully equal to the demands. During his first term in Congress he seemed intent on mastering all the details of congressional procedure. He seldom spoke, but was always in his place and always voted on the right side and for the saving of the national life. When elected again, to the Thirty-

ninth Congress, he laid aside his former reserve, plunging actively into affairs, and before the end of his next term, in the Fortieth Congress, he was "the plumed knight," the acknowledged leader of the majority in the House. The Forty-first Congress chose him as its Speaker, and for six consecutive years he held this important position, not being absent from his post a single day, which strikingly illustrates his wonderful perfection of physical and mental vigor.

In 1876, when President Grant's second term was approaching its close, Mr. Blaine was a prominent candidate for the Presidency. His friends led the ballotings largely, but when it became evident that they could not command the necessary majority to secure his nomination, they combined on Mr. Hayes, who thereupon received the nomination. When the Cabinet positions in the new administration were assigned, Senator Morrill, of Maine, was made Secretary of the Treasury, whereupon Mr. Blaine was appointed to the vacant Senatorship of that State. The lower House was in many respects better suited to Mr. Blaine's special genius than the Senate. He excelled with masses of men. His traditional "magnetism" fired them and molded them to his will. The Senate is more stately in its movements. It is too frigid and formal to be kindled readily, and yet Mr. Blaine soon became an immense power in that grander sphere, and there he did some of his most splendid work. In 1880 his name was again presented for the Presidential nomination by his numerous and unwavering friends. But he had enemies as stanch as his friends, and again a compromise was necessitated. Mr. Garfield became the choice of this convention and was elected triumphantly. Upon his inauguration, Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State. Affairs were rapidly coming into most satisfactory shape under his molding hand, despite serious party oppositions, when, on July 2, 1881, the President was shot down by a murderous assassin, and, after three months of agony, death closed this administration, and Mr. Blaine retired to private life.

In 1884 Mr. Blaine's friends again rallied for his nomination, this time with success. But opposition, which could not prevail in the convention, did prevail at the polls, and by a very small majority New York went for her own son, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Blaine, by the loss of her electoral vote, was defeated. He then went abroad, and was everywhere received with the consideration due to America's foremost citizen. On all sides he was honored, and his views on social and political topics were eagerly sought by the councillors of other nations. With love and tenacity undying his friends again insisted on his nomination in the convention to assemble in 1888. But all official steps were forestalled by an open letter from Mr. Blaine in which in

most distinct terms he refused to be considered at all in the Presidential convention. But even this did not suffice. Interpretations were thrust upon his language which it seemed impossible it should bear, and as the convention drew near the conviction grew that he would not decline a prompt and unanimous nomination. And so it began to look as if he would really be nominated by acclamation, but on the eve of the convention he settled this finally and emphatically by a refusal so explicit that even an enemy could not misunderstand him. So the nomination was bestowed upon General Harrison. This was highly satisfactory to Mr. Blaine, and on his return from Europe he entered heartily into the campaign, throwing his influence mainly in the doubtful States and aiding essentially in the splendid victory scored at the polls in November.

That Mr. Blaine should be recalled to the Secretaryship of State was natural and eminently proper. His fitness for that portfolio no one could doubt. He had begun so nobly, in the Garfield administration which terminated so abruptly and so painfully, that a new opportunity seemed due him. The opportunity came on the inauguration of President Harrison, and with a splendid corps of Cabinet associates Mr. Blaine took up the work he laid down on Garfield's death in 1881. In this high post no one could be more at ease and more competent.

Mr. Blaine's breadth of statesmanship by no means excluded the play of lighter qualities. His nimble wit, for example, though always kept in subjection to his more solid powers, was nevertheless one of his chief attractions. He never made the doubtful reputation of a jester, but the play of his sarcasm and repartee, keen as lightning, was only too well known by his antagonists upon the platform or on the floor of Congress. For example, reviewing Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, in a speech in the Senate one day, Mr. Blaine said: "I have read a great deal from the Senator this morning, and I will read more before I get through."

To this Senator Eaton replied: "Perhaps that will be the best part of your speech, except what you may read from Webster."

Quick as a flash Mr. Blaine retorted: "I am obliged to the Senator for the exception. It is equal to Dogberry's injunction, 'Put God first.'"

Mr. Blaine's power in the sublimest heights of eloquence found illustration in his superb oration, delivered at the request of Congress, in commemoration of President Garfield. In the presence of a peerless audience, without resort to the recognized accessories of sensational oratory, he reviewed that grand career in simple diction, with marvellous self-poise, and yet with an impressiveness that swayed his hearers as the grass is swayed by

the passing breeze. If Mr. Blaine's fame as an orator rested on this one effort, that fame were certainly assured.

Mr. Blaine was deservedly popular as an after-dinner speaker, and time immemorial this has been regarded as the crucial test of a genial, jovial, splendid soul. At one of the most distinguished gatherings of the New England Society of New York he responded to the toast, "New England Character," in which he made the following brilliant peroration:

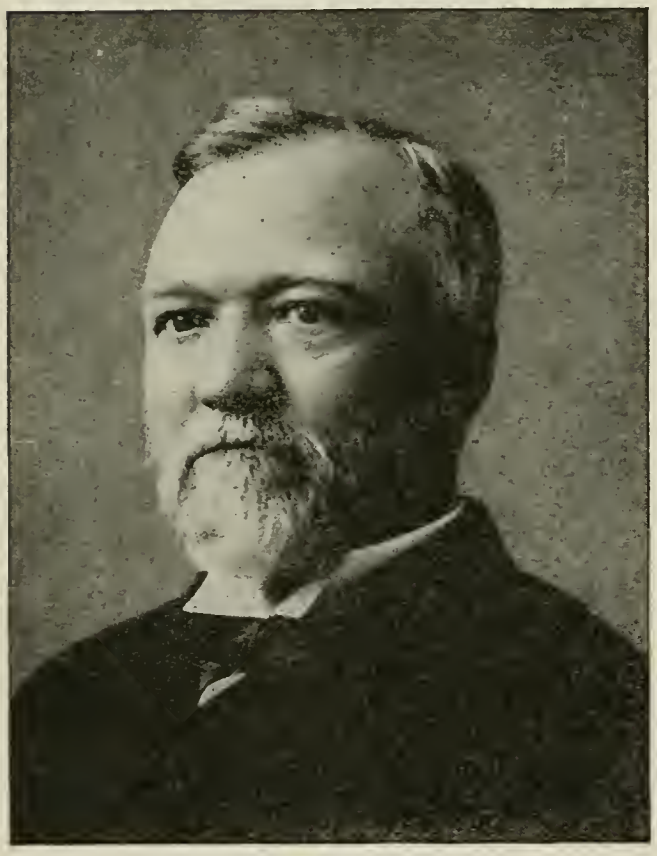
"Mr. President, I thank you very sincerely, I thank you all, gentlemen of the New England Society, more than I can express, for the cordiality of your welcome. And in this brilliant scene, in this grand and delightful meeting, in this assemblage, surrounded with everything that gives comfort and grace and elegance to social life, in this meeting, protected by law, and itself representing law, let me recall one memory always present with me on such occasions, and that is the sadness—if sadness may be protruded upon a meeting such as this—the sadness which I feel when I remember the men who, in 1620, landed on the Plymouth shore, and did not survive the first year. For of all the men engaged in great and heroic contests, those, I think, are most to be commiserated and most to be sympathized with who, making all the sacrifices and enduring all the hardships, are not permitted to enjoy any of the triumphs or the blessings. It was Quincy who died before the first shot was fired in the Revolution he did so much to create; it was Warren who died when the first shot was fired; it was Reynolds who, when rallying his corps for the doubtful and critical battle of Gettysburg, fell before he knew its fate; it was McPherson, in the great march to the sea, who lost his life before he knew the issue of that daring and almost romantic expedition. For these and all such, from Plymouth Rock to the last battle-field of the rebellion, that perished in their pride, and perished before they knew that what they were dying for should succeed, I offer, and I am sure you will join me in offering, our profound veneration, our respectful homage."

The most agreeable and brilliant year of Mr. Blaine's public life, although he was suffering from a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, was the first one of the Harrison administration. In this year he saw the meeting of the Pan-American Conference and the development of the policy of peace which he had long sought to accomplish. Mr. Blaine's physical condition, with a climax of numerous misfortunes about the same time, led to his death January 23rd, 1893. The funeral, which was a private one, although official in character, took place January 30th, within one day of his sixty-third birthday.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

PENNSYLVANIA'S IRON KING

Never think your education ended.—*Carnegie.*



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

ANDREW CARNEGIE was born at Dunfermline, Scotland, the 25th of November, 1835. When he was twelve years of age he emigrated to America and settled at Pittsburg with his parents and a younger brother. He was then almost penniless. To-day he is supposed to be worth a quarter of a billion dollars, and he wields an influence in the industrial world as great, possibly, as that of any living man. It may be said that Mr. Carnegie was exceptionally equipped for success both mentally and morally; numbering among his mental qualities shrewdness, persistence, a good memory and an intuitive insight into character, and among his moral qualities integrity, gratitude and geniality. But his phenomenal rise in life must be attributed largely to his following certain clear principles and methods. Some of these he has defined in an admirable address to the students of a commercial college at Pittsburg. These are his maxims, summarized:

"Avoid drink; avoid speculation; avoid endorsements. Aim high. For the question, 'What must I do for my employer?' substitute 'What can I do?' Begin to save early—'capitalists trust the saving young man.' Concentrate your energy, thought and capital; fight it out on one line." (The lack of concentration he considers the failing of American business men.)

To these injunctions he might well have added another, suggested by

his own career: "Never think your education ended." Prompt as he is to grasp new ideas and to test every new theory connected with his industrial enterprises, he has never ceased expanding his thoughts and widening his sympathies by varied studies. The extent to which he has "read, marked, learned and inwardly digested" good literature may be inferred from the many apt and unhackneyed quotations with which he fortifies his own views in most of his writings.

One characteristic business maxim of Mr. Carnegie, though invaluable to men endowed with judgment equal to his own, is not without danger to employés who happen to be more aspiring than shrewd. "Break orders to save owners," he advises, reversing an old conservative rule; "there never was a great character who did not sometimes smash the routine regulations and make new ones for himself. Do not hesitate to do it whenever you are sure the interests of your employer will be thereby promoted, and when you are so sure of the result that you are willing to take the responsibility. Boss your boss just as soon as you can; try it on early. Our young partners in Carnegie Brothers have won their spurs by showing that we did not know half as well what was wanted as they did. Some of them have acted upon occasion with me as if they owned the firm and I was but some airy New Yorker presuming to advise upon what I knew very little about." Mr. Carnegie himself was wise enough to see that the plan suggested was good for both employer and employé, so long as good judgment stood at the helm. Similarly, a general can well depend upon subordinates for suggestions, but the final instruction must come from the commander.

Two years after his family had settled at Pittsburg, Andrew was engaged as a messenger in the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company. He asked and was given leave to practice telegraphing in his spare moments, and, having learned to read messages by sound, was soon promoted to be an operator. About this time his father died, and Andrew became the sole support of his mother and brother. In a couple of years he had devised a scheme which enabled the Pennsylvania Railroad to improve the regulation of its traffic by means of the telegraph and to materially increase its carrying power. He now entered the service of this great railroad corporation, and before he was of age had risen to be Superintendent of the Pittsburg division. Prior to this he had judiciously invested most of his earnings in a company formed to manufacture the Woodruff sleeping car. After some other successful investments Mr. Carnegie became one of an association which gave $40,000 for the Storey farm, on Oil Creek, where they struck oil and netted over $1,000,000 in one year. His most important venture was the establishment of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, named

after an early benefactor. In addition to this the Carnegie companies comprise, or lately comprised, the Pittsburg Bessemer Steel Works, the Lucy Furnaces, the Union Iron Mills, the Union Mill, the Keystone Bridge Works, the Hartman Steel Works, the Scotia Ore Mines and the Frick Coal Company. It is to be noticed that the investments which made Mr. Carnegie a very rich man were confined to industrial enterprises whose nature and prospects he was specially qualified to understand.

To his vivid sense of the beneficent effect of education his bounteous gifts to libraries are mainly due. He rightly views a good library as a cheap university for persistent and ambitious talent. In 1880 he gave $40,000 to establish a free library at Dunfermline. In 1885 he founded another free library at Pittsburg at a cost of $500,000, and in the following year he presented Edinburgh with $250,000 for a free library and Allegheny City with an equal sum for a music hall and library combined. He has also established several smaller libraries and built halls in other places, both home and foreign.

During his mother's life Andrew Carnegie proved himself a tender and true son. Perhaps the keenest enjoyment which his wealth has afforded him has been found in its enabling him to anticipate her wants and wishes. He made a resolution, and kept it, not to marry while she lived. He was married shortly after her death and has a happy home in New York, and one little miss to adorn it. This greatest little girl is the sole heir to his fortune. His generosity has embraced several benevolent institutions and several unsuccessful friends. Nor does he try to forget his poor days any more than his humble acquaintances. "It does not hurt the new comer to sweep out the office if necessary," he told the students of the Curry Commercial College. "I was one of those sweepers myself, and who do you suppose were my fellow-sweepers? David McCargo, now Superintendent of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, Robert Pitcairn, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Moreland, City Attorney. We all took turns, two each morning did the sweeping, and now I remember Davie was so proud of his clean white shirt-bosom that he used to spread over it an old silk bandana handkerchief which he kept for the purpose, and we other boys thought he was putting on airs. So he was. None of us had a silk handkerchief."

Mr. Carnegie is a genial companion. He can sing a good song, make a good occasional speech, and tell a good story. Nor does he either monopolize the conversation or else sulk, as too many celebrities are prone to do. His skill in driving four-in-hands is well known. In person he is rather short, but strongly made and active. His eyes, which are blue, are

large and sympathetic. Altogether, he is a man to inspire children with confidence.

Besides a few pamphlets and many magazine articles, Mr. Carnegie is the author of "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain" (New York, 1883); "Round the World" (1884), and "Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic" (1887). The general tendency of "Triumphant Democracy," his most important work, is to laud American methods, industrial, social and political; to decry the vaunted British constitution, but at the same time to inspire Britons and Americans with mutual esteem and admiration. Mr. Carnegie is for humanity first, and secondly for the great race to which he is proud to belong. With him democracy is the evangel of humanity. It promises every man a fair field and no favor. Mr. Carnegie is revolted at the mere name of a "subject." In his enthusiasm for democratic government he is led into a few paradoxes, which, however, he defends with great ingenuity. "Triumphant Democracy" teems with valuable condensed statistics as well as with characteristic anecdotes. The style is never heavy. Sometimes it is even brilliant, as in the contrast between Lincoln and Bismarck—terse, epigrammatic, true. Amid the author's prolonged pæans upon American triumphs, a critic found his admissions quite refreshing that "no civilized people ever cooked so badly" and that the best roads in the world are not to be found in the United States. Mr. Carnegie has his grand aspirations for a friendly union or alliance of the English-speaking powers—America, Britain, and independent Australasia—dominating the world and dictating peace to the too heavily armed nations. And he has not the shadow of a doubt that the world-language is destined to be English.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

FOUNDER OF THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy.

—*Wayland.*

IT IS the combination of industry, untiring energy and philanthropy that has made the name of Philip D. Armour not only so potent in the West but a recognized leader among the merchants of the world.

His name in commercial circles will ever be a tower of strength for with him there was no such word as "fail." He is revered not alone for phenomenal business genius, but for the sturdy, manly qualities of integrity, simplicity and charity which ever marked him, and for those domestic virtues which made his home life ideal.

Philip D. Armour was born on a farm May 16, 1832. Habitual frugality and industry were the fundamental principles and characteristic features of the parents. His school days were mostly spent in the local red schoolhouse. He was, however, fortunate enough to attend for a short time the neighboring village seminary. He was genial to a degree, healthy, resolute and strong; he held his own wherever events found him; not a follower, but a leader, of his schoolmates, as later events were bound to make him among his fellowmen.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

During the winter of 1851 and 1852 the excitement attending the gold discovery in California having spread over the country, a party was organized to make the overland trip. Mr. Armour, with a growing desire to get out into the world, made up one of the party. The vicissitudes

of his early experience rather tended to broaden his views and knit together his dominant characteristics.

In 1856 he returned to the East and visited his parents. He minutely laid down before them all he had accomplished during his absence. To a few of the most intimate friends of the family the father whispered the fact of the young man having brought back some money with him. After remaining with them for a few weeks, he once more turned westward and finally located in Milwaukee, where he formed a co-partnership and entered the commission business with Frederick B. Miles. After a successful run they dissolved in 1863.

In the spring of the same year there occurred what later years proved the forerunner of a very successful business engagement in the joint co-partnership arrangement between Jno. Plankinton and Philip Armour. Mr. Plankinton was Mr. Armour's senior, and had been a resident of Milwaukee for a much longer period. He had established a most thriving business, which had been conducted with unerring judgment. This was Mr. Armour's opportunity. How well he handled himself and the business that fell to him, the history of the commercial world is alone our witness.

A branch was soon organized in Chicago under Joseph Armour and another in New York under the charge of Herman O. Armour.

In 1868, while they still continued to handle grain, they commenced packing hogs.

It became evident in 1871 that the stock producing power of the country was migrating westward and in order to keep abreast of the times they established a branch at Kansas City. This enterprise was under the immediate supervision of Mr. Simeon B. Armour, an elder brother. The failing health of Joseph at Chicago necessitated assistance, and Milwaukee, as we have already seen, had brains to spare; consequently Philip moved to Chicago in 1875, where he has since resided.

It is impossible to convey to one not familiar with the scope of the business its magnitude. The distributive sales of the Chicago house alone are in excess of the gross receipts of any railroad corporation of the world. Even in a business of these dimensions there was nothing too great for Mr. Armour to handle, nothing so small that he could overlook.

At the earnest solicitation of the late Alex. Mitchell, he became one of the directory of the St. Paul Railway. This was the only office he ever held. Political preferment was not the bent of his mind or his ambition. He was never known to occupy a public office.

Mr. Armour was married to Belle Ogden, Cincinnati, Ohio, in October, 1862. In making mention of this circumstance, it must occur to anyone who

has been fortunate enough to have been at all intimate with the family history, that their home life has been singularly happy. Domestic economy was no more truly one of the hearthstones of Mr. Armour's inheritance than it was of Mrs. Armour's. They were blessed with two sons, Jonathan Ogden and Philip D., who were active partners with their father until the death of the former, in 1899, when the balance of responsibilities fell upon the shoulders of the elder. Both were millionaires.

Philip D. Armour, in 1892, founded the Armour Mission and Armour Institute of Technology, and has given to it over $2,500,000. Under the supervision of its first president, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, it grew to be one of the foremost institutions of learning in the West, and deserves the popularity it has so richly secured.

Mr. Armour died January 6, 1901, at his home in Chicago. The end came painlessly and peacefully with his loved ones around him. Before his death he expressed the wish that his funeral be a simple one and so he was laid at rest in Graceland Cemetery as he had lived, without pomp or display.

ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

JOHN WANAMAKER

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN OF BUSINESS

Thinking, trying, toiling and trusting is all of my biography.
—*Wanamaker.*

JOHN WANAMAKER was the eldest of seven children. His father was in poor circumstances and could give him few advantages except plenty of opportunity for self-help and self-reliance. He attended the public schools of Philadelphia until he was fourteen years old. For the public school system of America, unlike that of any other country on the globe, gives its privileges to rich and poor alike. I wonder how many young people think how much that means when they are tired of school and wish vacation would hurry and come. There are very few of our noted men or women who have not owed the foundation of their education to the American system of free schools.

John Wanamaker was born in Philadelphia, July 11, 1837. His father was descended from German ancestors, who were driven from their native land by religious persecutions. His mother was a descendant of the French Huguenots.

John Wanamaker inherited good health, good habits and thrifty ways from both parents and from a long line of ancestors. And in the last of the three gifts at least, he improved on his inheritance, as it is the business of every boy and girl who comes into the world to do in some respects. His attendance at school was not very regular, for he was often needed to assist his mother in household duties and in the care of his younger brothers and sisters, and he sometimes worked in his father's brickyard, where he could earn two cents in the morning before going to school by turning five hundred bricks.

When he was fourteen years old, he left school and engaged to work as errand boy in a store on Market street, at a salary of a dollar

and a half a week. He is remembered by a number of people who knew him at this time. There seems to have been nothing remarkable about him except that he was faithful in his work and always pleasant and obliging. He was always one of the first at the store in the morning and among the last at night. He looked after his employer's interest as he would after his own and was never afraid of making too long a day or working a little longer than he was paid for. Very naturally such a boy gained the confidence of his employers and was promoted as fast as there were places above him to be filled. From messenger boy he rose rapidly, first to the position of stock boy, then of entry clerk, and at length became salesman in the largest clothing house in the city. He was so agreeable and obliging as a salesman that customers would frequently inquire for him and object to being waited upon by any one else.

But he found time for other interests than those of his business. He was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, and in 1857 he was made its first paid secretary, with a salary of a thousand dollars a year. He held this position for several years and filled it to the satisfaction of most of the members.

During the years of his secretaryship he saved two thousand dollars. With this as capital he entered into a business partnership with his brother-in-law and started a clothing store. This was in 1861, the very day that Fort Sumter was fired upon.

His first business move was a daring one. He selected the very best salesman he could find in Philadelphia and engaged to pay him a salary of $1,350 a year, one-third as much as the entire capital of the firm. It seemed a great piece of extravagance in view of the other expenses to be met. But it soon justified itself, for the new salesman was known in New York and his association with the firm brought it honor and credit. It is said that Mr. Wanamaker himself delivered the first goods sold by the firm in a wheelbarrow and spent the money on his way back in an advertisement in the *Inquirer*. He believed in himself and was not afraid to venture. His habits were always good. He never uses liquor or tobacco in any form, and never attends a horse race. His employés remarked that he used often to be seen gathering up pieces of string and tying them together to be

used for tying parcels. He also saved the newspapers to be used for wrapping paper. Such economies would be quite beneath the dignity of many an elegant young man who thought himself rich enough to spend all of his salary as fast as he earned it, but the man who was going to be a millionaire was not ashamed of small economies. He always took a deep interest in his employés, and more than one poor young man has had Mr. Wanamaker to thank for the kind word or act that gave him added courage for the struggle of life.

Mr. Wanamaker was very original in his ways of advertising and anticipated many of the more modern methods. He put up enormous signs, sometimes a hundred feet long, on fences built for the purpose, and he sent immense balloons out into the country with the name "Wanamaker and Brown" painted on them in large letters. All this was ingenious and daring and showed remarkable talent and enterprise in so young a man.

As every one knows, there are enormous amounts of money spent every year in advertising, enough, doubtless, to pay off the national debt in a few years and build comfortable homes for all the orphans in the country. It seems to be necessary to one who would hold his own in trade, as things are now, but it is an enormous waste and it may be hoped that the next century will find some more economical system of bringing together the buyer and the goods he needs, a system which will not eat up so large a portion of the profits and waste so much labor and money. If, for example, a man who makes hammers were to spend more time and money in finding out how to make the very best hammer that could be made, and less in spreading the news about it, then that part of the world that wanted hammers would after a while hear of this excellent hammer-maker —for everybody likes to speak of persons and things that have served him well—and would soon build a railroad to his door and buy his hammers by the carload. But that time is not yet come, and we must possess our souls in patience, and in the meantime buy our hammers of the most ingenious advertiser.

But Mr. Wanamaker not only made innovations in ways of advertising, but in several instances he set a new example of honesty for business men. The new ways were found to work well, and some of them have become the rule among the best business houses in this

country. It was customary in those days to mark the prices of goods in such a way that the customer could not read the mark, and the salesman was expected to get the highest price he could, studying his customer and gauging the price asked by the apparent possibilities of the case. Mr. Wanamaker instituted the plan of "but one price and that plainly marked." Business men thought he was crazy, and said his business would go to pieces, but now everybody admits that the "one price" plan is not only right but practical, as all right ways will be proved to be sometime, when the world is old enough to be wiser.

When he entered his new store in 1877, he went still further in announcing new principles. At that time, most merchants considered that "a sale was a sale," and they would not often allow goods to be returned. If a customer had made a foolish or unsatisfactory purchase, he had only himself to blame and must take the consequences. But Mr. Wanamaker announced the principle that "those who bought goods of him were to be satisfied with what they bought, or have their money back." This worked well too, for people were more willing to buy of a house that would give them fair treatment. Most of the business men in Philadelphia declared that a merchant could not keep business going on such terms. But Wanamaker and Company proved that they could, and at the same time could make more money than any of their competitors. Again, Mr. Wanamaker required his employés to make visitors welcome whether they came to buy or only to look, or even only to meet their friends. This was smiled at for a while and called the "Wanamaker way," but now it has become everybody's way, at least among the better class of tradespeople. And like all courteous ways, it has been found to be the successful way. Mr. Wanamaker often made sales to country people when his salesmen failed, because he was not too proud to treat them in a friendly way. He put them at their ease and made them comfortable and they were generally glad to come again.

And still with all his rapidly increasing business he found time for Sunday-school work and the affairs of the Young Men's Christian Association. He established a Sunday-school in one of the poorer parts of the city and built it up until it had about three thousand pupils and was one of the largest Sunday-schools in the world.

In 1875 he bought the immense building which had been known as the Pennsylvania railroad freight depot at Thirteenth and Market streets, Philadelphia, and made it over into a tabernacle for the use of Mr. Moody during the winter of 1875 and 6. It was large enough to hold twenty thousand people and was often crowded. The next year he had it remodeled into a bazaar for the sale of men's and boys' clothing.

Mr. Wanamaker, like Mr. Edison, has a remarkable power of working for a long time without sleep, though, unlike Edison, he usually makes it up by a long rest afterwards. He preserves his strength by his calmness, wasting little in worry or excitement. This may have been in some degree a natural power with him, but like all kinds of mental power, it can be cultivated. The mind can be controlled, like steam and electricity, and, like those forces, it is only safe and serviceable when it is harnessed. It is said that Mr. Wanamaker has a remarkable power of concentrating the mind upon one thing at a time, so that his many and various business cares and responsibilities seldom interfere with one another. When he is engaged upon one question it is as if he had not another problem in the world.

Mr. Wanamaker has always been active in philanthropic and other public movements, as a man of his wealth and position should be. He gave effective service in collecting for the starving in the terrible Irish famine. He has been at different times chairman of a number of committees for the relief of towns which had suffered from fire. He held a high position on the finance committee of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. And in 1886 he was prominent in a movement to secure a better water supply for his native city.

During the last few years he has been more or less prominent in politics. In 1882 he was urged to accept the Republican nomination for Congress, but he declined it and four years later he refused the nomination for Mayor of Philadelphia on the independent ticket. He took a prominent part in the presidential campaign of 1888 and was rewarded for his services by the office of Postmaster-General, given him by President Harrison. He was active and alert in fulfilling the duties of that office and instituted several reforms in its management.

Among other improvements he provided a more rapid transmission of the mails in some regions by spurring up the railroad companies to higher speed. He established a system by which foreign mail is distributed on shipboard and is ready for instant forwarding upon arrival in port. He predicted that "one-cent letter postage, three-cent telephone messages, and ten-cent telegraph messages" were possibilities of the near future. He favored the establishment of a postal telegraph service, and he did much to clear the mails of printed matter pertaining to lotteries as well as other injurious and immoral publications. He was ridiculed in some quarters for this work and called the "Sunday-school Postmaster-General." If this is what Sunday-school service would do for the country, it is a pity we have not more of it engaged in the service of the Government.

When Mr. Wanamaker received his first month's salary as Postmaster-General, he said, "This is the first salary I have earned in twenty-five years. I do not know what I shall do with it." To appreciate this remark one needs to know the fact that it is very easy for the Postmaster-General to use the salary of his office many times over in sustaining the office and meeting the many appeals which reach it, and that Mr. Wanamaker actually spent more than his salary for the entire time in keeping up its expenses.

Mr. Wanamaker was once asked where he got his education and his reply was characteristic: "I picked it up as I went," he said, "as the tenders on the railroad take up the water from their track tanks." And when asked for material for a biography, he wrote in response the sentence I have coupled with his name at the beginning of this sketch: "Thinking, trying, toiling and trusting is all of my biography."

HELEN MILLER GOULD

THE FRIEND OF THE NEEDY

"It is the duty of women who have wealth to help others, especially other women, and to make life for them worth the living."

Helen Gould.

WE BELIEVE it is safe to say that one of the most universally loved American women to-day is Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, and most youthful philanthropist of the world. Helen Gould, unlike many of the great women of the world, was born with a golden spoon in her mouth. She was cradled in the lap of luxury, while wealth and affluence met her at every hand. Her father, one of the leading financiers of New York, spared no pains in seeing that she, with his other four children, were well educated. Helen received her instructions from private tutors, and finished with a course of law at the New

HELEN MILLER GOULD.

York Law University, in order to better fit her for the details of business. During the latter years of her father's life she acted as his amanuensis, and since his death has personally managed her inherited fortune of about $20,000,000. The mother died when Helen was twenty-one years of age, and the father when she was twenty-four. During the winter she resides in the family home on Fifth avenue, which she retained possession of at her father's death. Here she spends much of her time looking after the welfare of the sick, helping the needy and founding homes for helpless and orphans. Her summers are spent at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, the country home purchased by her father and mother. Here also she goes about doing good. First among her public gifts may be mentioned that of $150,000 for a Presbyterian Church as a memorial to her father on the site of his birthplace home in Roxbury, N. Y. She has given altogether the sum of $320,000 to the University of the City of New York, also two scholarships in the University of New York endowed with $5,000 each; a gift to the St. Louis cyclone sufferers of $100,000; a gift to Vassar College of $8,000; $100,000 to the United States Government for war purposes in 1898, and $25,000 for the relief of soldiers at Camp Wycoff, Long Island; $10,000 to Rutgers College; and so far in 1900 she has given the sum of $50,000 to the Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; also a home, Woody Crest, for crippled children, maintaining it herself, and not one hour passed after she heard of the devastation in Texas before an army supply house were putting up her orders for 50,000 rations for the stricken sufferers. That is the kind of religion that makes glad the heart of man.

By nature Miss Gould is modest in the extreme. She avoids publicity or even mention in the papers. She recently dismissed a valuable secretary because she had ready for the press a list of the requests made of her for alms. She never permits snapshots to be taken of her, and when out sightseeing, if there are "kodak fiends" in sight, she takes precaution to defend herself. She is always unostentatious in dress, and with her characteristic goodness of heart she soon becomes the friend of the poor as well as the rich. She declines invitations and seldom or never gives fetes. She is indeed one of the most independent and generous-hearted young women of the world. This is perhaps more notable because of the fact that her ancestors were people noted for closeness rather than generosity. May she live long and continue the good work so beautifully begun.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

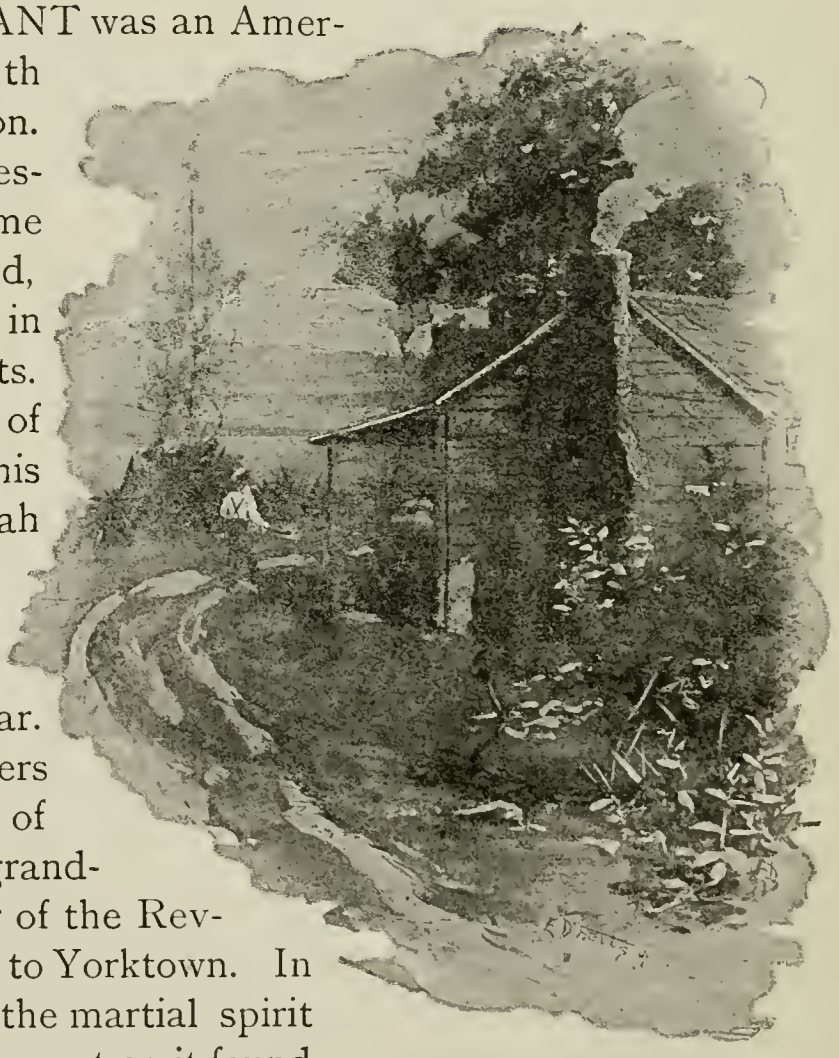
ULYSSES S. GRANT

THE MAN OF SILENCE.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—*Longfellow.*

ULYSSES S. GRANT was an American of the eighth generation. His ancestor, Matthew Grant, came from Dorchester, England, in 1630, and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts. The military training of Ulysses began with his great grandfather, Noah Grant, who, with his younger brother, was an English officer in the French and Indian war. Neither of the brothers lived to see the victory of Wolfe at Quebec. His grandfather served in the War of the Revolution from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. In his father, Jesse Grant, the martial spirit rested for a generation, except as it found exercise in the rural debating society and in the political discussions of his times. Jesse Grant married Hannah Simpson in 1821. Of her ancestry little is known, except that they



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

had lived in Pennsylvania for several generations. The Grant family were strong Whigs and thought the only salvation of the nation lay in Whig principles. The Simpsons were Democrats, and believed the country ruined beyond hope when the Democrats went out of office in 1860.

Ulysses was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in 1822. Being the first child, the naming was considered a matter of great importance, and all the relatives were finally called in to take part in the choice. Ulysses was the preference of the father, who, although his opportunities for education had been extremely limited, had yet read enough into the classics to desire a classic name for the boy who the fond parents little dreamed — rash statement, for who may guess the visions that flood a mother's heart? — would live to add honor and renown to the noblest name that could be chosen. The matter was finally decided by ballot, after which "Hiram" was prefixed to soothe the grandfather, who was wounded at the adoption of the heathen name, but *said nothing*, conquering by silence, like the great silent soldier, whose life was then just beginning. But "Hiram" was a name which would not stick to him, as we shall see later on.

The next year the family removed to Georgetown, Ohio, which remained the home of Ulysses during all his boyhood. His father was anxious that he should be educated and he attended school regularly, but the school of those days had not much to give to a wide-awake boy. The schoolmaster carried a long beech switch in his hand, not for symbolic purposes, but for switching, as the future President learned, to his discomfort. He also learned to say, "A noun is the name of a thing," which he repeated, he says in his "Memoirs," until he had come to believe it. Two winters he spent at school away from home, one in Maysville, Kentucky, the other at Ripley, Ohio. At both of these schools he "ciphered through" the same old arithmetic which he had worn out in Georgetown, whose rules he knew by heart and whose problems he had solved so many times that he remembered the figures from one end to the other and backwards. Here, too, he reviewed the interesting fact that "a noun is the name of a thing." And that was about as far as his schoolbooks carried him until he began to prepare for his examination at West Point.

But if our young friend did not find great profit in the instruction given by the somewhat crude teachers of his day, his education outside the schoolroom walls went on at a rapid rate. His father had a tannery and a farm. Ulysses disliked the tannery but liked to ramble about the farm. He was always fond of horses, and, at the age of five or six, began to ride and handle them fearlessly. At seven or eight, he began to haul the wood for use in the house and tannery.

Some wonderful stories are told of his bareback riding and other feats of horsemanship about this time. At eleven, he began to plow. After that, as long as he lived at home, he was generally busy most of the time about the farm, except when in school. He admits that he did not like to work in those days, but, judging from all reports, he accomplished what was given him to do as faithfully as if it had been his one desire. He was never punished or scolded at home and was allowed more freedom than was usually given to boys of his age. He had plenty of boyish sports, such as fishing, swimming and riding. He seems to have been trusted to make bargains and do business to an extent surprising to people who had not found out that what a boy needs is to be trusted and that giving him responsibilities is one of the best

GRANT PLOWING AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN YEARS.

ways to make a man of him. An amusing story is told of one of his first business ventures. When he was about eight years old he begged his father to allow him to go to a neighbor's and buy a colt which he very much admired. His father consented, telling him

GRANT BREAKING A HORSE.

that the colt was not worth more than twenty dollars, and bidding him offer that sum at first, afterwards increasing the price to twenty-five dollars if he found it necessary. Arriving at the neighbor's house he jumped at once into the business, without preliminaries

"Papa says," remarked the future President, "that I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." Strange as it may seem, his customer preferred the last-mentioned price. General Grant says in his "Memoirs" that the story is nearly true. I do not repeat it as a proof of any unusual talent in the embryo President. I once knew a very ordinary boy who went about making a trade in a precisely similar manner, with exactly similar results, so far as the trade was concerned. But his hair is turning gray and he is not President yet.

When Ulysses had reached the age of seventeen, his father obtained an appointment for him at the United States Military Academy at West Point. This was a fine opportunity, for, although Jesse Grant was at that time in fairly good circumstances for a Western farmer, he had five other children and could not pay college bills for all of them. The West Point cadetship provided for all expenses. When Mr. Grant told his son of the prospect, Ulysses replied, "But I won't go." "I think you will," said the father. And he went. He had little enthusiasm for the academy, but he confides to us in his "Memoirs" that he was greatly attracted by the opportunity of going East and seeing such cities as New York and Philadelphia.

The news of his appointment made a great stir when it was scattered among the thousand inhabitants of Georgetown. It is said that a neighbor met Mr. Grant in the street one day and remarked, "I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that's a nice job," commented the polite but candid neighbor. "Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?"

He spent a few weeks in studying for his examinations, and then started on what seemed to him a long journey. At his own home, whatever emotion may have been felt on his departure was sternly repressed. When a neighbor wept as she kissed him good-by, he exclaimed in surprise, "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother didn't cry!"

And now came the first change in his name. His initials spelled "hug," as he had frequently been reminded by mischief-loving boys.

When his new trunk came home marked with the offensive combination, he said, "I won't have it so. It spells 'hug,' and the boys would plague me." He changed the order of the names and left home as Ulysses Hiram Grant. But that was not the last time his name was to be changed.

He had about a hundred dollars of his own earnings. Forty-eight dollars of this would be needed to deposit at West Point for his homeward trip lest he should fail to pass his examinations. He

WEST POINT.

went by steamer to Pittsburg, enjoying keenly the frequent delays by the way, and from Harrisburg to Philadelphia by railroad, the first he had ever seen if we except the one over which he had passed the crest of the Alleghanies. For the rest of the journey he may tell his own story: "In traveling by the road from Harrisburg, I thought the perfection of rapid transit had been reached. We traveled at least eighteen miles an hour, when at full speed, and made the whole distance averaging probably as much as twelve miles an hour. This seemed like annihilating space. I stopped five days in Philadelphia,

saw about every street in the city, attended the theatre, visited Girard College (which was then in course of construction), and got reprimanded from home afterwards for dallying by the way so long. My sojourn in New York was shorter, but long enough to enable me to see the city very well. I reported at West Point on the 30th or 31st of May, and about two weeks later passed my examinations for admission, without difficulty, very much to my surprise."

Then came the second change in name. The Ohio Representative who had given him his appointment had made the mistake of supposing that his middle name was Simpson, and had so written it in the official record. He was accordingly faced at West Point by the new name, Ulysses Simpson Grant. It was impossible to change it and he was henceforth known by the name given him by the United States.

And now the young cadet plunged into the new, strange life at West Point. The first and most necessary thing to do was to study the "Book of Regulations," for there are rules enough at West Point to control an army. There were "marks of demerit," or "black marks," for every offense, thinkable or unthinkable, but also not uncommittable, and two hundred marks a year meant dismissal. "To show how easy one can get these," wrote Ulysses in one of his first letters to a cousin at home, "a man by the name of Grant, of this state, got eight of these marks for not going to church. He was also put under arrest, so he cannot leave his room, perhaps for a month, all this for not going to church."

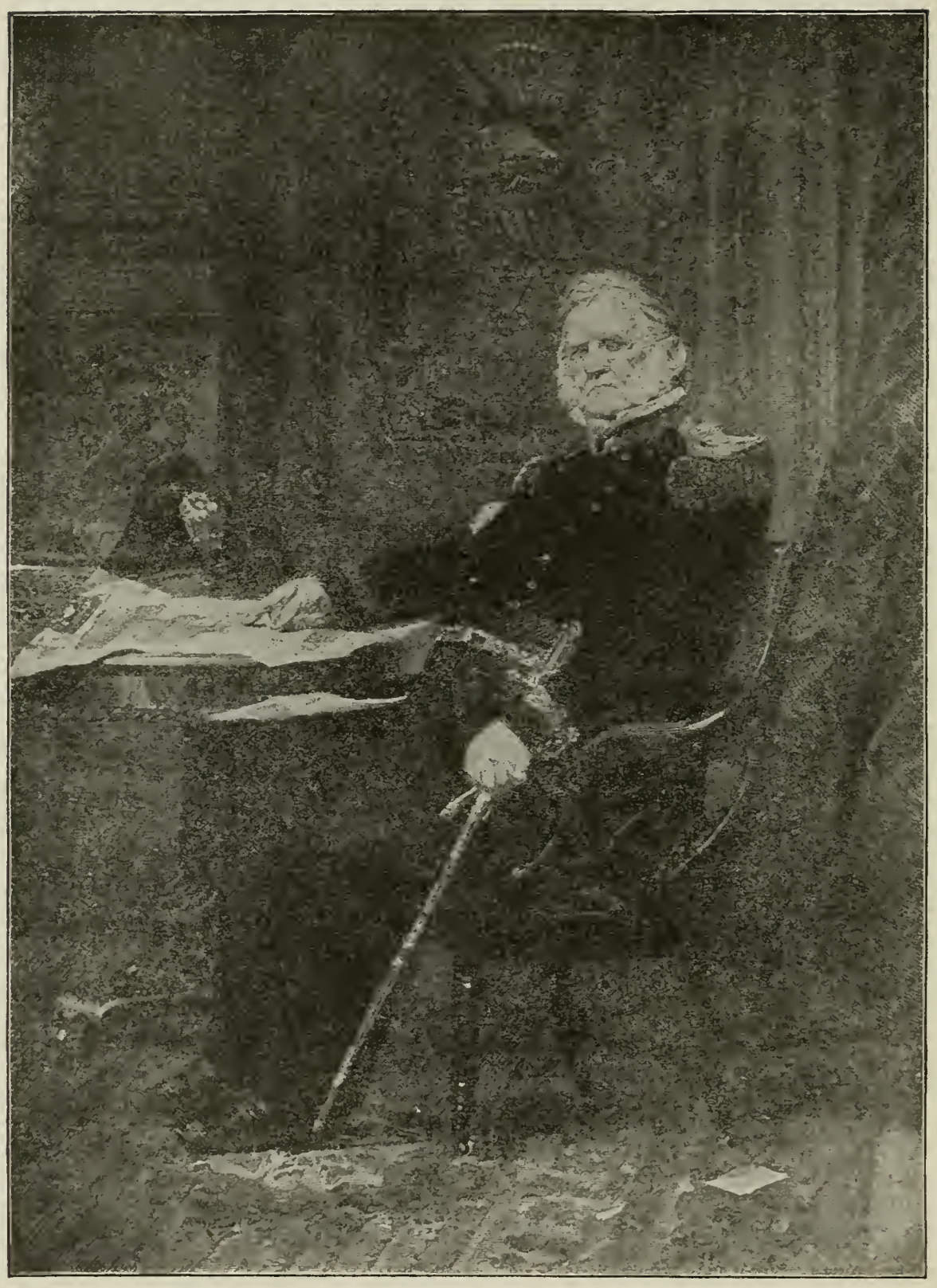
His studies the first year were algebra, higher mathematics and French. He was good in mathematics, never more than moderately good in language, and never quite reaching either end of the class in anything, although he once wrote of his work in French, "If the class had been turned around, I should have been near the head." James Longstreet, a fellow-student who afterwards became General Longstreet and fought on the other side in our Civil War, testified of Grant: "I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, though by no means a hard student."

Evidently he was no prig. He seems to have been as ready for fun as anyone, in the right time and place. He was the best horseman in the academy, says a room-mate who was intimate with him

at this time. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word even in jest. He was a cheerful man, and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future—wondering what he was to do and what he was to become."

In the early days at West Point he seems to have had no craving for military life. As time went on, the magnificent presence of General Scott, who now and then appeared and watched the reviews of the academy, inspired a dim longing and almost a presentiment of something not of the common sort. Yet when he left school at the end of four years, he went away dreaming of nothing more military and exciting than a professorship of mathematics in some quiet western town. Upon graduation he was offered the position of brevet-lieutenant in the infantry service, and it seemed best to accept. He received a leave of absence, which he spent in visiting his Ohio friends. There was still enough of the boy left in the young military graduate of twenty-one to realize a sense of disappointment over the delay for several weeks of the arrival of his new uniform. He was a little anxious to be seen in it by his old friends, particularly the girls, as he confesses to us in his memoirs. It came at last, and, no doubt, created plenty of admiration. His appearance at this time is thus described by Hamlin Garland, in McClure's Magazine: "At this time Grant was a small young fellow, a little over five feet seven inches in height, and weighing but 117 pounds. His face was strongly lined like his father's, with fine straight nose and square jaws. A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, and a comical twist in the long flexible lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy brown, and his complexion still inclined to freckles."

He was next ordered to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, where he remained from September, 1843, to May, 1844. During this time he made frequent visits to a classmate residing a few miles from St. Louis. This classmate had a charming sister, Miss Julia Dent. The young Lieutenant did not suspect that there was "anything serious the matter with him," as he says, "until the Mexican war broke out and his regiment was ordered to Louisiana. He made the discovery promptly enough then, however, and started out to pay



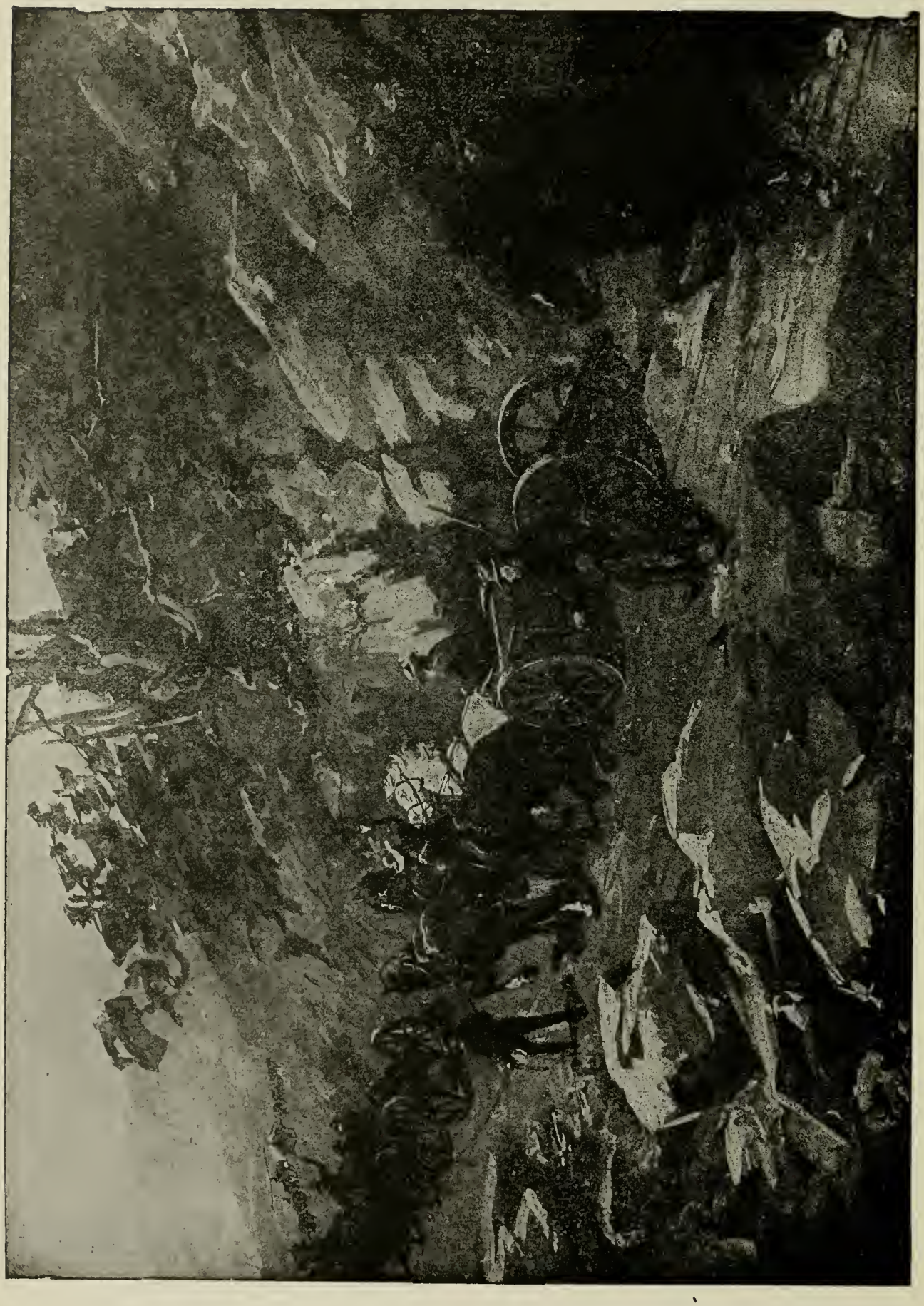
GENERAL SCOTT.

a farewell visit and make known his discovery to Miss Dent. On the way he was obliged to ford a swollen river, whereby his handsome

uniform was completely soaked. This was a sorry plight for a young man on such an errand, but he did not allow himself to be discouraged. The young lady had a brother, and the brother had an extra suit of clothes. They could be borrowed, and although they did not fit, they were far superior to wet ones. Having begun the siege, the young officer, like the dauntless Grant at Ft. Donelson, would accept no terms but "unconditional surrender." When he rejoined his regiment he took with him her promise to become his wife, a pledge which was not fulfilled until the close of the war, when he came home as Captain Grant, covered with military honors.

When the first gun was fired at Palo Alto, young Grant was "sorry he had enlisted." But his repentance seems not to have interfered with his actions. Again at the beginning of the last war he had a similar experience. Starting out with his regiment to attack the enemy at the little town of Florida, Missouri, he tells us that his heart kept getting higher and higher until it seemed to be in his throat. "I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on." That was a good kind of courage not to have. His heart did not resume its proper place until he found the enemy had gone. But that was the end of such experiences for him. He says he never felt trepidation afterwards, though he often felt much anxiety in beginning battle.

Immediately after his marriage in 1848, he was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, New York, where he remained over the winter. The next two years were spent in Detroit, Michigan. At both those places he had the company of his wife. But when he was ordered to the Pacific coast she went to her father's home near St. Louis. His two years in the West were years of discouragement. Army life seemed to mean lasting separation from his family and scarce means of support for them. In 1854 he resigned and returned to St. Louis, where he spent the next four years on a farm given to Mrs. Grant by her father. He worked hard early and late, but with small success. In 1858 he sold his farming utensils and stock, and went for a time into the real estate business. In the spring of 1860 he removed to Galena, Illinois, and went to work in a leather store.



ARTILLERY GOING TO THE FRONT.

Nothing could be tamer or more dispiriting than Grant's career up to this time. At the age of thirty-eight he had little behind him but disappointment, and, to all appearances, nothing before him but failure. He had not even succeeded in the most common-place of attempts, that of providing comfortably for his family.

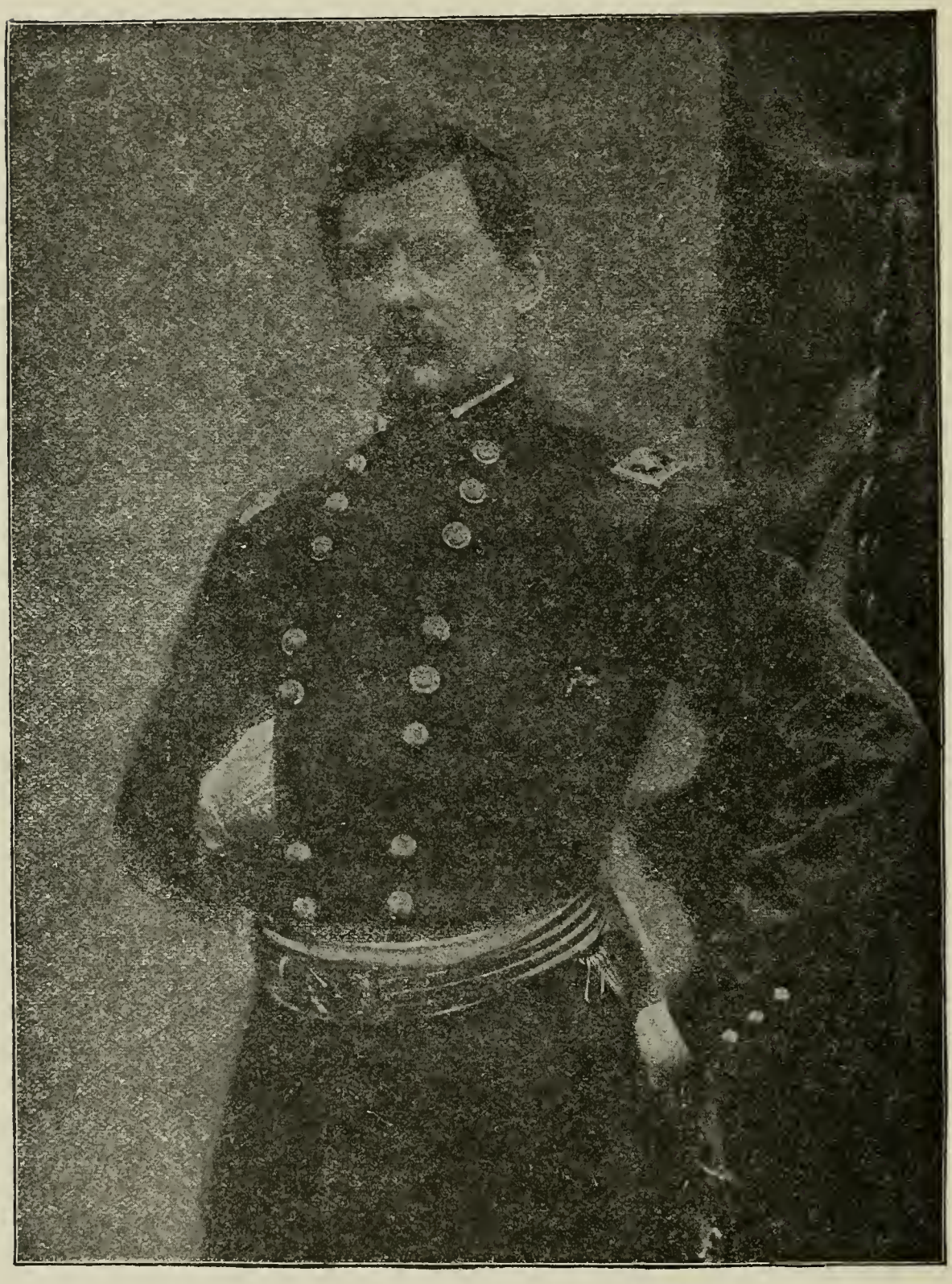
To add to his humiliation, he was dependent upon his brother for his new position in the tannery at Galena. He felt himself a drawback to their success. When he left his home in St. Louis to enter again upon the employment so hated in his boyhood, it was with a crushing sense of discouragement.

But the trying scenes of '61 to '65 were at hand, and Grant was destined to be one of the chief actors. He was to command a million men. He was to be an instrument in working out the salvation of a race. He was probably the only man on the American continent who united the skill, the foresight and the nerve to accomplish that tremendous work in the wilderness of Virginia. When the great commander had again become a simple citizen, he was to be elected to the highest office the country had to give. He was to receive the highest honors that the royalty of the world could bestow. And he was to be followed to his grave by the loving memories of a grateful people.

But even after the war had begun, his destiny seemed to halt, and it was some time before he found a place where his talents could make themselves felt.

In 1861 the Civil War broke out, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. Captain Grant, though a stranger, was called upon to preside at the first war meeting in Galena. He was soon asked to fill a clerkship in the office of the Adjutant-General of Illinois for a time. In May following he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the army, at Washington, offering his services for the army. He never received an answer to his letter. He made two attempts to see General McClellan, whom he had known in Mexico, and who he hoped would offer him a position in his army. He was unable to find General McClellan, and so carried home another disappointment.

It was a disappointment which led to success. When the President issued his next call for volunteers, the Governor of Illinois

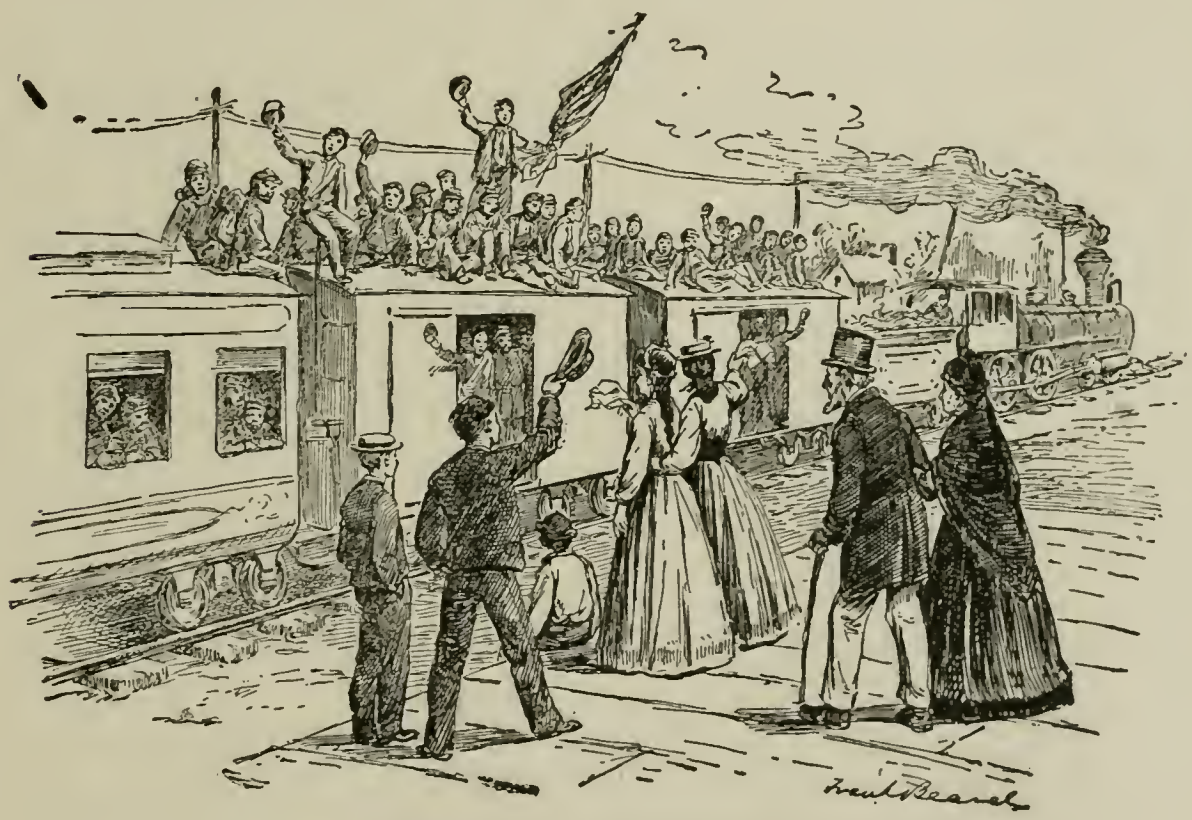


GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

appointed Captain Grant colonel of the 21st regiment. From this time on success awaited the man whom failure had followed like a shadow since the close of the Mexican war. He was made

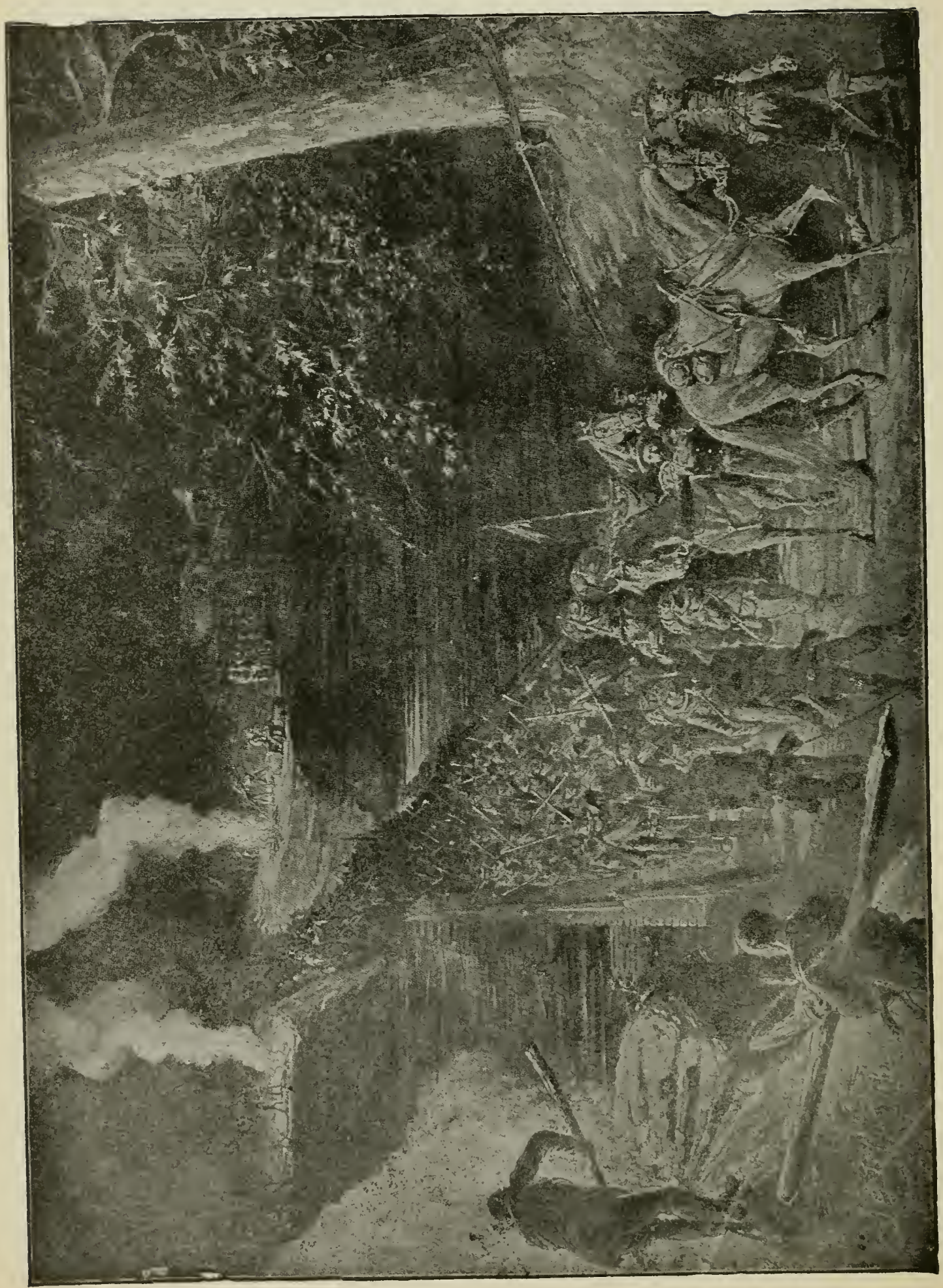
Brigadier-General before he had fought his first battle in the Civil War.

In the spring of 1862 the country began to hear of his success. In April he took Ft. Henry. In a few days more he sent his famous message to General Buckner: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender will be received. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Ft. Donelson with 15,000 prisoners fell into his hands, and "Unconditional Surrender Grant" became the hero of the North. His initials suggested a new name, and "Unconditional Surrender Grant" became the hero of the North.



RECRUITS TO THE FRONT.

The desperate battle of Shiloh followed in April and success again perched upon his banners. In October he began his campaign against Vicksburg, which held out against him until July of 1863. The people of the city dug caves in the earth where they lived to avoid the shells and bullets that were pouring in upon them. Food in Vicksburg was scarce and supplies of all kinds ran very low. During all this time the Yankee and Rebel soldiers were on the best of terms whenever they happened to meet in a personal way. They



THE ADVANCE ON VICKSBURG—CROSSING THE BLACK RIVER BY NIGHT, MAY 16, 1863.

would often "swap" stories with one another across the trenches and the Union soldiers sometimes divided their rations with the hungry "Johnnies."

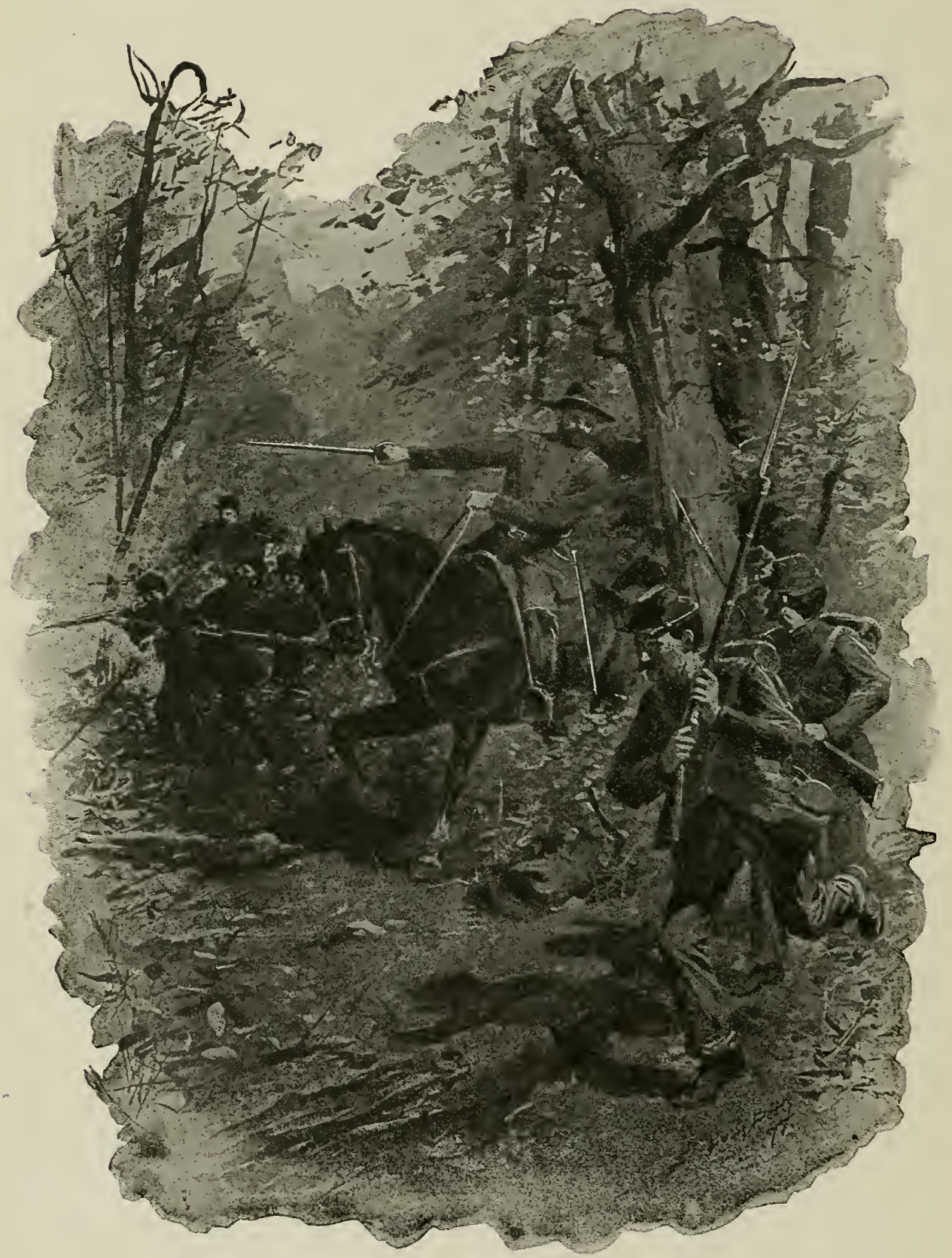
"Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" the Confederates would ask. "We will celebrate the Fourth of July there, Johnny," and they did. The Vicksburg paper, after quoting this boast, added: "The best recipe for cooking a rabbit is, 'first ketch your rabbit.'" The morning paper of the Fourth of July, which was printed on the plain side of wall-paper, admitted, "The Yankees have caught the rabbit." Five days later, Port Hudson surrendered, and four hundred miles of the Mississippi river was set free.

In November of the same year, General Grant again led the army to a brilliant success in the great battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

All this time the great Union army under General McClellan and others in Virginia was accomplishing nothing. The nation began to turn to Grant as its only resource. In March, 1864, President Lincoln appointed him Lieutenant-General and made him practically commander-in-chief of all the armies. He at once set about planning the two great campaigns which ended the war. He was himself to lead the Army of the Potomac through Virginia to Richmond, the Confederate capital. General Sherman was to "march through Georgia" to the sea and then northward to meet General Grant at Richmond.

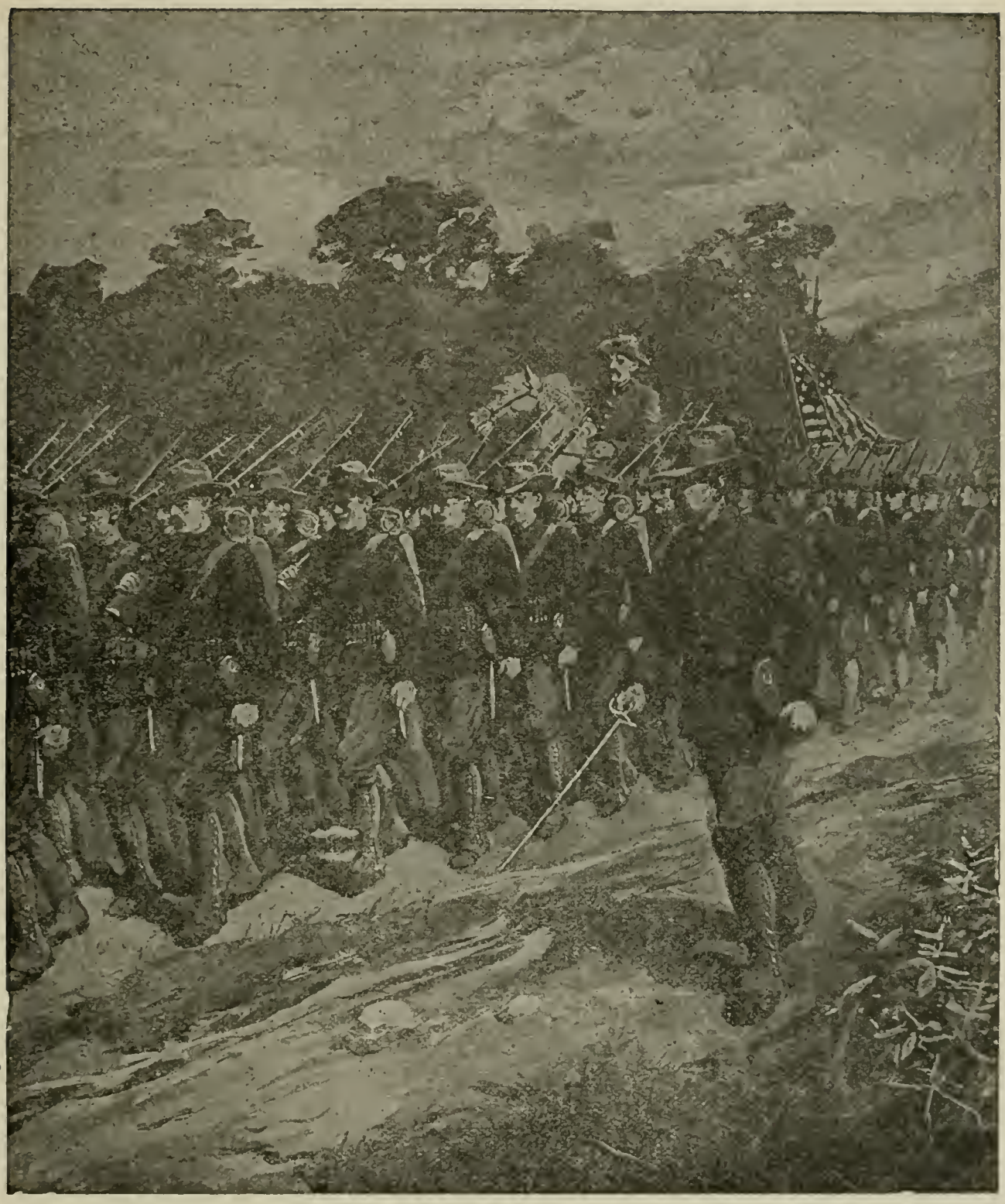
We know how well that plan was carried out. On the 4th of May, General Grant started his army across the Rapidan toward Richmond, and, seated on a log, penciled a telegram to Sherman to start at once.

General Lee, with the worn-out and hungry but resolute Army of Virginia, was ready to dispute every inch of the way to Richmond. At the battle of the Wilderness the brave General Lee stopped the Union army with terrible slaughter and thought General Grant would turn back. Grant thought differently. He issued the order which became famous during that campaign, "Forward by the right flank," and moved on. At Spottsylvania Court House another terrible battle was fought. The bullets flew so thick that a tree a foot and a half in diameter was cut down by them. It was at this time that Grant



BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

sent his famous message, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." North Anna, Cold Harbor and other terrible



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS MARCHING TO THE FRONT.

battles followed, and before General Grant reached Richmond the remnants of Lee's army were in a pitiful condition. It is a tale of terrible bloodshed, but it was the only way. An incident following the battle of Shiloh shows that Grant had a tender heart, and did not

love fighting for its own sake. The night after the battle, a pouring rain came down upon the army. General Grant was attempting to sleep under a tree near the banks of the river. "Some time after midnight," he writes, "growing restive under the storm and the continuous rain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain." Yet this man who was so sensitive to the sight of pain, had the courage to fight it out to the end, because he believed the bloody road was the only way to peace.

On the 9th of April, the two Generals met at Appomattox Court House and made arrangements for the surrender of the Southern army. The interview was courteous and kindly throughout. After the agreement had been written out, General Lee said he had forgotten to mention that most of his men rode their own horses. General Grant said at once that they might keep them, for they would need them on their farms. The Southern army was out of food and General Grant ordered full rations to be sent them.

When the news of the surrender reached the Union army, they began firing guns to show their joy. This Grant forbade at once, saying the Southern army had been already sufficiently humbled. The other Southern armies surrendered in a short time, and the war was soon ended. The next year a new rank was created for the great commander and he was made General of the Army.

In 1868, and again in 1872, he was elected President of the United States. He filled this position as he did all others, honestly and nobly, though, perhaps, not wisely in all cases. He was so honest and simple-minded that he was sometimes deceived by villainous office-seekers.

In 1877 General Grant made a tour of the world with his family and other friends, meeting everywhere with distinguished attention, as befitted the brave, modest man who had wrought so heroically for his kind. The crowned heads of Europe vied with one another in

honoring themselves by paying honor to this plain, unassuming citizen-soldier of the West.

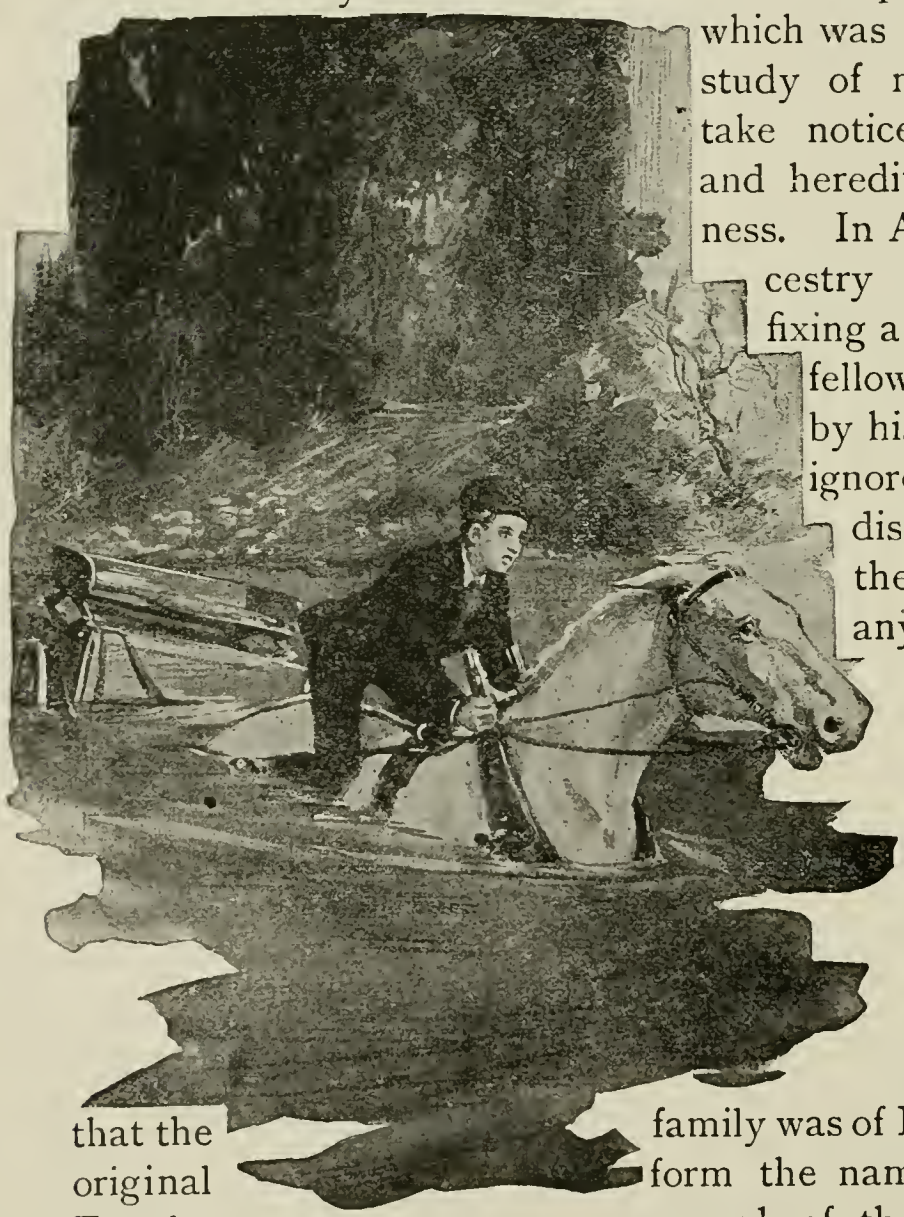
On his return he bought a home in New York city, where he and his family lived for the rest of his life, spending the summers generally at Long Branch.

About this time General Grant invested everything he had saved in a New York banking house, with one of his sons to look after the business. Through the villainy of two of the partners, the business failed in 1884 and the General was robbed of nearly everything he possessed. During the same year a fatal cancerous trouble began to develop in his throat, and he saw death at the door with his family unprovided for. Up to this time he had refused several tempting offers to do literary work. In February, 1885, he engaged to write the two volumes of his Memoirs, from which we have several times quoted in this little sketch. Again he seemed to be animated by the same spirit of determination which had possessed him in the Wilderness of Virginia. He completed the work four days before his death, which took place at Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, much of it having been written under pressure of great pain, as he sat propped up in bed or in a reclining chair. The sale of the book was enormous and the proceeds made an abundant provision for Mrs. Grant and her children. It was a simple, straight-forward story of a modest, noble life. A few characteristic, and, let us hope, prophetic lines from his last pages are fitting words to end this record: "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy ; but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.'"

GEORGE DEWEY

THE MAN WHO "STEAMED AHEAD"

EVERY child contains within him in embryo the qualities that he displays in maturity. Environment and training will develop certain latent qualities more than others, but it is to be doubted if they can create in a man a capacity for any one thing which was not *born* in him. Any study of mankind which fails to take notice of both environment and heredity will fail in completeness. In America we feel that ancestry has little influence in fixing a man's station among his fellows, each must be judged by his works, yet we cannot ignore the factor of family in discovering the source of the qualities which gain any special prominence for their possessor.



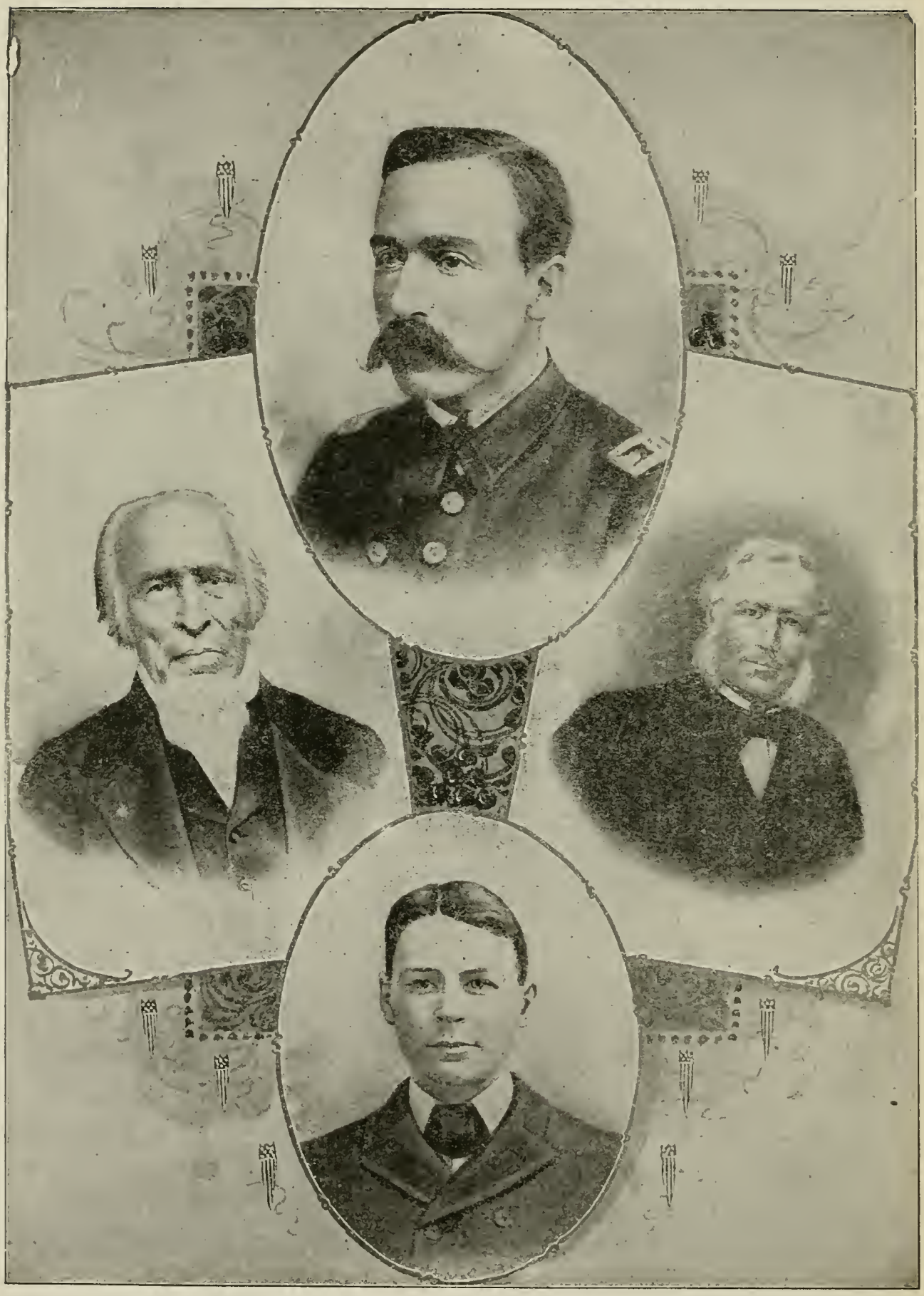
DEWEY'S FIRST CRUISE.

The ancestors of George Dewey, the subject of this sketch, came to America from England. History tells us that they were immigrants to England some generations earlier, and that the family was of French extraction. In its original form the name was spelled Deueua. Early records of the family show one of the

ancestors as a successful general in the French armies. George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, is of the ninth generation from the first Dewey who came to America. The first Dewey emigrated from Sandwich, England, in 1633, and settled in the Massachusetts Bay colony at Dorchester. From here the family scattered, one branch locating in New York and one in Vermont. It is from the latter that the great admiral is descended. The Deweys were keen business men, able to figure out the chances in enterprises involving great risk, and willing to take any risk necessary when the chances had been once satisfactorily calculated. Another characteristic was their exceeding great independence. They were not even clannish with their relatives, seeming to choose their friendships within or without the family, as was most congenial to them.

Simeon Dewey, the grandfather of George Dewey, was born in Hanover, New Hampshire. In early manhood he bought a farm in Berlin, Vermont, only four miles from Montpelier, the capital of the Green Mountain State, and there the admiral's father was born in 1801. This grandfather, Simeon Dewey, was one of the long-lived members of the long-lived family. One anecdote relates that the admiral's brother, when in England some time ago, happened to hear a Britisher say, "Americans are undersized and die early because they live upon pork and ice-water." Mr. Dewey dryly replied that it had been a mystery to him why his grandfather Simeon had been prematurely cut off at the early age of ninety-three. To him pork and ice-water were essentials.

When the admiral's father, Julius Yeman's Dewey, was twenty-one years old, he moved to Montpelier, and there married Miss Mary Perrin three years later. Of this union four children were born, Charles, Edward, George and Mary. The mother died when George was but five years old, but the father was married twice more before his death at the age of seventy-six years. Here in Montpelier, George Dewey was born on December 26, 1837. The house of his birth still stands almost as it was then, a modest, neat New England home, like thousands of others out of which have come strong men and women to do their part in the battles of life. The father of the family was a man of the highest New England type. As a school-teacher in Montpelier he earned money to study medicine and take



FOUR GENERATIONS.

CAPT. SIMEON DEWEY (grandfather).

GEORGE DEWEY (at age of 30).

GEORGE GODWIN DEWEY (son).

DR. JULIUS YEMANS DEWEY (father).

his degree. He was an early riser and taught his children to follow his example. He was a man of deep religious convictions and active in the practical work of the church. Family prayers and grace before meals were the practice of the Dewey home. Hymns were sung on Sunday evenings, the doctor leading the singing. He loved not only his own children but *all* children and this trait the admiral inherited from him. He told stories and carried sunshine with him wherever he went and he was a welcome visitor all over the surrounding country.

The Montpelier into which George Dewey was born on the day after Christmas, 1837, was not immensely different from the Montpelier of to-day. There were the same white cottages with green blinds, the same picket fences, the same river and the same New England hills. The people were prosperous and thrifty as they are now. Fine elms lined the streets as they do to-day, and the town was clean and well-kept. In former days the Onion river, now called the Winooski, ran just behind the house, and many of the tales of Dewey's childhood are connected with this river. One old friend recalls his first introduction to little George when he was brought from the river, a barefoot boy, to meet the stranger in the parlor. His sister Mary, two years younger than himself, admired his prowess and impersonated whatever character was necessary to make his own play complete. They fished together and took mountain tramps together as other children do to-day. George was not a great reader, but "Robinson Crusoe" won his favor and suggested new games. Then when he was ten, his brother Charles gave him a "Life of Hannibal." A big snow-drift answered for the Alps, and the two younger children set to work to emulate the Carthaginian leader. Mary suffered a week's sickness in bed thereby, but George escaped unscathed from his adventure.

By the older people of Montpelier, George Dewey is remembered as a good deal of a rogue. He was a harum-scarum lad, always in mischief, and more than one of his pranks are remembered to this day. He was the best swimmer among all the boys of his age and nothing was too reckless for him to undertake. At winter sports he was regarded as one of the best in the village. In the summer one of his chief pleasures was climbing such trees as contained the earliest

apples and the choicest cherries, and it was never observed that he was over particular whose orchard he visited. He was something of a fighter, too, and while details are lacking, it is said that George always was the victor.

A favorite amusement of the youngsters was the giving of circuses, dramas and minstrel shows in the Dewey barn. George was impressario, director, prompter, business and stage manager and usually star of the performances. The same kind sister was at his service there as elsewhere, though she did not enjoy participating in the shows. On one occasion, however, she relates, the ten-year-old leading lady was missing and George drew her into service as an understudy to play the part at a moment's notice. To her protest that she did not know all the lines, he answered that that made no difference, as he would fire his pistol at any place where she stumbled and that would conceal her difficulty. The solution was a happy one. The audience was delighted at the interpolation, failing to discover the depth of the scheme, and the affair passed off without a hitch. Then the neighbors made a protest on the pistol feature of the play, and Dewey's father forbade further shows of the sort.

One day when he was not more than eleven, says the *Review of Reviews*, he started out in his father's buggy, accompanied by his friend, Will Redfield, bent upon an overland trip of adventure. But when they came to the Dog river, which enters the Winooski some distance from the town, they found it higher than the oldest inhabitant ever had seen it, the ford impassable from recent rains. William prudently counseled turning back, but to this the future admiral would not listen. "What man has done, man can do," he said, and went at the ford "four bells." Needless to say, he found no bottom; the buggy body went adrift and floated swiftly away toward Lake Champlain, while the admiral, serene as ever, and the thoroughly frightened William, clambered on board the horse and managed to land in safety. When the boy reached home, the doctor was away, and George went directly te bed, without waiting for supper. The father found him, and began to chide him for his rashness, when his son replied: "You ought to be thankful that my life wath thpared!"

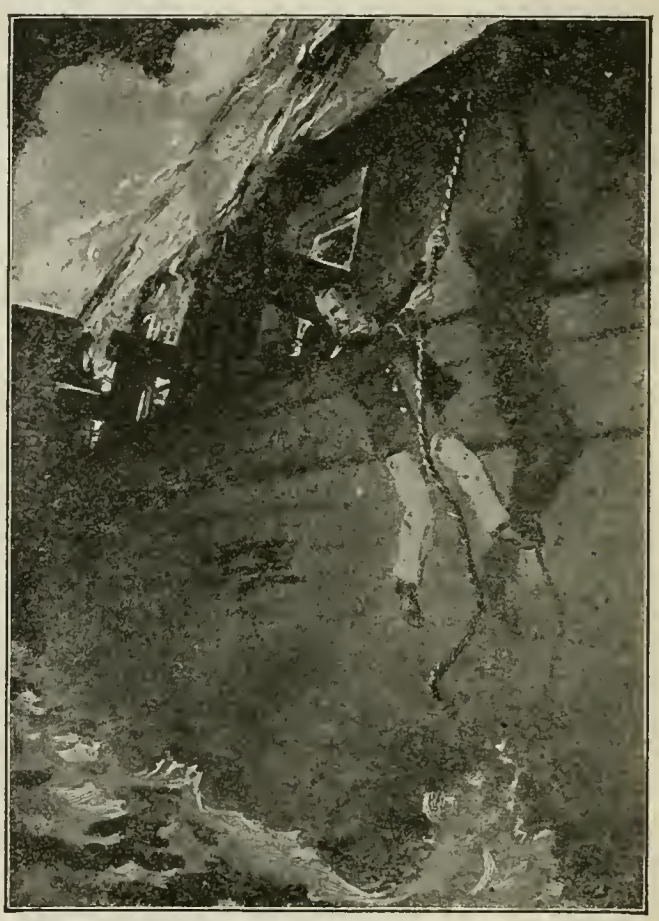
When the time came for George Dewey to begin his school days, he was sent first to the Washington county grammar school in Montpelier. It had a bad reputation for order and more than one teacher had been compelled to give it up. Young Dewey was not backward in the troubles. There seems no doubt that he was a "sassy," obstinate schoolboy and that he deserved the punishment that came to him at last. The person who "licked" him was a weak, undersized school teacher, weighing ninety pounds, now Major Z. K. Pangborn, editor of the Jersey City *Journal*, and this is the story he tells:

"I took charge and for the first week there was no outbreak. George Dewey was one of the boldest and brightest of the younger lads, and above all things loved to fight. While there was nothing you could call bad about him, he resented authority and evinced a sturdy determination not to submit to it unless it suited him.

"After the usual afternoon recess one Monday, Dewey did not return to the schoolroom. I sent for him, but the messenger returned saying that George had declared that he wasn't coming, and that I might go to he devil. After school that day, George, who had climbed into the cupola of the old statehouse, amused himself by pelting the children with snowballs, and when I went out and commanded him to come down, he again advised me to go to the devil. I was mad, and when I got home I spent the evening perfecting a plan of campaign for the next day. I first of all provided myself with a very substantial rawhide, took it to the schoolroom and placed it over the ledge of the entrance door where it would be ready next day. I also secured two or three round sticks of cord wood and placed them on top of the wood-box in the schoolroom where I could reach them easily.

"Dewey came to school next day as if nothing had happened. His smile was both childlike and bland. I wasted no time in preliminaries, but as soon as the scholars were in their places, I summoned Dewey to the platform in a terrible voice. He came with a 'sassy' twinkle in his eyes, and seemed to survey my slender proportions with contempt. Then I began to talk, and wound up by saying that he must forthwith say he was sorry for having misbehaved himself, apologize both to me and to the school for what he had done and promise to be obedient and orderly in the future. I told him if

he did not do this I should punish him then and there. Dewey laughed and once more invited me in quick, merry sentences to go to the devil. The next instant, I and the rawhide were winding and tossing around Dewey. I was little and slender, but so also was the rawhide and the two of us so demoralized Dewey that almost before I was aware of it he was lying in a heap on the floor, conquered, while I glared over his prostrate form at the other rebellious spirits in the school."



GEORGE DEWEY WAS THE LAST MAN ON THE BURNING SHIP.

Then Mr. Pangborn told Dewey to go home, and went along with him. Mr. Dewey took culprit and dominie into his study and asked for the story, which was related. His father was a just man and told the boy that he had no one to blame but himself for the punishment, and that if it was not enough to teach him a lesson, another would be added to the one already given him.

Young Dewey was too big-hearted to harbor resentment against the school-master who did not flinch from his duty, and they became great friends. A year later, when Mr. Pangborn went to the neighboring town of Johnson to establish an academy, George went there at his own request and entered the school. In 1852, when George was fifteen years of age, he went to the military school at Norwich, Vermont. It was there that he formed his admiration for military life and a wish to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis. With his departure from Montpelier to enter the Naval Academy, young Dewey's actual residence in that town was at an end. The townspeople, however, never have lost sight of his career nor have they failed in pride at his success. When the news of his great victory came to that little city in Ver-

mont there was a celebration which in heartiness could not be excelled anywhere, however much it may have been outdone in volume.

There has been no period in the career of George Dewey in which he has failed to make his mark. At the Annapolis Naval Academy he made a distinct impress by his clear individuality, and prepared the way for the distinctions he won in the war between the states. Dewey entered the Naval Academy in 1854, at the age of seventeen. His active, energetic life had brought him strength, endurance, and medium height. He needed not to retire before any of his classmates in outdoor exercises. When the Naval Academy class of 1858 was graduated, fourteen received diplomas out of the sixty-five boys who had begun the course together. Of the fourteen, George Dewey, then not twenty-one years old, stood fifth in rank. He had not proved himself an exceptional student, but in seamanship and other technical branches he excelled. The midshipmen of that day were taught not only how to hand, reef, and steer, but also the higher branches of mathematics, the modern languages, and, of course, gunnery and navigation. Each student was required to stand upon his own merits. No favoritism was shown, and no one but himself was to blame if he could not pass. Discipline was rigid. A high sense of honor was inculcated. It is no surprise that such men as Dewey come out of such ancestry and such environment.

The young midshipman's first cruise after graduation was aboard the old steam frigate "Wabash," under the command of Captain Barron. The "Wabash" was on the European station, most of the time in the Mediterranean, and Dewey saw those southern shores to good advantage.

In 1860 Dewey returned to Annapolis for his final examination. The two years had been fruitful of valuable experience. This time he led his fellows, a standing which, combined with his former one, gave him a final rating of third in his class and the rank of Passed Midshipman. He obtained a furlough and journeyed to his home in Vermont to visit his father before beginning another cruise.

Six days after Fort Sumter was fired on his furlough ended. April 18, 1861, Dewey received his commission as lieutenant and was assigned to duty aboard the "Mississippi," then lying in Boston harbor, a steamer of twelve guns, commanded by Captain Melanc-

ton Smith. In the organization of the United States Navy for the Civil War she was made a part of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, under command of Captain David G. Farragut, and on January 20, 1862, the fleet sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, for the purpose of capturing the Confederate stronghold, the city of New Orleans.

Of the young lieutenant's services in the capture of New Orleans too much cannot be said. Courageous, quick to see and quick to act, cool, cautious and alert, he quickly won the respect of his superior officers and the love of the men under him. After the capture of the city, for several months the "Mississippi," in conjunction with other vessels of the fleet, patrolled the river between New Orleans and Vicksburg, frequently ascending the bayous, and doing good work for the Federal cause, with Lieutenant Dewey still second in rank.

From January, 1863, the "Mississippi" was employed in assisting General Banks to force his way into the interior of Lousiana, and bringing all of the country that could be secured under subjection. This was a difficult task, for the enemy opposed the Federal forces at every step with a courage and determination very difficult to overcome. In March it was decided by Rear-Admiral Farragut and General Banks that the former should move with his fleet past Port Hudson, which was at that time well fortified with nineteen heavy guns bearing on the water approaches. In the desperate engagement which followed, the "Mississippi" grounded hard and fast, and it was found necessary to abandon her. Her engines were destroyed, small arms thrown overboard, the sick and wounded landed on the shore, and fires kindled in several parts of the ship. When these were well under way the captain left the ship, and with his crew in open boats went past the batteries to the fleet below. The task of getting the men to safety devolved on Lieutenant Dewey. Twice he went to the "Richmond" and twice came back, until at last he and Captain Smith stood alone on the deck.

"Are you sure she will burn, Dewey?" the captain asked as he paused at the gangway. Dewey risked his life to go to the wardroom for a last look, and together they left the ship, sorrowfully, with the shot splashing all around them.

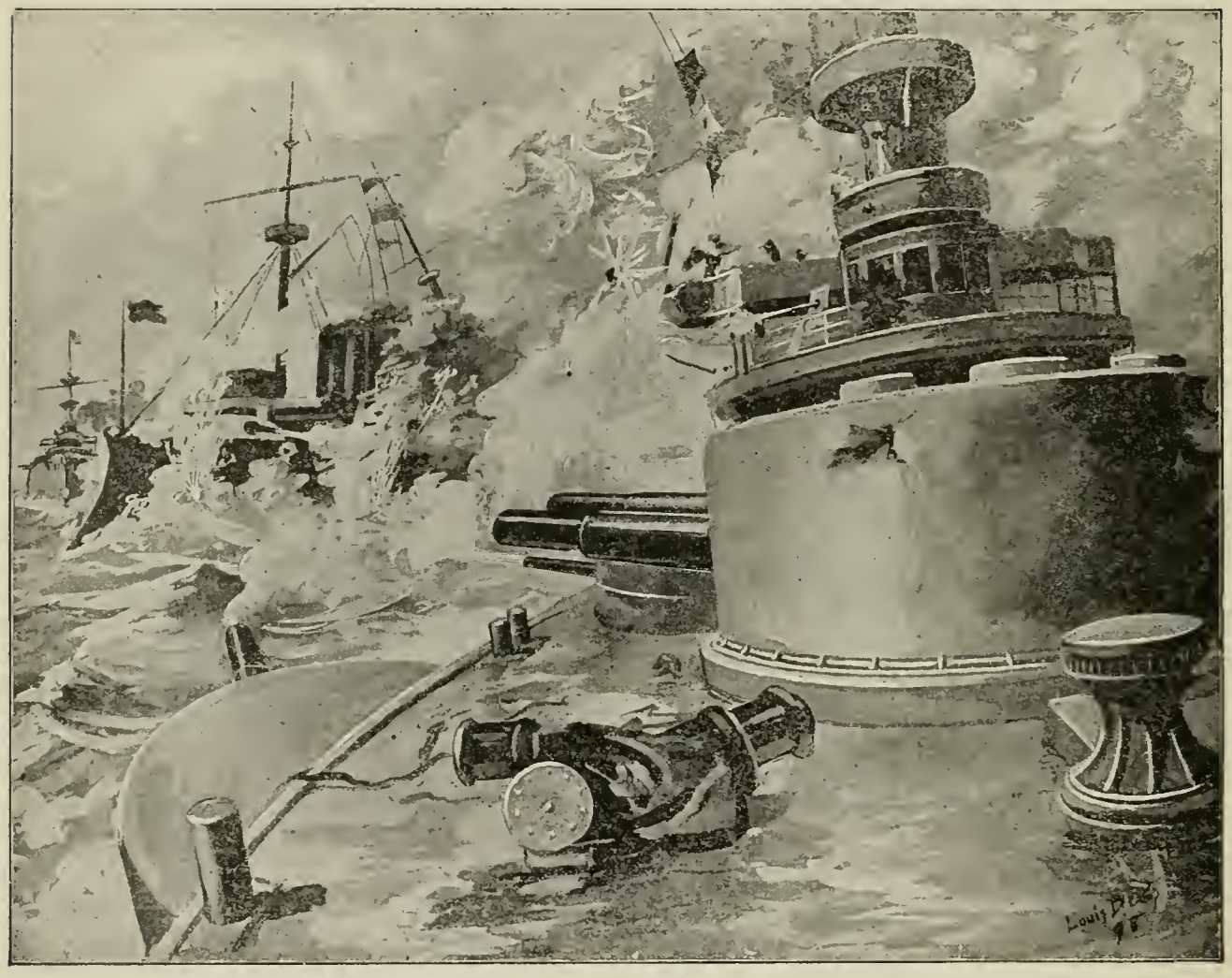
Captain Smith, in his report of the catastrophe, said of our

hero: "I consider that I should be neglecting a most important duty should I omit to mention the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. Dewey, and the steady, fearless and gallant manner in which the officers and men of the 'Mississippi' defended her, and the orderly and quiet manner in which she was abandoned after being thirty-five minutes aground under fire of the enemy's batteries." Dewey is next found in the capacity of first lieutenant of a gunboat used by the admiral as a dispatch boat. This established closer relations between the two men, and Farragut formed a sincere regard for the young lieutenant. The Confederates had a trick of suddenly appearing on the high banks of the river with a field piece, firing point blank at any boat that might be within range, and disappearing as quickly as they came. Upon one of these occasions a shot came within a hair's-breadth of Dewey, and involuntarily he jumped aside trying to escape it. The admiral happened to be near at the time, and said: "Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant? Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?" Soon after, Farragut dodged a shot under similar circumstances. The lieutenant smiled but held his tongue. But the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat, shifted his position, and finally said: "Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it!"

Dewey was afterwards given the command of the "Monongahela," a post made vacant by the death of her commander, Abner Reed. This appointment was only temporary, however, and he was shortly afterwards transferred to the steam gunboat "Agawam," which was attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron under command of Rear-Admiral Porter. At the time of the two attacks on Fort Fisher he was first lieutenant of the "Colorado," Commodore Henry Knox Thatcher commanding, where he won new laurels. Towards the end of the second attack on Fort Fisher, Admiral Porter signaled to Commodore Thatcher, of the "Colorado," to close in and silence a certain part of the works, The ship had already been struck several times by the shells of the enemy, and Dewey saw instantly the advantage to be gained by the move. "We shall be safer in there," he remarked, "and the works can be taken in fifteen minutes." The signal was obeyed and Dewey's prediction proved a correct one. When Admiral Porter came to congratulate Commo-

dore Thatcher, the latter disclaimed any credit for the success of maneuver, but generously said: "You must thank Lieutenant Dewey, sir."

Immediately after the Fort Fisher engagement Commodore Thatcher was named as acting rear-admiral, and a few weeks later



BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

was ordered to Mobile Bay, where he relieved Farragut. He recommended Dewey for his fleet captaincy, but the department did not see fit to follow the suggestion. However, March 3, 1865, his ability was recognized and his bravery rewarded by a commision as lieutenant-commander. Dewey thus reached in eleven years from the time he entered the academy a rank to attain which in time of peace frequently requires a service of thirty years. His association with Farragut, Porter, Thatcher, Smith, and many other naval heroes of the times did much to give him a practical knowledge of

warfare on river and sea; and his natural ability, his fertility of resource, and his quickness of comprehension under trying circumstances, were qualities which he was then developing, and which brought him the praise of a world in after years. The qualities which Dewey demonstrated in the Civil War, and the reputation which he brought out of that conflict, gave him high standing among his superior officers, and many creditable assignments fell to him.

Immediately following the war Lieutenant-Commander Dewey served for two years on the European station, on the "Kearsarge." Next he was assigned to the frigate "Colorado," the flagship of the squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough. J. C. Watson, who was then a lieutenant-commander like Dewey, and who is now a rear-admiral, was one of Dewey's messmates in the same vessel. W. W. Stone, who was ship's writer on board the flagship, relates an incident which involves not only the two lieutenant-commanders but the admiral as well. Admiral Goldsborough's valet, John, who at one time had been a servant of President Lincoln in the White House, was a witty but bungling Irishman. One morning the admiral sent word down to John that he wanted his glass, meaning, of course, his spyglass. John, as usual, however, misunderstood, and came tramping up to the bridge with a goblet in his hand. "John, you are the devil's own valet," growled the admiral when he saw him coming. "Faith, sor, I didn't think I'd come to that same when I took service wid ye, sor." "Throw that blamed goblet overboard and go and get me my spyglass as I told you, you infernal idiot." "Yes, sor," said John, calmly tossing the glass over the side. In doing so he narrowly escaped dashing it upon the upturned face of the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander George Dewey, who was on a tour of inspection, circling the frigate in one of the cutters of the "Colorado," which had just arrived from Trieste.

"Go below, you blundering Irishman, before I have you tossed over after the glass," said the admiral. The man disappeared with just the suspicion of a smirk on his innocent-looking face. "Mr. Dewey would like to have you find out, sir, who is heaving crockery over the side of the ship, sir," one of the crew of the cutter said to Lieutenant-Commander Watson, at the time officer of the deck. The admiral overheard the message of the angry executive and

laughed quietly. "Tell Mr. Dewey that it was the admiral, my man," said he soberly; then, turning to Mr. Watson, he remarked, "He can't very well put the admiral in the brig, though I may deserve it." "He may look around for a substitute, admiral," answered Mr. Watson, smiling. "Oh, no, Dewey has too keen a sense of justice for that. Besides, I remember him saying once that he had no use for substitutes."

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

"A few moments after this Mr. Dewey himself came over the starboard gangway, saluting the admiral with rather a haughty air. You see, a 32-pounder may spin merrily past a fellow's head aboard a man-o'-war and serve merely as a hook on which to hang the old-time jest about a 'miss being as good as a mile,' but when a plain matter-of-fact plebeian tumbler shoots past you, your dignity has been very violently assulted. The Admiral looked down and took in the situation. Descending to the quarter-deck, he approached Dewey and said, with a friendly air, 'I say, Dewey, did you ever read Handy Andy?' 'Yes, sir,' rather shortly. 'Well, now, I must have his cousin aboard,' and the admiral related the glass incident. The two laughed over the blunder, Mr. Dewey having recovered his usual good nature by this time. As John returned with the glass Mr. Dewey said severely: 'I want you to remember, John, that it is strictly against the rules of the ship to throw anything over the sides. You came very near striking me in the head with your glass tossing.' 'That wor a pity, sor.' 'A pity!' exclaimed Dewey, savagely. 'By Jim, I'd have come up and had you put in double irons.' 'No, sor, axin' yer pardon, I hope not.' 'What's that?' roared the future admiral, angrily. 'Truth, sor, d'ye mind the mornin' tellin' me that ye wor to do the thinkin' an' I wor to obey orders, even if I bruk

owners?' The two laughed heartily at this hit, and John went below with colors flying."

Returning to the United States, Dewey was sent to duty at the Kittery Navy Yard, just across the river from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was a handsome and popular fellow, and a welcome visitor in the homes of the citizens of Portsmouth. Here it was that he met the young woman who became his wife, and whose death a few years later was the greatest grief that has come into his life. She was the daughter of Governor Goodwin of New Hampshire, himself a popular hero of the times. "George is sort of reckless sometimes," the governor once remarked, "but hang me if I can help liking him. He's honest and full of grit, and he'll be heard from one of these days."

In 1868 and 1869 Dewey was detailed for service at the Annapolis Naval Academy as an instructor, and at the end of that duty he obtained command of the "Narragansett," which was nearly all the time on special service of various sorts for five years. His commission as "commander" came on April 13, 1872. It seemed a promising, happy year of his life. A son was born on December 23, but the young mother lived but one week after that date. The child was christened George Goodwin Dewey. The father has never re-married.

Commander Dewey's service on the "Narragansett" included an inspection of torpedo stations and then some years in making surveys of the Pacific coast. In 1876 he was made a lighthouse inspector, performing the duties attached to such a post for two years, after which he became secretary of the lighthouse board, a position which he filled for more than four years. Dewey's first service in Asiatic waters was in 1882, when he was assigned to the command of the "Juniata," on the Asiatic station. The events of 1898 proved that he used the two years allotted to him in the Orient at that time to good advantage by learning all that he could of the people and the ports of the West Pacific.

When the four vessels which formed the original "White Squadron" were completed, the smallest of them, the "Dolphin," was placed under the command of Dewey and he was given his commission as captain September 27, 1884. "It was," says a writer in a

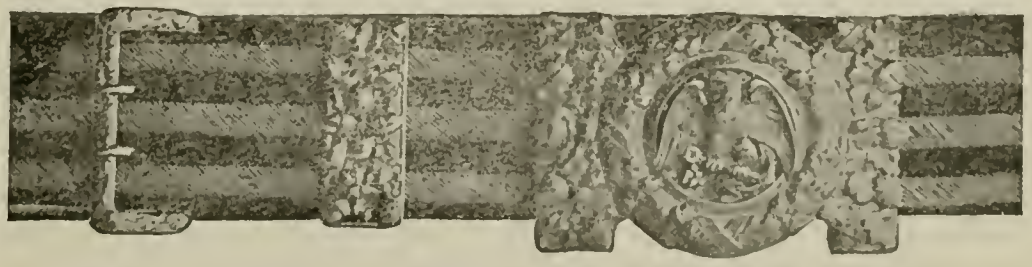
recent magazine, "while in the 'Dolphin' that Captain Dewey showed how thoroughly he knew human nature as well as the principles of good discipline. At any rate, the admiral has always been noted for his ability to deal with 'Jack.' The 'Jack' in question had refused to obey an order of the first lieutenant, because, he said, it was outside the line of his duty. The lieutenant reported the matter to Captain Dewey, who sauntered out on deck and looked his man through and through, which made the sailor exceedingly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, he remained stubborn. 'What,' said the captain, 'you refuse! Do you know that that is mutiny? When you entered the service you swore to obey your superior officers.' The man was silent and made no move, whereupon the captain very quietly told the corporal to call the guard, stood the obdurate sailor on the far side of the deck, and bade the mariners load. Then he took out his watch. 'Now, my man,' said he, 'you have just five minutes in which to obey that order,' and began to call the minutes. At the fourth count the sailor moved off with considerable alacrity, and has since been one of the strongest opponents of the policy of tampering with 'the old man,' as the admiral has been for some time affectionately called in the forecastle."

In 1885 Captain Dewey was placed in command of the "Pensacola," the flagship of the Europern squadron, remaining on that station for three years. In this time he visited all the principal European ports, and gained familiarity with many of the European naval conditions, officers and fleets. A blue-jacket who made a cruise with him tells this characteristic story: "We hadn't been to sea with him long before we knew how he despised a liar. One of the petty officers went ashore at Gibraltar, and came off to the ship drunk. He appeared the next morning and gave Dewey the 'two-beers and sun-struck' yarn.

"'You're lying, my man,' said Dewey. 'You were very drunk. I myself heard you aft in my cabin. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect to find total abstinence in a man-o'-war crew. But I do expect them to tell me the truth, and I am going to have them tell me the truth. For lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying.' After that there were few men

aboard who didn't throw themselves on the mercy of the court when they came before Dewey, and no one ever lost anything by it."

In 1889, Captain Dewey was made chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, with rank of commodore. Four years later he was made a member of the Lighthouse Board, of which he had been secretary in 1877. In 1896 he got his commission as commodore and was made president of the Board of Inspection and Survey. This is the place that he held when ordered to sea duty in the late fall of 1897, with instructions to assume command of the Asiatic station, where he hoisted his flag on the "Olympia" on January 3, 1898. Shortly after the explosion that destroyed the "Maine," Commodore Dewey received orders to concentrate the Asiatic squadron at Hong Kong. Accordingly the flagship "Olympia," the "Boston," the "Raleigh," and the "Concord," cruisers, and the gunboat "Petrel," assembled in the harbor of Hong Kong before the middle of March, 1898. Commodore Dewey was too well versed in all the technical questions involved to have any doubt about the real cause of the explosion. He made all his plans upon the probability that there would be war between the United States and Spain. To be ready for that emergency he made every preparation that skill and experience could suggest. His ships were docked, that their bottoms might be cleaned; their bunkers were kept filled with coal; provisions were ordered in ample quantities, so that they might leave port at any time with supplies sufficient to feed the crews for three months, and every piece of mechanism, whether in the propelling machinery



SWORD AND BELT PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY BY CONGRESS.

or at the guns, was overhauled and put in complete order for effective and continuous work.

How thoroughly he made his preparations may he understood by a comparison of the dates of his movements. War was declared on Monday, April 25th, and on Wednesday, April 27th, he sailed for Manila. Dewey's orders when he sailed for Manila were brief but explicit. He was instructed to proceed to the Philippine Islands and do his utmost to "capture or destroy the Spanish naval force" in those waters. During the battle he kept those orders so literally in mind that he refused to turn any of his fire upon the shore batteries. "We'll sink the ships first," he said, "and then we'll finish off the shore guns." When the fleet arrived off Subig Bay the final preparations for battle were made. All woodwork that could be removed without injury to the working of the vessels was thrown overboard; tables, chairs, doors and bulkheads were pitched into the sea. In fact, the seamen were glad to get rid of everything that might endanger their lives by fire. In the "Olympia" the men had a number of board tables, made to swing from the beams above the berth deck, upon which they served their meals. The executive officer gave an order that these mess-tables should be "put over the side," meaning that they should be hung outside the ship by ropes in a position where, even if they should catch on fire, they would endanger nothing else. But the seamen chose to interpret the order to mean that the tables should go overboard, and the result was that, after the battle, the jackies had to eat either standing or lying down, since they had no tables.

A few miles north of the entrance to Manila Bay, Dewey stopped his flaghip and made signal for the commanding officers to repair on board. The war council was of short duration. Commodore Dewey had decided on his plans before it met, and he took little time in giving to each captain his duties for the night and next day.

The Commodore decided to waste no time in useless delay ; but, regardless of hidden mines and shore batteries, led the way into the harbor. With all lights out, and the crews at the guns, the warships in their gray war paint turned silently toward the entrance to the bay, the flagship "Olympia" leading. Following closely, in the order that was retained during the battle, came the "Baltimore,"

the "Raleigh," the "Petrel," the "Concord," and the "Boston." As the fleet approached the entrance it moved as slowly as was compatible with keeping the formation of the line. Half of the crew of each gun were allowed to sleep alongside their stations in order that they might be better fitted for what was to come. Except for the sleepless eye on the bridge of the "Olympia," and the alert gaze of the officers on watch, the ships seemed to slumber, as did the city and the forts.

On, on, crept the mighty engines of war, but the batteries on shore gave no sign. Suddenly, when the flagship had passed a mile beyond Corregidor Island, a gun boomed out, and a shell went screaming over the "Raleigh" and the "Olympia," soon followed by a second. Three ships, the "Raleigh," the "Concord," and the "Boston," replied, apparently with effect, for the firing ceased, and again the batteries lay silent. As Commodore Dewey had planned, the fleet arrived within five miles of Manila at daybreak. What must have been the astonishment in the Spanish lines when the sun rose, and they looked out on the American ships that had come in during the night! With the American flag flying from all mastheads, the ships moved on. No excitement was visible; the quiet man on the bridge of the "Olympia" was as unmoved, apparently, as though he were sailing into a peaceful harbor. For the first time in many years the stars and stripes were being borne aggressively into a foreign port. It was an epoch in history. Nineteenth century civilization and fifteenth century mediævalism lay confronting each other.

As he approached, all the Spanish vessels were aflame with rapid gun fire. Shell after shell flew close over the superstructure or skimmed past the head of the commodore and his staff on the forward bridge. Still the commodore made no sign. In the usual service white uniform, wearing, however, a gray traveling cap on his head, having been unable to find his uniform cap after the guns in his cabin had been cleared for action, the commodore paced the bridge, watching the enemy's hot fire as if he were a disinterested spectator of an unusual display of fireworks. All this time, with the exception of the shots from the Concord, the guns of the American fleet had remained inactive. The strain on the men was fearful.

but they had confidence in their commodore. The heat was intense, and stripped of all clothing except their trousers, the gunners stood silent and obedient at their posts. The Olympia might have been empty if the whirr of the blowers and the throb of the engines had not told of pulsating human life. On the forward bridge of the Olympia stood Commodore Dewey, surrounded by his staff. In this little group were Commander Lamberton, fleet captain; the executive officer, Lieutenant Rees; Lieutenant Calkins, and Mr. Joseph L. Stickney, the commodore's aide.

Suddenly a shell burst directly over the center of the ship. As the projectile flashed over the head of the man who held the destiny of the fleet in his grasp, it became evident that the moment of activity had come. "You may fire when you are ready, Captain Gridley," said the Commodore. This order sufficed, and at 5:41 o'clock in the morning, at a distance of three miles, America roared forth her first battle cry to Spain from the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret of the Olympia. The story of the battle need not be told here. It is known to every one as the most remarkable naval battle of all time. The Spanish fleet was destroyed; Dewey had obeyed orders. Although the Spanish fleet was destroyed on May 1, yet it was not until August that the city of Manila surrendered to the United States. During this period the Commodore refrained from bombarding the city, though greatly provoked.

When the victory of Manila bay fully dawned upon the minds of the American people, there was a unanimous call for some prompt and official recognition for George Dewey and his gallant associates. President McKinley, in a special message to Congress, recommended that Dewey and his brave men receive the thanks of that body. The suggestion was enthusiastically acted upon, but his honors did not stop here. The number of rear-admirals in the navy was increased from six to seven by Congress, and the President at once promoted Dewey to that rank. The Senate also proposed that a jeweled sword be given Dewey for his services and that a bronze medal be given each of his men, and appropriated $10,000 for this purpose. A most elaborately decorated sword was prepared, and with the resolutions of Congress most handsomely embossed was presented him, accompanied by a letter from the Department of State,

commending him for his good judgment and prudence in directing affairs at Manila after the battle.

Congress in December, 1898, passed a bill reviving the grade of Admiral, which the President gladly signed and in accordance therewith commissioned Dewey as admiral. No greater honors can be shown him. He is to-day the cherished idol of a nation, occupying the summit of glory and renown, the recipient of honors and plaudits from every nation, yet the same cool, just, courageous, loyal and obedient servant of the nation that he has been for many years. How well the people love him is attested by the magnificent ovation tendered him on his return home. All honor to Admiral Dewey! May the closing years of his life be full of peace and joy, and may his example inspire our youth.

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AFTER DEWEY'S GUNS FIRED.